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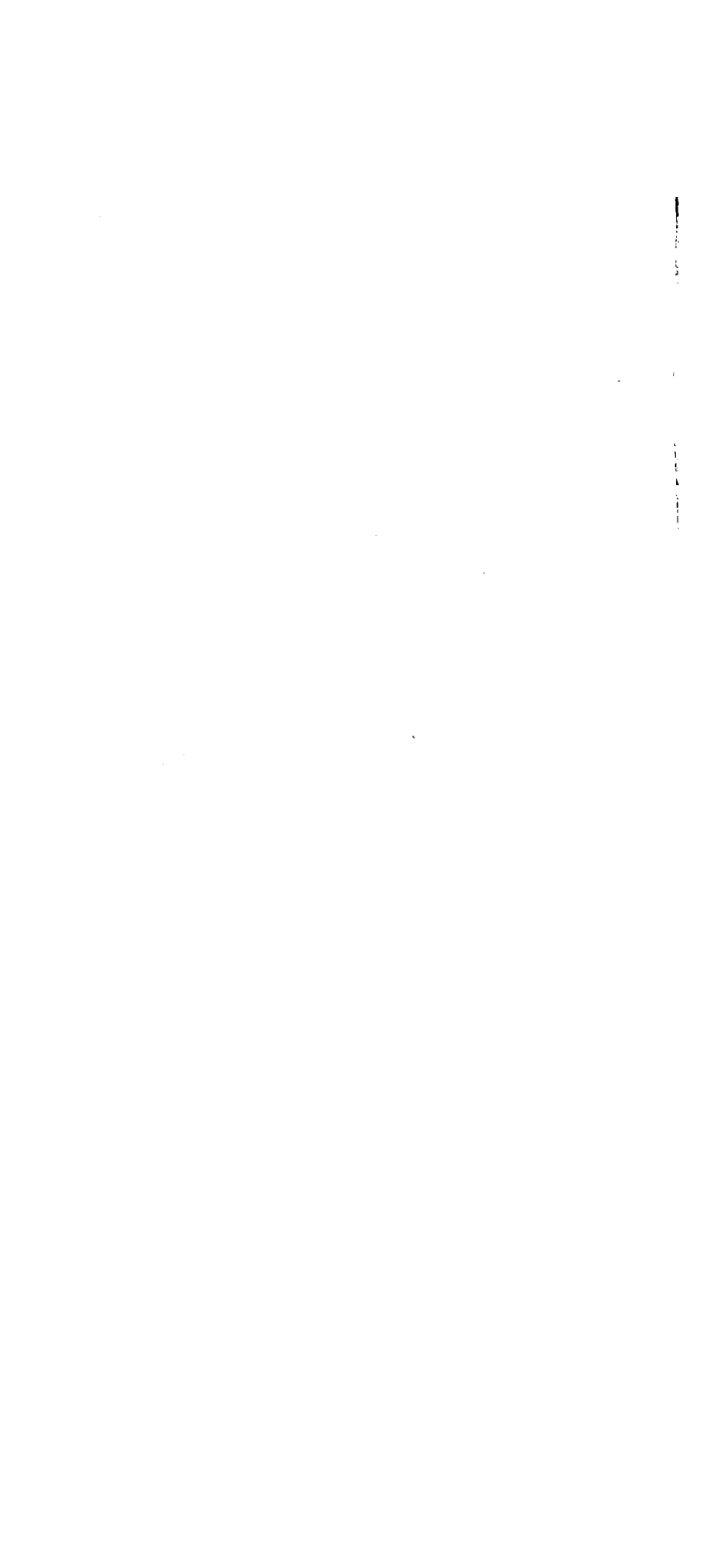
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(Cunningham)

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## THE DEVIL'S MILL.

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**VOL. 11.**



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**IN TWO VOLUMES.**

**VOL. II.**

**GLASGOW:  
BLACKIE, FULLARTON, & CO.  
AND A. FULLARTON, & CO., EDINBURGH.**

**MDCCCXXX.**



**GLASGOW:**

**HUTCHISON AND BROOKMAN PRINTERS, VILLAFIELD**

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# THE PICTURES

## A TALE

BY LUDWIG TIECK.

"Just step into the picture-gallery," said the servant, showing young Edward in; "the old gentleman will be with you presently."

Edward entered the apartment with a heavy heart: "With how different feelings," thought he, "was I once accustomed to walk through this room with my worthy father! This is the first time that I have stooped to such a thing, and it shall be the last. Surely it shall! It is time that I should begin to think otherwise of myself and of the world."

He advanced into the room, and placed a covered picture against the wall. "Is it possible one can thus live among lifeless pictures,—existing only in them, and for them?" continued he, following out the strain of his musings. "Does it not seem as if these enthusiasts lost themselves in an enchanted region! To them Art is the only window through which to look out upon nature and the world; they are able to recognise both only by comparing them with their imitations. Yet my father spent his days in such a dream,—whatever did not relate to his collection had no more importance in his eyes than if it had happened under the Pole,—how strange it is that every species of enthusiasm should so directly tend to limit the sphere of our existence and feelings!"

Musing thus, the youth raising his eyes was suddenly startled and dazzled by a picture which hung, without even the decoration of a frame, in the upper part of the lofty sa-

loon. The fair head of a maiden, with gracefully dishevelled locks and a playful smile, appeared looking down upon him; she was arrayed in a thin loose morning-robe,—one shoulder, a little uncovered, seemed of snowy whiteness,—and her long slender fingers held a new blown rose which she was in the act of raising to her glowing lips. “Now indeed,” exclaimed Edward, “if this picture be by REUBENS—as it must be—the noble painter has in such subjects excelled all other masters! It lives! It breathes! How the fresh rose blushes to meet those still fresher lips! How softly and delicately are the twin-hues blended, and yet how clearly divided! And then, that white dazzling shoulder, down which those fair ringlets flow in such dishevelled beauty!—What could induce old Walter to hang his very best picture so high up yonder, and leave it without a frame, while all his other stuff is so gaudily decked out here?”

The young man again raised his eyes, and began to feel how powerful an art painting is,—for the picture became gradually more animated. “No—these eyes,” said he, again losing himself in contemplation,—“could pencil and colours produce them? Does it not seem as if the very bosom heaved? Do not the slender fingers and the round soft arm move?”

And so in truth they did; for at this moment the charming image rose and threw down the flower with an air of playful gaiety; it flew into the face of the youth, and she above stepped back and hastily shut the casement.

Surprised and ashamed, Edward picked up the rose from the floor. He now distinctly remembered the narrow gallery, which, running round the outside of the saloon, conducted to the upper rooms of the house; all the other windows which looked out from the gallery were concealed behind the pictures which adorned the walls,—this one alone had been left for the admission of light, and for the convenience of the master of the house, who used to observe from it the strangers who came to inspect his paintings. “Is it possible,” said Edward, after an effort of recollection, “that the little

Sophie has in the short space of four years grown up into such a beauty?" As he spoke he pressed the rose unconsciously to his lips, and leaned against the wall with his eyes fixed upon the ground in deep abstraction, not observing that old Walter had been at his side for some moments, till the latter roused him from his reverie with a friendly tap on the shoulder. "Whereabouts were you, young man?" said he pleasantly; "You stand there like one who has seen a ghost."

"Even so I feel," said Edward; "you will excuse my troubling you with this visit."

"We ought not to be such strangers to each other, my young friend," said the old man in a cordial manner. "It is now more than four years since you were in my house. Is it well so entirely to forget the friend of your father, your old guardian, who surely never meant any thing but your welfare, though we may have had some little differences with each other?"

Edward blushed, and did not exactly know what reply to make: "I did not suppose you would miss my friendship," he at last stammered out; "many things indeed might have been otherwise; but the errors of youth——"

"Let these pass," said the old man cheerfully. "What now forbids us to renew our old acquaintance and friendship? What may your present errand be?"

Edward cast his eyes on the ground,—threw a brief glance on his old friend,—hesitated a moment,—then walked slowly up to the pillar against which he had placed the picture, which he now took out of the wrapper: "Look here," said he, "what I have unexpectedly discovered among my late father's effects; this picture has been kept in a cabinet which I never thought till lately of opening; connoisseurs tell me it is an excellent SALVATOR ROSA."

"So it is!" exclaimed old Walter with brightening looks. "Ah! what a noble discovery! What a piece of unexpected good luck is this! Yes, my late beloved friend had trea-



tures in his house; he did not even know the value of what he possessed!"

He placed the picture in a proper point of view,—examined it with delighted eyes,—stepped nearer,—drew back again,—traced at a distance the outlines of the figures with the finger of a connoisseur, and at last inquired: "Will you sell it to me? Name your price, and it is mine—if you are not very unreasonable."

In the meantime a stranger, who had been employed in another part of the gallery sketching after a JULIO ROMANO, approached the spot. "A SALVATOR?" inquired he, in a half sarcastic tone, "you really found this SALVATOR among some *old articles*?"

"Yes," rejoined Edward, casting a look of offended pride on the stranger, whose plain surtout and simple manners pointed him out as a travelling artist.

"Truly then you have been egregiously duped," replied the stranger, in a haughty tone, "if it be not that you are yourself the deceiver! This painting is evidently modern enough,—perhaps quite new,—not older certainly than ten years,—an imitation of the master's manner to be sure,—good enough to deceive one for a moment, but which cannot conceal its points of failure from the close examination of a connoisseur."

"I am confounded at such arrogance!" exclaimed Edward losing all composure. "In my father's collection nothing ever found a place but the very best pictures and originals; for he and Mr Walter here were always esteemed the first connoisseurs in town; and if you desire more evidence, you may step into Erich's, the picture-dealer, and examine the fellow of this SALVATOR, for which, only a few days ago, a traveller offered him a very large sum. Compare them, and you will see that they are by the same master, and are pairs."

"So——" rejoined the stranger, sneeringly, "you have also some knowledge of *that* SALVATOR? There is no doubt indeed that it is from the same hand as the one now before us; but, in this town, originals of that master are rare, and

neither Mr Erich nor Mr Walter is possessed of one. I am familiar with Rosa's pencil, and I will give you my word he never touched these pictures,—that they are the work of some modern artist, who wished to deceive the amateurs."

"*Your word!*" exclaimed Edward, now reddening with indignation, "*Your word!* I do think that mine on the present occasion is worth as much, and perhaps more than yours!"

"Certainly not!" rejoined the Unknown. "And, besides, I must regret that you have allowed yourself to be transported into such an unbecoming passion, and have made such an exposure of yourself. It really would seem from your conduct that you have some acquaintance with the not unskilful copyist who produced these pictures."

"No!" exclaimed Edward, with increased violence; "you shall give me satisfaction for this insult, Sir! This arrogance,—these falsehoods, which you utter with such boldness, bespeak a more than despicable character!"

Walter was in the greatest embarrassment at the occurrence of such an altercation in his house. Having attentively examined the picture, he was now convinced that it was only a modern but excellent copy, capable of deceiving even an experienced eye; and it grieved him to the heart to find young Edward involved in so bad a business; but both the disputants had worked themselves into such a violent passion, that interference was impossible.

"What do you say, Sir?" shouted the stranger—"But you are beneath my resentment, and I am only glad that chance led me hither to-day in order to preserve a worthy man from being imposed upon."

Edward foamed with rage. "Such was not his intention," said the old gentleman in a soothing tone.

"Undoubtedly it was his intention," resumed the stranger. "This is an old and stale trick, which they have not even attempted to play-off in a new shape. I have seen, in the shop he talks of, the so-called SALVATOR ROSA; the proprietor sup-

posed it to be an original, and was the more confirmed in his opinion when a traveller—who, by his dress, seemed to be a person of high rank—offered him a large sum for that little picture; he was to call again on his return to speak about it, and begged it to be kept for him at least four weeks longer. And who do you think this great person should be, but the discarded valet de chambre of count Alten, from Vienna! So you see, Mr Walter, it is quite plain that the game—whoever directs it—is intended to be at your expense, and that of your friend Erich."

In the meantime Edward, with trembling hands, had wrapped up the picture. Convulsed with rage he bellowed out: "That devil shall pay me for this trick!" and rushed forth at the door; but did not observe that the fair apparition was again looking down from the window into the saloon.

"My dear Sir," said the old gentleman, now addressing himself to the Unknown, "you have pained me; you have acted too hastily with that young man; he is thoughtless and profligate, but till this moment I never heard of a dishonest action committed by him."

"One act of dishonesty must be the first," replied the stranger coolly; "to-day this novice has at least paid his apprenticeship-dues, and will henceforth either renounce his new calling, or be convinced that it is necessary to manage it with greater dexterity,—and, above all, in no case to lose command of his temper."

"He has certainly been himself deceived," rejoined old Walter; "or he may have found the picture in the way he alleges. His father—who was a great connoisseur—may have put it aside, knowing that it was not an original."

"You seem determined to believe the best of him, Sir," rejoined the stranger; "but in such a case the young man would not have been roused into such an ungovernable passion. But pray, who may this hopeful be?"

"His father," replied the virtuoso, "was a rich man who

went beyond most people in his enthusiasm for the Fine Arts. Upon them he expended a considerable part of his fortune; and the collection which he formed might well have been called unique. But on this account, perhaps, he too much neglected the education of his son; for no sooner was the old man dead, than the young one's only concern became how to rid himself of his money. He admitted parasites and the most dissolute people to his society, and maintained a brilliant equipage; and when he became of age there were enormous sums to be paid to usurers. But it was now his pride to rush into still greater extravagance. The works of Art—collected by his father, of whose matchless beauties he had no perception—were brought to the hammer, and I purchased them at a fair price. He has now probably got through every thing excepting his fine house,—and even it is in all likelihood encumbered with debts. I am afraid he has no useful talents about him; occupation he feels altogether insufferable; and it therefore grieves his friends the more to see him thus hastening to his ruin.”

“The every-day tale of thousands,” observed the Unknown; “and the usual course of worthless vanity, which leads men to fling themselves gaily into the arms of contempt!”

“How have you managed to acquire so infallible an eye?” inquired Walter. “I am astonished also at the manner in which you draw after JULIO,—not being yourself an artist, as you say.”

“But I have long studied the works of Art,” answered the stranger. “I have visited—and not without some advantage—the most celebrated galleries in Europe; besides, my eye is naturally sharp and correct, and has been formed and made secure by practice, so that I may flatter myself I am above being easily deceived, and particularly so with regard to my favourite.”

Here the stranger took his leave; but not before old Walter, who by this time had formed a high opinion of the

acquirements of the Unknown, had obtained a promise from him, that he would dine at his house the succeeding day.

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STRUGGLING with indescribable emotions, Edward returned home. He rushed furiously into the house,—shut the door violently behind him,—and hastened through the large apartments into a small back-room where old Eulenbock was sitting in the twilight with a glass of strong wine before him. “Here,” exclaimed Edward, “you old crook-nose, you wine-burned rascal,—here is your daub again ! Sell it to the soap-boiler ; he may use it to light his fire if he fancies it not !”

“That would be a melancholy fate for the dear little picture,” said the old man, pouring out another glass with the greatest composure. “I perceive you have been in a bit of a passion, my dear ; has the old boy not come to the scratch with you ?”

“Villain !” exclaimed Edward, flinging the picture from him with violence. “And for thysake I too have become a villain ! Insulted,—affronted ! Oh, how ashamed am I of myself ! It makes me blush and sicken at heart to think that for such a creature as you I have become accessory to such a lie !”

“It is no lie, my dear boy,” said the painter, unwrapping the picture ; it is as genuine a SALVATOR as I ever executed. You did not see me at work upon it, and consequently you are not to know by whom it was painted. You have not genius enough for our trade, my poor boy. Indeed, I now perceive, I was wrong to intrust the business to you.”

“I *will* be honest !” exclaimed Edward, striking his fist upon the table,—“I will become a reformed character, so

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that others and myself also may again esteem me! Quite another man I will become! I will commence a new life!"

"And why throw yourself into such a mighty passion about it?" said the old fellow, emptying his glass. "I will not hinder you; indeed, I shall be very happy to see it. I have myself exhorted you,—and preached to you,—and tried to instruct you in a profession. Have I not attempted to teach you the art of restoring old paintings—how to prepare varnishes—grind colours,—in short, what pains have I not spared upon you, to make something of you?"

"Dog of a fellow!" exclaimed Edward; "shall I become your waiting-boy,—your colour-grinder? But indeed I have stooped even lower than this to-day, in allowing myself to be made the villain of a villain."

"What insulting airs the child gives itself," calmly responded the painter, casting a look of indifference upon his glass. "Why, now, were one laying such things to heart we might have a fight, and the most implacable ill-will, in the twinkling of an eye! But his passion is well-meant after all; the boy has something noble in his whole manner, though to be sure he is not very fit for picture-selling."

Edward leaned his head upon the table, from which the painter coolly wiped away a spot of wine, lest the youth should stain his sleeve with it.

"This good, dear SALVATOR too," continued the painter in a somewhat thoughtful mood, "is reported to have lived not the most blameless of lives; he is even accused of having become a bandit; and when REMBRANDT, with the view of enhancing the value of his works, gave himself out for dead while he was yet in the body, *he* likewise did not appear over-scrupulous about telling the truth,—though to be sure he did die some years afterwards, and consequently had only miscalculated the date. In like manner, when I, in all love and humility, set about painting such a little piece as this, do I not fancy myself quite into the spirit of the old master with all his fine peculiarities of genius?—Is not the transformation

so complete, that I feel as if his precious soul were guiding my hand and brush?—And then, when the picture stands finished and ready before me, methinks it seems to smile its thanks upon me for my kind consideration in having done something in behalf of the old gentleman, who was incapable of accomplishing everything with his own hands, and could not live for ever.—And then, if I, after comforting myself with a glass of wine, and looking deeper into the merits of my picture, satisfy myself, in an orthodox manner, that it is really the performance of the old gentleman himself, and make it over to a fellow-amateur, only asking a fair price for the trouble I have been put to in allowing my hand to be led and my own genius suppressed in this manner, and for thus contributing to the diminution of my own fame as an original artist,—does all this, I say, my dear boy, amount to such a heaven-crying sin, seeing that I have thus devotedly sacrificed even my own genius——” The painter here raised the drooping head of his companion, but the grotesque grin of his features gave place to a caricatured expression of seriousness, when he beheld the cheeks of the youth wet with tears, which were flowing in unrestrained and burning torrents.

“Oh my lost youth!” sobbed Edward. “Oh golden days, weeks, years, how miserably have I mispent you,—as if the germs of virtue, honour, happiness lay not within your compass!”

Eulenboch knew not how to look, and still less what to say, for such a temper and such feelings were altogether new to him in his young friend.

“So you will become virtuous, child,” ejaculated the old fellow after some pause; “very well; truly few people are fonder of virtue than myself; but then it is necessary, you see, that one look about them pretty sharply, were it merely to find out what this something men call virtue is. To scrape together money,—to lend it out usuriously,—to lie to one’s self and to heaven, is surely not virtue; he, however, who

has talents for the task, will no doubt discover it somewhere. When I execute for any reasonable man a good SALVATOR or a JULIO ROMANO, with my own hands, and the thing pleases him, I have surely acted more virtuously than if I had sold the dunce a genuine RAPHAEL, of the value of which he is so totally ignorant that a finical VANVERWERF would delight him more! I see I shall now be obliged to sell my great JULIO ROMANO myself, as you have neither skill nor luck enough for such transactions."

"These miserable sophisms of thine," cried Edward, "have no longer any weight with me! Take care lest you yourself be not bitten by them. With novices you may succeed, but not with such as old Walter."

"Peace, child," interrupted the painter; "connoisseurs are just the best people in the world for imposing upon. I would not even condescend to deal with your novices. Why now, there is this identical good old Walter,—this nice little man,—whose beautiful HOLLENEREUGHEL you must have seen—it hangs on the third pillar, between the sketch by REUBENS and the portrait by VANDYKE—that now was a work of mine. I went one day to the dear soul with the picture. 'Do you wish,' said I, 'to purchase something very beautiful?' 'Poh!' cried he, 'such a caricature! What mad work is here! I have no taste for such fancies; but let us examine it. Now really, I generally do not admit such nonsense into my collection; nevertheless, as in this picture there is a little more of grace and design than is generally to be found in this fantastical painter, I shall make an exception in favour of it.'—In short, he finally retained it, and he now exhibits it to people as a proof of the variety of his taste!"

"But don't you wish to become an honest man?" said Edward. "Is it not high time you should think of reforming your ways?"

"My young exhorter," cried the old man, "I have been such for a long time. You don't comprehend the business, and with all your hot spurring you are not yet at the goal."



When you have reached the end of your new voyage, and have passed in safety all the rocks and cliffs and beacons that beset your path,—then you may boldly beckon on me, and I may perhaps steer my course towards you. But till then leave me quiet.”

“Then our way divides,” said Edward, again casting a friendly look upon his companion. “I have lost much, but not all; something yet remains to me from my fortune,—my house. Here I will live in a simple style, and when the prince arrives, I will apply to be appointed his secretary or librarian,—perhaps I shall travel with him,—perhaps at some other place a fortune—or if not, I will look about for some employment in my native town.”

“And when is this virtuous life of yours to commence?” inquired the old fellow with a grin.

“Instantly,” replied the youth; “to-morrow,—to-day,—this very hour.”

“Nonsense,” rejoined the painter, shaking his grey head; “for all good resolves there is a fitting season. Before one enters on a new course of life it is right that he should finish the old one with a festival, and in the same way ought he to begin the new. Hear me now, I am so fond of you, that I must insist on your once more giving to us and to your own good taste, a noble entertainment, such a *guadeamus* and *vale* as may make them—and particularly myself—long remember you. Let us be merry far into the night with the best of wine; then you shall strike off to the right hand, and go into the path of virtue and sobriety, and we will remain on the left, where we already are.”

“Unconscionable glutton!” exclaimed Edward, unable to repress a laugh at the painter’s audacity; “if you can only find a pretext for getting yourself drunk, all is right with you. Let it then be on Twelfth-Night.”

“That is still four days off,” sighed the liquorish old man, draining his glass to the bottom, and walking slowly out of the room.

"We shall have a small party at dinner to-day," said the councillor Walter to his daughter.

"Very well," replied Sophie; "and is young Edward to be of the company?"

"No," answered the father; "how came he into your mind?"

"I was only thinking," said Sophie, "that you might perhaps feel a little solicitous to soothe him after the unpleasant treatment he has met with in your house, though certainly without your sanction."

"To-day would be most unsuitable for such a purpose," replied the councillor, "as the very man who offended the youth is to be of our party."

"Indeed—he!" ejaculated Sophie, in a somewhat peevish tone.

"It would appear you dislike this stranger?"

"Exceedingly! For in the first place, I cannot suffer any one, unless I know exactly who he is. Your incognito is always passing himself off in foreign countries for a person of consequence, though he may not have the slightest claim to such high pretensions; this is certainly the case with your new acquaintance, who has quite the manners of a discarded tutor; and yet gave himself such airs yesterday as might have become the Principal of a University."

"Well, so much for your first head of objection. Pray what may the second be?"

"In the second place he is disagreeable," continued Sophie laughing; "thirdly, he is insufferable; and lastly, I really do hate him."

"Which indeed appears to be *ratio et prima et ultima* with you," replied the old gentleman; "but besides him, my friend Erich, and the young painter Diedrich, and that odd, old fellow, Eulenboch will be with us."

"Oh then," cried Sophie, "perhaps the young baron Eisenschlicht will also be present to consummate my misery——"

Here the councillor raised his finger with a threatening gesture, but Sophie paid no attention to the hint and continued her invective: "It is a melancholy truth, I have no patience for such company. These sort of people chatter and smirk, and are vastly polite, and lie with a most excellent grace, but are altogether so insufferable that I would rather fast three whole days than sit at table with them. I hate your love-sick folks as heartily as I do sour currants; every word they utter offends me for a week afterwards. As for that old, crook-nosed, copper-faced sinner, Eulenboch,—I hate him less than any of the pack, for he at least is not thinking how he shall get me disposed of like any other piece of lumber about his house."

"These airs and habits of thinking," replied the father, "are exceedingly offensive to me: nay, I am now quite angry with you,—that obstinate disposition of yours will not easily, I am afraid, be subdued. You know my sentiments on the subject of matrimony—and love, as it is called; how happy would you not make me then, if you would renounce that self-will of yours——"

"I must look into the kitchen to-day, at least, for papa's credit," interrupted the lively girl. "And on your part I trust you will not afford occasion to that red-faced Eulenboch to propagate an evil report of your cellars." So saying, Sophie ran out of the room, without waiting her father's reply.

The old councillor betook himself to his desk, while his daughter busied herself in the affairs of the kitchen and table. She had terminated her dialogue with her father in the abrupt manner we have described, because she was well-aware of his wish to marry her to his friend Erich, who, though no longer a young man, was not so far advanced in years as to make such a match altogether ridiculous. Erich had accumulated a

considerable fortune by his business, and at that moment was possessed of a collection of very celebrated pictures by Italian masters. It was Walter's plan, that, in the event of his daughter being reconciled to the match, Erich should leave off business and incorporate this excellent collection with his own gallery. In this way he anticipated that his son-in-law would ultimately become the proprietor of a very extensive and excellent collection, which would, by this arrangement, be likewise secured against dispersion: for it was at all times a most alarming thought to the old virtuoso to conceive the possibility of his fine gallery being broken up, and his pictures sold at an undervalue, and perhaps transferred to the hands of persons whose ignorance and want of taste might speedily consummate their ruin. Indeed his passion for the art was so enthusiastic, that he would cheerfully have bought the collection of his friend for a large sum, had not the recent purchase of an extensive estate and garden—which he meant his daughter should inherit—rendered it inconvenient for him to lay out any farther sums of money at the time. He had sometimes thought of the handsome young artist Diedrich for a son-in-law; and although neither the manners of this young man, nor his mode of dress, nor even his stile of painting, were particularly pleasing to him, yet he would not have greatly objected to receiving him as his son-in-law, from the conviction that he would entertain a due sense of the value of the inheritance to which he would succeed. The old painter Eulenboch was quite out of the sphere of the councillor's designs; but the case was different with the foreign connoisseur, whom, since the events of the preceding day, he had begun to view with a sort of parental eye. With reference to the latter, indeed, the saucy remarks of his daughter could not be overlooked; but the truth was—though he did not confess it to himself—that, in looking into futurity, the safety of his pictures lay nearer his heart than the happiness of his child. Even the young baron Eisenschlicht would have almost satisfied him

as a son-in-law, for the youth had cultivated his taste in the Fine Arts with tolerable success during his travels.

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THE forenoon had passed; and the guests came dropping in one after the other. First came the youngest of the party, Diedricht, arrayed in a German coat of the antique fashion; he wore his flaxen locks almost to his shoulders; and a little nicely trimmed beard in nowise disfigured his fresh countenance. The youth addressed himself, in a tender, but somewhat embarrassed strain to Sophie; but the more he strove to exalt the tone of conversation, the more common-place it became. At last, both were interrupted and agreeably relieved by the entrance of old Eulenboch, who, with his large red face, and rosy nose, looked exceedingly odd in a pea-green waistcoat and a light grey coat; for Eulenboch—like many decidedly ugly people—always chose to dress himself in the most showy colours. The young people could hardly suppress their mirth when they saw this figure enter the room, rolling itself about in the most awkward fashion, and bowing and scraping away with the most ridiculous affectation of extreme politeness. The stranger was long in making his appearance, and Sophie had begun to ridicule what she affected to believe was assumed gentility on the part of the Unknown, when he made his appearance in a plain suit, and the guests proceeded to the dining-room, in which they found Erich already seated; he had been engaged before the entrance of the company in hanging up a picture which the stranger and painter were to inspect after dinner.

Sophie took her seat between Erich and the Unknown, and Diedricht, after having made a vain attempt to place

himself at her side, sat down near Eulenboch; whereupon the latter, who had been observant of all that passed, and who always disguised his maliciousness under an affectation of good nature, caught the young man's hand, and thanked him in the warmest manner for having, as he said, shifted his seat that he might sit near to an old man, who, like himself, was a lover and cultivator of the Fine Arts, but who, in the decline of his powers, could no longer aspire after the lofty flights of the modern school, though, to confess the truth, he felt its daring enthusiasm reviving his ancient ardour, and dissolving the frost of old age. Diedricht—who was still boy enough to take all this in good earnest—did not know how to express his gratitude to the old painter, or how to find sufficient modesty to balance all this humility on the part of the senior artist. But the old, sly fox secretly exulting in the success of his feint, contrived to make the simple-hearted youth more and more communicative; while the latter, believing that he had already secured a humble disciple in Eulenboch, was silently revolving in his thoughts how he might best turn the superior practical knowledge of the old artist to his own account, without letting him perceive that the master was in truth the pupil.

While these two worthies were thus mutually striving to deceive each other, the conversation between the host and the stranger guest had, partly by chance, and partly by a little artifice, fallen upon the subject of matrimony; for old Walter seldom allowed an opportunity to escape him of decanting upon this topic. "I never," said he, "could chime in with those modes of thinking which have become so fashionable within the last fifty years. I call them *fashionable*, because I too have been young and never could discover that they were founded in human nature. It cannot be denied, that, upon certain occasions, individuals have felt themselves subjected to the influence of impassioned feelings, with all their associated aberrations. For example we are but too frequently called upon to witness the evil consequences of

anger, of drunkenness, of jealousy, of madness. Neither can it be denied that varied mishaps and singular vicissitudes of fortune have flowed from that heightened species of feeling which is called love. There are men weak enough to think love, and all its wild adventures and passionate agitations, quite necessary to human existence,—nay, who boast of having been its subjects!”

The Unknown cast a grave look upon his host and seemed to nod assent; upon which the latter, exalting his voice, continued :

“Suppose we were even to make certain concessions, and admit as perfectly natural those scenes of courtship in which, as they tell us, every thing appears to them in a fairer light, and in which they affect to feel the whole powers of their nature strengthened and multiplied—although they are uniformly, while in this state of somnambulism, found to be lazy in the extreme, and are with difficulty prevailed upon to undertake any labour—of what consequence is all this, I ask again, even when it turns out in the best possible manner, to the concerting of a good and sensible match? I never would give my consent, if I had the misfortune to find my daughter indulging in one of those aberrations of reason.”

Here Sophie smiled, Diedricht cast a glance at her and coloured, and Eulenboch continued emptying his glass in a very comfortable manner, while the stranger listened with deep attention to the harangue of the councillor, who, now quite sure of his mark, continued with increased zeal :

“No! happy the man, who, entirely unacquainted with this perverse passion, forms a rational resolution to enter into the married state; and happy the maiden, who, in the possession of her unsullied modesty, finds a husband without ever having participated with him in any of those scenes of insanity! For them is reserved that comfort, that tranquillity, and those blessings, which were not unknown to our forefathers, and for which the men of this day have no relish. It

was in marriages such as these, contracted in all humility of mind, and after reasonable reflection, that people found in their increasing confidence, strengthening attachment, and reciprocal bearing of each other's weaknesses, a felicity that appears all too mean in the eyes of the present proud generation, who are therefore only cultivating the seeds of misery and wretchedness, discontent and misunderstanding, discord and abuse, in the garden of life. Early habituated to the intoxication of passion, they look for it in marriage also; and disdaining the necessities of every-day life, they repeat on every hand, in a thousand shapes, the trickeries of their love-trade, and thus they rush on self-deceived to their final ruin."

"Very bitter, but true," remarked the Unknown, with a thoughtful expression of countenance.

"Like all extremely bitter things," whispered Sophie to her companion; "one cannot easily distinguish whether their bitterness is in themselves, or in the offended taste. Such things are of course true to those who relish them."

Eulenboch, who overheard this observation, laughed aloud; but the father, who had only half-understood the matter, addressed himself in a very complacent tone to his stranger-guest: "So we are quite agreed that marriages of expediency alone can lead to happiness. I shall never hesitate to bestow my only daughter—who is neither without accomplishments or money—on that man, whatever his situation in life may be, whose character is amiable, and whose taste, particularly in the Fine Arts, I can approve, so that my grand children may reap the fruits of my toils, and that what has been collected in my house by love of art, enthusiasm, sacrifices, study, and indefatigable labour, may not at last be flung to the winds, or fall into the possession of the ignorant."

Here the old councillor again paused, and looked upon the stranger with a smile of self-approbation; but instead of returning it as he had done before, the Unknown's counte-



nance assumed almost the expression of a frown; and after a short pause, he observed: "The collections of individuals never subsist long. The admirer of Art should sell his treasures to some prince at a fair price, or should incorporate them with other galleries after his death by will. I cannot therefore approve of the resolution you have formed with respect to your daughter, although I agree in your general opinions on marriage. And, upon the whole, I must say, that matrimony appears to me a very hazardous affair. If I were not already betrothed, and restrained by a thousand important reasons from breaking my faith, I would follow out my real inclination by remaining unmarried."

The old councillor coloured at this unexpected piece of information, and fixed his eyes upon the floor; at last, though not without some embarrassment, he joined in other topics of conversation with his guests:—"The last sale of prints," observed the picture-dealer, "has not turned out nearly so well as the proprietor anticipated."—"That is frequently the case with sales," remarked the young lady in a satirical tone; "no one therefore should engage in such transactions who is not driven to it by utter necessity."

Diedricht, who was not quite *au fait* to the whole of this conversation, spoke in an open-hearted manner, and expressed himself with great animation on what he was pleased to call the barbarity of sales, at which it was quite customary to find the most rare and valuable pieces of art entirely overlooked, and others again injured by loungers and workmen; by all which the reputation of the great masters was perpetually injured, and the feelings of their real admirers painfully wounded. By such a strain of talk the young man very speedily recommended himself to the good graces of the old councillor, who, clearing up his clouded brows, expressed his cordial approbation of the young painter's sentiments. Sophie, who perhaps dreaded that a new proposal might come forth under the covering of enthusiasm for the Fine Arts, here inquired of Diedricht whether his painting of the

VIRGIN would be soon finished, or if he meant first to execute THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.

"So, you also are engaged upon these moving subjects," said the Unknown, casting a wry glance upon the youth. "It quite astonishes me how people should waste their time and their genius, in the brightest period of life, upon such subjects. Methinks we have enough of Holy Families for the art; there is nothing new to be added or invented in these things; and then again, those corpses and those distortions of agony, are so completely opposed to all that may cheer us and fascinate our senses, that I am ever compelled to turn my eyes away from them. Art should enhance the value of life, and give cheerfulness to existence under its potent witchery. All the misery and annoyance of the world should disappear, and our imagination should be left untortured by painful fantasies; the world of sense ought ever to brighten before us in a fresh and cheerful light; it should enrapture us with its mild graces, and thus be made to exalt our conceptions. Beauty is joy,—life,—power; he who delights in darkness and gloomy impressions, knows little of the human heart. Or, perhaps, you are one of that class of people who are always standing before such pictures in the ecstasy of an artificial faith, and who maintain that a species of devotion must be kindled in men's hearts when they enter into the spirit of such subjects, and appreciate their value with the feelings of Christians?"

"And would that be," exclaimed Diedricht, with a degree of haste and violence, "so unheard of, or so uncommon a circumstance? In beauty, where it appears, what charms the senses is exalted by genius to a degree of divinity; and in the same proportion the mute respect, the vague emotions of unenthusiastical minds are raised by art into heavenly devotion. It is pardonable—though in the nature of things unwarranted—when even a miserable picture enraptures the pious gazer merely by the force of its sacred subject; but to me it is utterly incomprehensible how any susceptible heart should not

be moved to devotion and faith while standing before the SISTINIAN MARY at Dresden. I am quite aware that the modern attempts of young artists—among whom I must class myself—have scandalized a great many very excellent persons,—but people should forego prejudice, and suffer themselves to be rationally convinced that the old, worn-out track can no longer be called a pathway. What did those who established the new system among us desire but to awaken original genius, which, for a long time, had been considered quite a superfluous thing in all the productions of Art? And has this new school not already produced many works of high excellence? It cannot be denied that it exhibits manifestations of an original spirit which deserves to be cultivated and strengthened; a new path has been opened up, in which indeed—as in every walk of enthusiasm—unskilful people will continue to run into offensive and blameable exaggeration; but are the bad productions of our time really worse than those which were perpetrated of old by the much-lauded CASANOVA? Or is their emptiness more empty than that cold copying of the much-misunderstood Antique, which has given to the whole period to which I allude the character of one great chasm in the history of Art? Was not the fantastic mannerism of these days very comfortable to contemplate? And has the Society for the promotion of Arts, though founded by highly respectable individuals, ever been able to produce any thing valuable?"

"Young man," said the Unknown, with the most cutting composure, "I would require to be ten years younger, or you some years older, to enable us to dispute on so important a subject. This new fancy has got hold of our times,—that at least cannot be denied; and we must dream on till we awake. If those whom you affect to despise were perhaps a little too sober in their way, it is equally true that those who now enjoy their ephemeral reputation have been excited into a kind of sickly intoxication by the weak and trashy beverage mounting to their head."

"You profess not to dispute," exclaimed the young painter, "and you do worse—you are bitter! In the moment of passion one can scarcely be sure of an impartial judgment. The future alone can decide whether the party, whose cause you support by such means, shall be benefited by your zeal."

Sophie here cast an encouraging glance upon the youth, and the old councillor was not a little disconcerted; but Erich taking the lead of the conversation, attempted to soothe the asperity of the disputants: "A violent contest," said he, "is at any time a sure sign that there is something real and worth contending for, lying between the parties, which a stander-by can scarcely fail to perceive, unless there be among the disputants a lurking intention to belie the truth. For a long time the Arts were banished from real life, and had become articles of mere luxury with mankind; and then it was that men began to forget the connection which these arts had at one period maintained with the church and world, and their close relation to devotion and enthusiasm. A frigid connoisseurship, a preference for the minutiae, and the vulgarities of real life, and an affected enthusiasm now governed the Arts. I remember the time quite well when the finest works of LEONARDO used to be exhibited in galleries as curious and rare antiquities; even RAPHAEL was to be admired only under the exceptions of criticism; the still older masters were looked upon with a pitying shrug; and the pictures of the early German or Flemish schools were never beheld without laughter. Barbarism such as this is gone by——"

"Perhaps has only given place to another, and a still more reprehensible disposition!" exclaimed Eulenboch, now flushed with wine, and casting a fiery look upon the Unknown. "I am truly grieved that in our days the voice of the real connoisseur is rarely listened to; now-a-days enthusiasm has driven intelligence out of the field; and yet there is nothing so truly instructive to an artist as the conversation

of a genuine amateur, which may at once instruct him and exalt him in his profession, and which he is sometimes not fortunate enough to enjoy for a course of years."

At these words the stranger, who had evidently lost his composure, and had become irritated in the discussion, recovered his cheerful and complacent demeanour. "Artists and the friends of Art," said he, "ought always to seek each other out, and be thus constantly reciprocating instruction; so it was in former times, and this was one of the reasons why painting prospered. The fancy of the inventor gets exhausted and weak, if not refreshed and enriched from sources beyond himself, and these can only be found in a rational and friendly intercourse with the world; not to mention how much an artist's correctness and grace in delineation, and even in the choice of his subjects, is improved by such intercourse."

"You have," replied the old painter, "chosen for your particular favourite, an artist whom I also esteem above all others."

"I confess," said the stranger, "that I am perhaps too exclusively attached to him. I had an early opportunity of beholding and appreciating some of the most famous productions of JULIO ROMANO; while on my travels I found an opportunity at Mantua of farther studying him; and since that time, I have been able to justify my preference."

"Undoubtedly," rejoined the old painter, "your stay in that city ought to be reckoned one of the happiest periods of your life. I have frequently of late been compelled to listen to a great deal of criticism on the works of this Master-Spirit, in which it has formed an article of heavy accusation against him that he did not treat devotional subjects with sufficient sentiment. Now all are not endowed with the same gifts; the spirit of JULIO revelled in the freshness and exultation of animal life,—his empire was the joyous, the buoyant, the imaginative. Yes, and if the heart of the young Artist is still alive to the impulses of this rich and brilliant

spirit, let him go to Mantua and make himself acquainted in the T. Palazzo there, with—I might almost say—all the pomp and beauty and grandeur which heaven and earth contain! Let him remark how, even amid the terrific details of the FALL OF THE GIANTS, pleasure and mirth have been partially revealed; and how in the SALOON OF CUPID AND PSYCHE, the celestial semblance of beauty has been elevated into perfect divinity by the rapture-breathing pencil of the artist!”

Young Diedricht, during this harangue, stared in astonishment upon his apostate partisan; he was utterly at a loss to comprehend the mystery of such conduct; for, although he most fully concurred in the praise which had been bestowed on JULIO ROMANO, yet the first half of Eulenboch's harangue seemed to be in direct contradiction to his former professions. This, however, was a matter of little consequence to Eulenboch, who went on discoursing with the unknown amateur till both had talked themselves into such raptures, that, for a time, they allowed no one else to throw in a word.

Erich had now discovered a resemblance between the stranger and a relation of the old councillor. This brought on a conversation on likenesses, and on the fact that particular features are often repeated in the distinctest manner through the most distant branches of a family. “It is singular too,” said the host, “that Nature often acts in this way quite like Art. If an Italian and a Fleming of the old school had painted the same portrait, both would have seized the likeness, yet each would have produced an altogether different portrait, and actually different resemblance. Thus I happened to be acquainted in my youth with a family consisting of several children, on all of whom the principal features in the physiognomy of the parents were stamped, with a different character in each, and yet with such clearness and precision in all, that the countenance of the several children might have been compared to portraits of the same ob-

ject drawn by different masters. The eldest daughter with a fine complexion and elegant form, might be compared to a painting by CORREGIO; the second exhibited the same features on the larger and fuller scale of the FLORENTINE school; the third reminded you of the same portrait from the pencil of REUBENS; the fourth resembled a picture by DURER; the next might have been referred to the FRENCH school,—full, brilliant, but undetermined; and the youngest seemed like a fluid painting of LEONARDO. It was a pleasure to compare these countenances with each other—each showing the same general contour, yet each so different in individual traits, expression, and colour.”

“Do you remember,” inquired Erich, “that miraculous portrait which your old friend had in his collection, and which has disappeared, with the other articles, in such a mysterious manner?”

“I do,” rejoined Walter: “If that portrait was not by RAPHAEL—as some people affirmed—it was, at least, by a distinguished Artist, who had successfully studied that master. Those moderns who affect to speak of portrait-painting as an inferior branch of the Art, and one which lowers a professor’s character, ought to have been put to the blush before that admirable portrait.”

“How! What do I hear you say?” interrupted the stranger, with animation. “Have there been yet more remarkable paintings than this one lost? In what manner did it happen?”

“Whether they are really lost cannot be easily ascertained,” replied Walter; “but true it is that the pictures have disappeared; perhaps they have been sold into some distant country. My friend, Von Essen—the father of that young man whom you met with in my gallery—grew somewhat whimsical and fantastic with his increasing years. Our mutual love of the Arts had connected us in friendship; and I have no doubt that I enjoyed his fullest confidence. We took the greatest delight in our collections; and his was at that

time far superior to mine, which only the carelessness of his son, has enabled me to increase so considerably. When we wished to enjoy a real treat, we used to resort to his cabinet, where the choicest of his pictures were assembled. They were all splendidly mounted, and placed with great skill in the most advantageous lights. Besides the portrait I have mentioned, there was here an incomparable landscape by NICHOLAS POUSSIN, such as I never saw equalled. In the soft mild glow of evening, CHRIST was represented sailing with his disciples; the lovely reflection of the houses and trees,—the clearness of the sky,—the transparency of the waves,—the noble expression of the Saviour,—and the heavenly tranquillity which breathed over the whole, melted our minds into such melancholy and peaceful aspirations as cannot be described. Near to this picture hung a CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS by GUIDO RENI. The expression of this picture exceeds every thing of the kind I have since met with. My old friend, perhaps, occasionally undervalued a little the excellent GUIDO, but with this painting he was always enraptured; and, in truth, it seemed ever new the oftener it was beheld,—a more intimate acquaintance with it, only heightened the enjoyment of beholding it, and discovered new, and still more spiritual beauties; its expression of mildness,—of resigned suffering,—of heavenly compassion,—and divine forgiveness, affected even the most callous heart; it was not that highwrought expression of passion which is occasionally seen in similar pictures of GUIDO, and which, even in spite of the excellent manner in which the subject is usually treated by him, rather repulses than attracts us; but it was at once the very sweetest and the most painful of pictures. Opposite to this piece was another by the same master,—A LUCRETIA, who, with a strong, full arm, appeared plunging the dagger into her beautiful bosom. The expression of this picture was very great and powerful, and its colouring incomparable. A HOLY MOTHER in the act of raising up the covering from the sleeping infant, and Jo-



seph and John contemplating the little slumberer, the figures as large as life, had been represented by some old ROMAN, in a very splendid and graceful style. But I should be at a loss for words, were I to attempt to give you an idea of this unique VAN EYKAN ANNUNCIATION, the glory, perhaps, of the whole collection. If ever colour enjoyed an apotheosis as a daughter of heaven,—if ever painter played with light and shade, so as to excite the noblest emotions of the human spirit,—if ever pleasure, enthusiasm, poetry, truth, and greatness have been embodied in lines and hues upon canvass, it had been accomplished in this picture, which seemed to be something more than painting, more than enchantment! I must pause here or I should lose myself.—These were the principal pictures: though a HEMLING,—a splendid ANNIBAL CARACCI,—a small picture of CHRIST and THE SOLDIERS, were very well worth mentioning; and indeed, there were no pictures in that cabinet which would not have delighted any lover of the Art. And now conceive—only imagine—the oddity of the old man: a short time before his death, all these pictures vanished—vanished without a trace! Had he sold them? That question he never answered; his papers should have solved the mystery after his death, but no information appeared upon them. Had he given them away? But on whom had he bestowed them? It is to be feared—and the thought is a dreadful one—that he must, in a fit of delirious melancholy, have destroyed them shortly before he died, unable to bear the thought of resigning them to any other being upon earth. Destroyed! Can you—can any one conceive the dreadful insanity of the man should my suspicions happen to be correct?"

Here the old man became so affected that he could not restrain his tears, and Eulenboch, drawing an enormous yellow silk handkerchief out of his pocket, began to wipe, with considerable emotion, his dark, red countenance. "Do you remember," said he, sobbing, "that singular picture by QUINVIN MESSIS, in which a youthful shepherd and girl were

represented in a strange costume, both splendidly painted, and resembling—as Von Essen used to assert—his son and your daughter?”

“The likeness was striking at that time,” replied Erich. “But you have forgotten to mention the SAINT JOHN which certainly rivalled the GUIDO. That picture was probably by DOMENICHINO; at least it was exceedingly like his celebrated one. The heaven-raised look of the youth,—his inspired longing expression, finely blended with the pensive expression excited by the recollection of his having already beheld Divinity upon earth, of having cherished it as a friend, and of having listened to it as a teacher,—the reflection of the vanished past in the mind of that noble countenance—how touching was all! How exalting! Aye, a few of these pictures might even now save the youth, and once more make him a wealthy man!”

“With him all would be lost!” exclaimed Eulenboch. “He would only waste it again. What exhortations have I not spent upon him! But he will neither listen to an older friend, nor to the voice of experience. Now at last, when the waters have come in to his very soul, he repents. He saw me moved to tears by his misfortunes, and he pledged himself to live a new life from that hour, to apply to some business, and to become a well-regulated man. While I was embracing him with emotion, he tore himself laughing from my arms, and cried: ‘But my promise shall begin to be redeemed only from next Twelfth-Night; till that hour arrives I must be permitted to be joyous, and run on in my ancient course!’ All my entreaties were fruitless; he threatened if I indulged him not in this matter, to renounce the whole project of reformation. Well, his last fete is to take place in a few days,—the delay is only a short one,—but it shows you how little dependance we can place on his good resolutions.”

“It has been his misfortune,” said Sophie, “to be constantly surrounded with grave advisers; a spirit of contra-

diction has led him to rush into the opposite extreme, and his obstinacy has afterwards prevented the company of good men from being of use to him."

"You are in a certain sense right," replied Eulenboch. "For instance, he has of late been pestered by that tiresome, old, methodistical fellow, the Director of music! I assure you Henne's dry preaching will never take root in him; and besides, the old wretch gets uniformly drunk at the third glass, and loses his text."

"The young man is too far gone," observed Walter. "When recklessness and prodigality have once become the order of the day with such people, they are past redemption. A life of every-day virtues appears to them flat and trivial, and they quickly sink into utter ruin."

"Very true," rejoined Eulenboch; "and to give you an instance of the youth's folly, only think what he has been doing with his library! He inherited, as you know, an excellent collection of books from his father; it contained amongst them treasures,—the most splendid editions of the Classics, the greatest rarities in Italian literature, and the earliest editions of Dante and Petrarch,—books, not to be met with every day. Well, my young squire takes it into his head that he must have a secretary, who is in the meantime to take charge of his library, make up a new catalogue, and arrange the whole in systematic order. A young man of dissolute habits, makes offer of himself for this important office, and is instantly employed, because he knows how to talk; there is not much occasion for his services in writing, but he must learn to drink a good glass, and the master finds a most docile pupil in the young rake. Well, the foolish life begins; every day there is some new scene of revelry and madness got up,—balls, masquerades, sledge-parties: the half of the town is treated at Edward's expense; so, after six months have elapsed, master secretary demands his wages. There is no ready money, and it is agreed that the first year's salary shall be paid in books according to a fair valuation.

But neither master nor man have any idea of the value of things; the most precious rarities are in consequence given up to the secretary at the most ridiculous estimates; and this expedient once resorted to is frequently repeated, and the oftener, as the new favourite has sometimes an opportunity of being at some outlay for his patron, for which, of course, he must be repaid in books. I am afraid, therefore, that the book-cases alone are all that is left of his library."

"No man knows better than I do," exclaimed the councillor, "how inexcusably they have dealt with the books!"

"They are all dreadful stories!" cried Sophie. "Who would tell such things even of an enemy?"

"But the worst of all," continued Eulenboch, "was his passion for the celebrated and beautiful Elizabeth; for it accomplished, upon a large scale, what all his other follies united could only do in detail—the destruction of his fortune. She has also ruined his character—which was rather a fair one. He has good parts, but is too easy, so that every one who gets hold of him makes of him what he pleases, and all my well-meant advices are spent on the air. I often lectured him till midnight in the most impressive style, but my exhortations were all lost upon him; that woman held him so fast in her chains that for her sake he ill-used his oldest and most faithful friends!"

The company now rose from table, and Sophie took an opportunity, while the old painter was taking her by the hand, to whisper into his ear: "Ah, you vilest of all vile sinners! You ungrateful hypocrite! How could your wicked heart consent to slander the man in public whose kindness has enriched you,—whose folly you and your accomplices make use of to turn to his ruin. Till this moment I believed you to be good-natured though a little ridiculous; but I now see that you are all your devilish physiognomy bespeaks you. I detest you!" She turned from him with emotion, and hastened out of the room.

The guests proceeded to the picture-gallery, where coffee

was served:—"But what ailed my daughter," inquired the councillor of the old painter; "she seemed in such a hurry, and the tears stood in her eyes?"

"Ah, she is a good dear child!" whimpered Eulenboch. "You are blessed in having such a feeling-hearted daughter. She was so deeply solicitous to know the state of my health she saw my eyes inflamed, and said, poor dear thing, she was afraid I might grow blind; this it was that touched her so sensibly."

"An excellent child!" exclaimed the father. "If only I could see her well-provided for, I would be able to die in peace."

The stranger, who had remained behind while Erich exhibited to him the picture in the dining room, now joined the company with the picture-dealer and Diedricht, and a lively conversation ensued. The Unknown criticised the subject of the painting, and Diedricht exerted himself in its defence. "If TENIERS and the other Flemings," said the latter, "have represented the TEMPTATION OF SAINT ANTHONY in a ridiculous style of caricature, the whim may be pardoned on the score of their peculiar feelings, and indulged out of respect to their genius, as they really did not know how to create anything dignified. But the subject requires a serious manner, and the old German master—there can be no doubt—has succeeded in it. If the spectator only be impartial, he must be at once attracted and gratified by that picture."

"The subject is not at all suited for the Fine Arts!" exclaimed the stranger. "The tormenting dreams of a mad old man! The ghost which he sees in his solitude, and which by false chains, or by terror, would drive him from his rigid meditations, cannot but fall under the class of caricatura phantoms, and can only be represented in a fantastical manner,—if indeed it can be represented at all. Thus the female figure which it is meant should make a dignified and charming appearance,—a beauty in the ripeness of youth, is still only

a disgraced spectre ; then there are those wild figures around her, by the violent contrast of which, and the terror of the old man, who strives to maintain his composure, she is rendered doubly ridiculous. This mixture of contradictory feelings, is, I maintain, most absurd ; and pity it is that genius and art should be wasted in producing such effects. Cast your eyes now upon that *HOLLENBREUGEL* which hangs upon the pillar ; that painter had no eye for truth and common sense,—he forsook nature entirely, and mistook absurdity and madness for inspiration and genius,—and yet I like him the best of the whole host of eccentrics, just because, without more ado, he fairly shut reason out of doors. In contrast with this look at the *GIANT'S SALOON* at Mantua, as painted by *JULIO ROMANO* ; his singular exhibitions,—his groups of animals, and centaurs, and all the marvels of fable,—his bacchanals,—his bold consociation of the beauty of animal life and the revelry of voluptuous loveliness : plunge yourself deep into the studies of this master, and then only will you come to know what a true poet can make of those singular and imperfectly understood phenomena of our mind, and how the painter is able to seize and detain those several forms of beauty in his fancy-woven nets."

"This is the way," cried Diedrich, "to settle every thing at once ! A man resolves to have only one rule and model,—in his passionate blindness he refers every excellence to one artist,—and in his partiality for him, rejects all that he has not had time, and all that he has not had capacity to do, though but an individual, and a mortal, whose eye could not penetrate every depth, from whose fingers Death must sooner or later have dashed the pallet, even though his hand had been able to embody every conception of his mind ! There must be limits to every thing ; who can doubt it ? But those wiseacres who are ever referring one to their imaginary standard of the beau ideal, do not always remember that singular quality of the cock, who, however indomitable and warlike he may think himself, when laid on his side will

lie immoveable, provided you draw with chalk upon the ground, a straight line, as if proceeding directly from his bill; for the poor animal, in this situation, believes himself to be chained down to the ground."

"You get overbearing, my young spark," said the stranger, in a haughty tone. "Good breeding, methinks, will soon be reckoned among the lost arts."

"However that may be," replied Diedricht, "there seems little reason to apprehend that arrogance will soon come to be numbered among them, or that vanity will always continue to enjoy its full swing." With this remark, the young painter made a hurried obeisance to the master of the house, and instantly quitted the room.

"I don't know how I should come to be treated in such a way," said the stranger; "it seems to me that some unlucky planet rules over this saloon, that I should so frequently encounter in it a set of bullies who are ready at a moment's warning to cut one's throat."

Old Walter was by this time in very bad humour at the occurrence of such scenes beneath his roof. He had been obliged at the dinner-table to renounce his hope of obtaining the stranger for his son-in-law, and he was now reluctantly forced to reject the young painter also from his plans. He turned in a conciliatory manner to the Unknown, whose anger was now leading him to devote more attention to the HOLLENBREUGEL than he might otherwise have done: "Is it not truly an excellent piece in its way," inquired Walter of the irritated stranger, who had raised his glass to examine the picture more narrowly; "What do I see!" exclaimed the latter suddenly. "Here, where the legs of these two devils and the fiery tail of that other one touch each other, a very odd and expressive profile is formed, and, if I am not much mistaken, it bears a striking resemblance to your friend, the excellent old artist here."

All drew near to examine the wonderful coincidence; no one had, till that moment, discovered the singular effect.

The roguish Eulenboch played the astonished one more perfectly than any of them. "Never should I have dreamed," said he, "that my memory was recorded in such a strange album! But if this malicious old artist had really a presentiment of my features, it was indeed too bad of him to make this fiery tail just serve me for a nose!"

"The thing," said Erich, "has been contrived in so artful a manner that it is impossible to say whether it has been the work of accident or intention."

Walter examined the curious profile,—surveyed that of his friend,—shook his head,—and seemed to fall into deep abstraction. At this moment the stranger took his leave, in company with Eulenboch to whom he wished to show his pictures.

"What ails you?" inquired Erich, who now remained alone with his friend in the saloon. "You seem to be out of humour on account of that odd freak of chance which has made us all laugh so heartily; the drunkard methinks has met with a pretty severe punishment in seeing such a group of fiends forming his portrait so truly to the life."

"Do you really believe it to be a mere accident?" cried Walter in anger. "Do you not see that the old rascal has imposed this picture upon me? That it is his own performance? Only look here; I was loth to expose him before the whole company; but not contented with executing this portrait of himself, he has even had the audacity to write in very minute characters, his own name, Eulenboch, in the enormous mustachios of that big devil who is grinding souls up there in his hand-mill! I long ago detected this tracing: but I then believed, as the characters were not quite distinct, that the painter himself, or somebody else, had intended to write HOLLENBREUGHEL, and thus the old fellow himself explained it, spelling the name Ellenbroeg when I pointed it out to him, and adding at the same time, that artists were never very particular in their orthography. Now I see clearly through the whole affair. This cursed drunkard it was that



sent Edward here on the mission of the SALVATOR, and you yourself got the fellow of that picture from him. And, besides all this, who knows but we may find our own faces exhibiting, among the most frightful objects, in a most indecorous and opprobrious fashion?"

The old councillor was so irritated that he raised his fist to destroy the picture, but Erich stopped him saying: "Do not in a moment of peevishness destroy a picture, the production of an able artist, which you may come at some future period to admire. If it has really been executed by our Eulenboch—as I myself am now constrained to believe—and if even both the pretended SALVATORS are by him, I cannot but admire the genius of the man. The manner in which he has sketched himself, is indeed sufficiently ridiculous; but this piece of malice can only fall on his own shoulders, as you and I will take care how we buy from him in future; while otherwise he might have still extorted many a good dollar from us. But there is something else pressing on your mind,—I see it well,—can I give you any advice? Perhaps it is your old anxiety respecting your daughter?"

"Yes it is, my dear friend," said Walter; "and how do matters stand with you? Have you reflected upon my words?"

"Much and deeply," replied Erich. "But my dear old friend, although it is quite possible for very comfortable matches to be got up without love, there must at least be some kind of inclination between the parties; now, I find nothing of the sort in myself, and I cannot say your daughter is wrong in having none towards me. It would be a pity if the sweet creature, with all her lively feelings, should be rendered unhappy."

"By whom made unhappy?" inquired the father. "Nobody can be suggested to her whom she likes, and who is fit for her. You draw back,—the haughty foreigner has to-day offended me exceedingly with his high-flown airs,—that young fellow Diedricht would never make a sensible hus-

band, as he has shown himself quite ignorant of the world, as for Eisenschlicht, I dare not even speak to her of him. Besides, the loss of these splendid pictures still hangs heavy upon my spirits. Where can they be flown to? Look you, I would not grudge to see them in the possession of my bitterest enemy, were I only assured of their being yet in existence. And then—am I not still a debtor to young Edward? You know how cheaply I purchased from him all the pictures that were found in the inheritance of his father. The youth neither cared for, nor knew the value of them. True it is that I never urged him,—I used no inducements with him to cheat himself, but yet,—if that young man would become honest and well-regulated in his behaviour,—if he would betake himself to a better course of life,—if I could only assure myself that he would not be again led astray and would not waste what I might give him, I would gladly advance him a still farther sum of money.”

“Bravo!” cried Erich, and shook the old man’s hand. “I have never lost sight of the youth; he is not quite so bad as report speaks of him; he may yet become an honest man. If we see symptoms of amendment, and you still feel attached to him, perhaps, in course of time, your daughter also might come to think well of him, and she, on the other hand, might be pleasing to him. What think you if with your fortune you were to provide happiness for both the young folks? Then you might in time be seen cradling your grand-children upon your knees, and while teaching them the first rudiments of the history of the Fine Arts, you might enjoy the exquisite felicity of hearing them in this very saloon, lisping the celebrated names of the great Masters.”

“Never!” exclaimed Walter, stamping with his feet on the ground. “What, my only child married to such a hopeless good-for-nothing! This collection bequeathed to him who would squander it or sell it for a one-worth! That now is not the advice of a friend!”

"Yet," said Erich, "only be calm; think of the proposal without passion; and try to learn the sentiments of your daughter."

"No! No!" cried the old councillor, "that cannot be—it shall not be! Yet, could he still show me one of those magnificent incomparable paintings,—now, for ever lost—perhaps, a word might be spoken upon the matter. But do spare me all proposals of that kind in future. And then there is that cursed BREUGHEL up there,—I will hang it up where I shall never be troubled with the sight of it, or the cursed gallows countenance of that old sinner and his devils again!"

Here the old man raised his eyes, and observed his daughter looking down from the gallery-window, listening to the conversation. She blushed, and hastily retired without shutting the window, while he exclaimed: "Aye, there is all that was wanting to consummate the day's misery! That headstrong girl has overheard everything, and will be taking still wilder vagaries into her obstinate head!"

The old friends now parted, and Walter never felt less at peace with himself and the whole world.

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EDWARD pursued his plan of reform with all the energy with which he had adopted the resolution. He had retired to his chamber, and spent the first part of the night arranging the bills of various debts, which he purposed to discharge in the course of the following day. While he was thus employed, the rose which he had picked up in the picture gallery, in the manner we have described, dropped from his breast; it was withered and shrivelled, and the thought occurred to

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him that even thus might the newly expanded blossom of his hopes wither before the frown of a scornful world; nevertheless he took courage, and having placed the flower in a vase with water, it almost instantly revived, and bloomed so powerfully that Edward dreaded it would in a yet briefer space shed all its leaves.

He now set to work upon the old papers which had belonged to his father, and among the various letters and documents which lay before him he found many things which awakened the reminiscences of his early years, as well as spoke to him of the youth of his father. He had scattered the contents of a bureau around him, when amid a mass of bills, memorandums, law-papers, and other documents, he discovered a sheet of paper, containing a catalogue of his father's gallery, with an historical account and valuation of the various pictures, and a note of whatever had appeared remarkable to the possessor relating to every piece. Edward, who had just returned from a tour when his father died, had often sought for these lost pictures but in vain; he now hoped he might discover some traces of them, and he did, indeed, discover in another packet a memorandum specifying the very pictures which were amissing, their painters, and former possessors. The hand-writing of this document was evidently that of his father while under his last illness, and at the bottom of the slip the words appeared: "These pictures are now——" farther the hand had not written, and even this line had been cancelled.

Edward redoubled his researches but could not discover any thing more. The candle was now nearly consumed,—his blood had become heated,—he tossed the writings hurriedly about the room, but could not find what he was in search of. At last he laid his hands upon an old tarnished piece of paper, which, to his astonishment, he found to be a bill granted several years before, and in which his father acknowledged himself to be indebted to Walter in a very considerable sum. The bill had not been discharged,

though it remained in the hands of the debtor : How was this circumstance to be accounted for ?

He put the obligation into his pocket-book, and calculated that if the document should prove a valid one, scarcely any surplus would remain to him after the sale of his house. He cast his eyes upon a sum of money which he had laid apart for the relief of certain poor families, whom he had hitherto secretly supported,—for Edward was equally lavish of his money in acts of benevolence, as in ministering to his follies ; and the former might, in his situation, have justly been characterized as acts of prodigality : “ If,” thought he, “ I could avoid touching this money, and once more administer consolation and relief to these wretched families, it might afterwards be just as well for me to begin from the beginning, and to trust solely to my own unaided exertions in recruiting my fortune.” Such were the youth’s last thoughts before he sunk into slumber.

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EDWARD had been invited by the old councillor to dinner,—a thing which had not occurred for a long time ; and though the youth did not well understand how his old friend should have come again to show him such kindness, yet he had accepted the invitation cheerfully, and the more so, perhaps, as hoping to renew his former acquaintance with Sophie. He put the bill he had found the evening before into his pocket. He was little pleased to meet the Eisenschlichts, father and son, at the councillor’s ; but being seated at table opposite to Sophie, he addressed the conversation chiefly to her, and endeavoured to appear cheerful, although his feelings were not a little irritated by various circumstances. It

did not escape his observation, that Walter showed much attention to young Eisenschlicht, whilst he felt himself almost neglected; it was also a common report in town that the councillor was wishing to make the young wealthy baron his son-in-law. The latter, on the other hand, seemed flattered by the old man's studied attentions, while, at the same time, he received them with an air which seemed to intimate that he conceived them nothing less than were due to him. Erich, who was of the party, and well-disposed towards Edward, did all in his power to prevent any burst of embittered feeling from the excited youth. As for Sophie she was cheerfulness itself. She had dressed herself with more than usual care, and her father turned many a scrutinizing glance upon her, for her dress was in many respects different from her ordinary one, and reminded him forcibly of the lost picture by *MESSIS*, the characters in which bore so strong a resemblance to his daughter and the son of his deceased friend.

After dinner the company assembled in the picture-gallery, and Erich smiled on observing that his friend had really hung up the *PSEUDO-HOLLENBREUGHEL* in a corner where it could scarcely be observed. Young Eisenschlicht sat down beside Sophie, and sedulously addressed himself to entertain her. Edward paced rapidly up and down examining the pictures; Erich conversed with the father of the young suitor; and Walter kept an observing eye upon all.

"But why," said Erich to his neighbour, "have you so great a dislike to the *FLEMISH School*?"

"Because it is so devoted to vulgar life,—to sketches of low people and beggars," answered the wealthy gentleman. "My disgust in this respect," he continued, in a strain of amusing affectation, "is not confined to the *FLEMISH School* alone; I hate particularly the *SPANISH*, and much of the *ITALIAN*. It is surely unpleasant enough that one cannot always shun such wretches in the streets; but really for an artist to expect that I should be pleased with such defor-

mities of creation, when committed to the canvas, is a little too much for my patience!"

"Then, perhaps," said Edward, "you would be pleased with QUENTIN MESSIS, whose pencil is so faithful and vivid in its sketches of bankers, and money-dealers, at their tables covered with money, and with their large counting-books before them?"

"That does not exactly suit my taste either, Sir," replied the critic. "Such characters we can at any time witness in real life. No, if you are to paint to me, let me have splendid and regal processions, with massy brocades and crowns and purple and pages and moors! Such things combined with stately palaces and wide straight streets, elevate my mind, and I am never tired of gazing upon them!"

"Certainly," said Erich, "PAUL VERONESE, and many other ITALIANS, have furnished us with noble specimens of this kind."

"And what do you say of A WEDDING AT CANAAN in this manner?" inquired Edward.

"All feasting," replied the critic, "is tiresome in painting, for it is all show without substance; the roasted peacocks, and the dainty pies, and the half-emptied bottles are, I hold, in all such representations, very tiresome things. But it is quite a different matter when a little Moses is drawn out from the waters, and the princess is standing there in all her splendid ornaments, surrounded by her richly dressed ladies, and her guard of halbardeers and men-at-arms, and dwarfs and dogs. Oh, I cannot express the pleasure I feel when I meet with the painting of some story which in my youth I had been obliged to con over in a gloomy school-room, arrayed in all the fine adornment of the painter! But of such things you have by far too few, my dear councillor; most of your paintings rely for their effect upon feeling,—exclusively upon feeling, and I don't like my feelings to be excited at any time, and least of all by a work of Art."

"Still worse," begun young Eisenschlicht, "are our co-

medies! How can it be expected that one should quit a pleasant company, and perhaps an excellent dinner, and on entering the theatre, get interested in all the miseries and wants of human life, which are there portrayed before us? Could there not be some arrangement effected in this city," continued he, "similar to that which has already been accomplished in other places, by which with one single contribution one could rid himself for ever of being dunned by the poor?"

"Indeed the plan you propose would be very convenient, no doubt," replied Edward; "but I can't say whether it would be very praise-worthy, either as an arrangement of police, or a suggestion from the amateurs of Art. I at least cannot help feeling commiseration for a poor man, and I should not like to resign him wholly to the mercies of another."

"I am quite of your opinion!" cried Sophie. "I do not like these blind indiscriminating books, in which one writes down his name and contribution, and then leaves the rest to an unknown hand to make what allotment it pleases of your bounty. In some countries, I am told, a promise is even required of you, that you will not bestow any private charity; but how can you shut your ears to the voice of want? When I give to the needy I enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that I have gladdened the heart of a fellow-creature."

"And it is just you—and such as you," interrupted the man of wealth, "who keep up mendicity in society! Because, forsooth, we cannot resist a sentimental feeling of effeminate vanity and mawkish benevolence, we must maintain a body of poor amongst us, that we may have the pleasure of contributing to their support! It is this, I say, which renders abortive all the better measures taken by government to eradicate pauperism."

"You view the matter in a different light from that in which it is regarded in Switzerland," said Edward. "In one of the Catholic cantons of that country, there lived an



aged pauper, who had called so often at every door, soliciting alms, that he had become quite well-known and familiar among the simple-hearted peasantry. But one day it happened, that the people of a cottage at which he had presented himself for his usual dole, were so much occupied with a sick person, that the beggar was forgotten in the bustle. The old mendicant waited till his patience was exhausted, but failing to obtain a hearing, he turned away in great wrath, muttering to himself: 'Well, well, see where you will get another beggar!'

All laughed at the story of the Swiss beggar; but Sophie maintained that the conduct of the poor man was quite reasonable, and his threat a very alarming one. "Certainly," she argued, "if all opportunities of exercising our benevolence, in one shape or other, were denied us, life itself would soon become cheerless indeed. When the feelings of compassion are once extinct in any bosom, joy and pleasure will soon be strangers to it. He who has it in his power to bestow, is more blessed far than he who receives. Alas," she added, with great emotion, "this only softens the hardship of the exclusiveness of property, that some portion of those riches which individuals abstract from the general store and heap around themselves, is ever and anon overflowing to the needy, and men are not allowed in the reciprocation of benefits, wholly to forget that they are brethren!"

The father cast a disapproving look upon his daughter; but Edward interrupted the reproof which was about to drop from his lips, by exclaiming: "Ah, if the majority of mankind thought as you do, we should find ourselves in a better and fairer world! The tale of the shipwrecked mariner, or the forlorn traveller, touches our hearts with gentlest sorrow, and yet, do we not find ourselves every hour looking down as it were, from a promontory on a scene of misery and distress beneath! Yes, from our concerts and our fetes, our private retirements and our ordinary pursuits, we are looking down on a thousand groups of wretched be-

ings who wander about forlorn and destitute in the gloomy world beneath us!"

"The exaggerations of youthful fancy!" exclaimed old Eisenschlicht. "Nevertheless I do not doubt that many good men—good citizens have been led away by such deceitful feelings. But suppose your description of things quite true, who would attempt to resist Fate? What could private charity do against the miseries of a whole world?—Relieve one unfortunate, and relieve another unfortunate,—and still another succeeds,—and after all what have you done for them? Only made them more sensible to the miseries of their situation by the transient relief from suffering your bounty has procured for them!"

"Oh, do not talk so!" exclaimed Edward. "Methinks your language soundeth like blasphemy! What avails it to the miserable, one moment of sunshine! Oh, Sir, believe me, he who finds himself a solitary outcast from society,—he for whom there is no holiday, no market, no company, I had almost said no church,—he whose ear is all unaccustomed to the amenities of social intercourse,—he who casts his eye abroad upon creation, and meets only the glance of contempt, or turns it upon the heavens and the stars above him, and has there learned to read nothing but doubt and despair—that man, I say, may, by one momentary impulse of humanity moving the soul of a fellow-creature, be sent home to his hut glad at heart, and feeling all the sympathy of a father's love awakened in his bosom, as he distributes his loaf to his starving infants,—yes, the doubter may return a firm believer in a presiding Providence, and may once more behold in every fellow-creature the face of a man and a brother!"

Edward, who had spoken these words with great emotion, did not perceive that the strangers and Erich had withdrawn, and that he had been left alone in the room with Sophie in whose eyes a tear trembled. The entrance of her father relieved him from his embarrassment. He now pro-

duced the bill which he had found among his father's papers, and presented it to the old gentleman, saying he was afraid he was still his debtor to its amount, but that he would quickly have it in his power to return it by a new loan which he meant to raise upon the security of his house.

The councillor examined the document with surprise, and then, taking Edward by the hand, said in a voice almost stifled with emotion: "My young friend, I perceive you are yet better than the world and I once thought you. I cannot at this moment charge my memory with any of the circumstances connected with this bill; your father and I had many mutual transactions, but, to confess the truth, our accounts were not always so well-adjusted as they should have been; but as for the bill itself, there is no doubt it must be instantly cancelled. On no account could I accept of the money from you.—Indeed, I am still your debtor for those pictures which you sold me so greatly beneath their value. If I can be of any service to you, my dear child, you may depend upon my anxiety to assist you."

Edward took the old man's hand, and exclaimed: "Oh yes, you can serve me! Be a father to me! Assume the place of that parent whom I lost too early for my own happiness! I solemnly assure you I have resolved to embrace a new course of life; but the counsel, the assistance of a father, I still need to inspire me with the self-confidence necessary to execute my resolution."

"Even in such relations might we have stood to each other," replied Walter, "but you despised the counsel of an old man. However, I shall just, to satisfy myself, glance over my books to see if I can find any account of the transaction which led to this bill."

The old man went out and left both the young people alone; they looked for awhile in silence upon one another; and then flew into each other's arms. Sophie gently disengaged herself, and looking tenderly on the youth, said: "How, Edward, what means this?"

"Love," exclaimed Edward, "happiness, and everlasting fidelity! Oh, my beloved, I feel as if I were just awaking from a deep dream! The happiness once so near me,—to which my worthy father had so early destined me, when you were still in the cradle,—I rejected like a spoiled child, to make myself despicable to the world, and to my own conscience. Can you then pardon me, lovely being? Can you love me?"

"I wish you well from the bottom of my heart, my old playfellow," replied Sophie; "but for all that we are not yet happy."

"What opposes our happiness!" exclaimed Edward. "Oh how deeply ashamed am I to have so grievously misunderstood your noble father! How kindly he has treated me! How cordially he pressed me to his bosom like a son!"

"But you singular man," replied Sophie, laughing, "that was not at all his meaning. I am sure he will not listen to a syllable of what is now running in your head. *We* must also know each other a little better, my good friend. In a few years, perhaps, you may have changed your mind!"

"No!" exclaimed Edward, kneeling at her feet; "do not misunderstand me; be as good, as mild as your eyes now declare you, and I feel your father will enjoy our happiness and bless our union!" He took her in his arms without perceiving that her father had returned, and was close behind him.——

"What means this, young gentleman?" cried the old man in great anger. "Bless the union! No! chase,—banish from this house the young rascal who so abuses my confidence and good intentions!"

Edward had risen; he looked earnestly into the old man's face. "Do you not intend to bestow your daughter's hand upon me?" inquired he in a calm tone.

"What!" cried the old man with the greatest impatience. "Are you mad, fellow? Give my daughter to a man who

has lavished away the inheritance of his father—the most precious paintings! No! And if you were possessed of a thousand such paintings, you should not have her! Fine gentleman truly! First he brings me an old worthless bill, protesting that he is ready to pay it; and then he allures me into a noble emotion, and all this that he may persuade me to throw away my daughter upon him! No, no, my young spark, the game is not so easily played with me! The bill has been already paid, I find from my books, and I am still ready to assist you with my best advice, and with money if you want it; but my daughter is not to be aspired to by you, and for that reason I hope you will in future spare me your presence in this house. She does not care for you; say, Sophie, would you share fortunes with such a good-for-nothing?”

“I have not thought of marrying at all yet,” replied Sophie; “and last of all would I take him, who is better fit for any thing in the world than for a husband.” As she spoke she cast a half-frowning, half-smiling glance upon the youth, and walked out of the saloon.

“Sophie!” exclaimed Edward, motioning to follow her, but the old gentleman held him back.

The youth was now excited to desperation, he put his hat on his head, and placed himself before the councillor: “I go, sir,” he began, in a voice in which grief and anger seemed struggling for expression,—“I go, and my shadow shall not darken your threshold again, till you have invited me,—yea, till you solicit me not to despise your humble abode! I cannot be baffled—talents, good behaviour, application shall raise me to the highest offices in the State! I am already recommended to the prince; but my fortune stops not there,—I will mount—mount—mount to the highest pinnacle of my ambition. And then you will cast yourself at my feet, and swear you were wholly unworthy of such a son-in-law!”

With these words Edward rushed out of the house, and

the councillor looked after him, muttering: "mad—quite mad."

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A HEAVY fall of snow assisted in cooling the heated brain of the young man as he walked home; and before he had reached the door of his own abode, he felt heartily ashamed of the exhibition he had made of himself. He now hastened to prepare himself for the interview which he expected to have with the prince that evening; and having completed his toilette he felt no small satisfaction on surveying his handsome figure in the mirror. "It will do!" said he. "Grace—ease—elegance—accomplishments—they must lift me into favour. I will visit foreign countries with the prince—become his companion—his very dear friend—and then, then, I surely will not then forget her who first awoke me from the dream of destruction!"

Edward could not help smiling at his own boastful soliloquy. He took the rose, now fully expanded, from the vase in which he had placed it, and pressed it devoutly to his lips! but it yielded its leaves to his touch, and he felt as if the omen were a bad one. The carriage was now at the door, and stepping in he drove towards the palace.

On his arrival at the palace, he gave his letter of recommendation to one of the gentlemen in waiting, and while pacing through the drawing-room, surveying the multiplications of his handsome figure in the surrounding mirrors, was surprised at the sudden apparition of young Diedrich, who rushed out, in breathless haste, from an adjoining apartment: "How! What!" exclaimed Edward. "You here! Are you acquainted with the prince?"

"Yes—no!" stammered Diedricht. "It is a most surprising coincidence—I will tell you afterwards; I have no time to speak just now."

Edward would have detained him, but at this moment a lady glittering with jewels entered the room by the same door from which Diedricht had issued, and motioned him away with indignant gestures. The poor painter seemed in the greatest consternation, and quitted the room with a most awkward bow.

Edward was about to make a profound obeisance as the lady approached him; but surprise rivetted him to the spot on his discovering in the brilliant female before him, the very woman whose character had ruined his own reputation, as her extravagance had dissipated his fortune.

"What!" exclaimed the youth. "You—you here, in these rooms!"

"And wherefore not?" replied she, laughing. "Are you not aware that the prince is a very good friend of mine? And if you have any favour to ask, I may, perhaps, be useful to you; for *he* is a much more reasonable man than I ever found *you* to be."

Edward hesitated to communicate his views and wishes to the very woman who had been most instrumental in his ruin. However he felt the difficulties of his situation, and made a full disclosure of his plans to her. She promised to assist him, and even spoke with confidence of his success: "But keep your finger on the matter," she added; "and above all, do not betray the slightest acquaintance with me before the prince."

She left the apartment, and Edward was roused from the reverie into which these unexpected meetings had thrown him, by the entrance of another personage.—It was the very man whom he would have last desired to see in his present circumstances—the Unknown whom he had met with in Walter's gallery!

Edward, however, mastered his passion, and stepping up

to him, said : " You belong, I presume, to the prince's retinue ; perhaps you can tell me when I shall have the honour of paying my respects to his highness."

The stranger surveyed him coolly for a few moments ; at last he condescended to open his lips, and said in a cold and haughty tone : " Yes, I can tell you ; no one I believe could better inform you when you might see his highness."

Edward was confounded on observing that the Unknown held his own letter of recommendation open in his hand. " Is it not the prince's pleasure, then, to see me ?" stammered he in great consternation.

" The prince is speaking to you," replied the stranger in such a cool and cutting tone that Edward lost all composure. " I have been in the town for some days," continued the prince, " and during my incognito, I flatter myself I have obtained some real insight into men and characters. Of course you recollect the circumstances under which we met, and will not be surprised to hear that they have inspired me with a proper distrust towards you, and that this letter of recommendation—though warmly enough expressed—cannot be received by me. I freely forgive you any personal insults you have offered me, as you knew me not at the time, and your present blushes sufficiently indicate your contrition. A young man of considerable attainments, and still better promise, has just been with me ; I believe I shall find him quite adequate to the duties of the situation which you aspired to fill. But as you may have calculated too sanguinely on the success of your application, and may have led yourself into a little expense, take this as a proof that I can forgive and forget injuries."

The prince extended his purse towards Edward, who drew a step back, and firmly, but modestly replied : " I hope your highness will not attribute my refusal of your bounty to any improper motives, and that you will allow me to be guided by my own feelings in declining a gift which, under



any other circumstances than the present, I should have felt honoured in accepting."

"Young man," said the prince, "I do not wish to hurt your feelings; and as you force me to esteem you, I must still tell you, that in spite of the circumstances under which we became acquainted, we should have come to a good understanding, if a person for whom I have a great consideration, and who found you here in the drawing-room, had not told me so many disadvantageous things of you, and desired me not to take any notice of your letter."

"I shall not follow the example of that lady," replied Edward, now considerably relieved from his embarrassment; "I neither accuse her, nor complain of her, as she certainly spoke of me according to her own convictions. But if your highness would do me the favour to show me the picture by young Diedrich, and some others of your collection, I should leave you with the highest gratitude."

"I am glad," replied the prince, "that you are turning your attention to the Fine Arts. I have only a few pictures here; but there is one which I was fortunate enough to become possessed of a few days ago, and which alone is worth as much as an ordinary collection."

They stepped into a richly ornamented cabinet, in which several old and new paintings were displayed on the walls and upon some easels. "Here is the essay of the young man," said the prince. "It promises well, and although the subject is not to my taste, the manner in which it is treated is worthy of all praise. The colouring is good, although somewhat fleshy; the drawing is correct, and the expression touching. Only they should renounce painting MADONNAS."

The prince now drew aside a curtain, and placing Edward in the proper light, exclaimed: "But now, look here! Examine this exquisite piece by my favourite JULIO ROMANO, and be astonished and enraptured!"

With a loud exclamation and delighted features Edward

greeted this large picture; for it was a well-known work of his friend, the old painter, on which he had been working for above a year. The subject was *PSYCHE AND THE SLEEPING CUPID*. The prince placed himself near Edward, and exclaimed: "This single jewel repays me for my journey hither! And to find such a jewel with such a man! Not to say that he is an indifferent artist himself; but yet is not known as he ought to be. He had possessed this picture a long time, and believed that it was by *JULIO*; nevertheless, he had some doubts about him, and was glad to learn from me several circumstances respecting that master and his works. For, indeed, the old fellow has some sense about him, and knows well how to value such a jewel; but he has not yet entered into all the excellencies of the master. I would have scorned to have availed myself of his ignorance, for he asked much too moderate a price for this splendid work which came into his hands in a singular manner."

"The old man, whose merits are certainly not sufficiently known," said Edward, "is fortunate indeed to have gained for his friend such a connoisseur and noble patron. Perhaps he may be able to increase your gallery with more rare things; for he possesses in his obscure dwelling many works which he neither knows nor values, and is capricious enough often to prefer his own works to all older ones."

Edward now took his leave. As he returned home, he laughed aloud, and exclaimed: "O world! world! All caricature and humbug! Oh folly, thou wayward child, how dost thou sport with thy favourites! Great Eulenboch for ever! Ho—ho—ho! More excellent than *JULIO ROMANO*, or *RAPHAEL*!—Now, I also have for once known a connoisseur!"

EDWARD had made his arrangements for the merry evening, which he had agreed to spend with Eulenboch. A short time ago he had viewed the approach of this day with disgust and dread; but now, his frame of mind was such that he longed to quaff the cup of intoxication, deeming that this would be the last evening of enjoyment he should spend in life.

Towards night old Eulenboch made his appearance, followed by a servant bending under two baskets full of wine bottles.

"For what purpose is that?" inquired Edward. "Has it not been settled that it is I who am to treat you, not you me?"

"And that you shall do too," said the old painter. "I have only brought some provisions to assist our feast, as you do not quite well understand how to manage such things, and besides, I intend to be quite mad this evening."

"A melancholy intention!" said Edward. "And yet I intend something of the kind also, in spite of fate and of myself."

"So, so!" said Eulenboch laughing. "And you also have a fate? That I did not know before, my young master: to me your life seemed for the most to incline to chance."

"I believe you are witty; or perhaps, you have already got drunk!" replied Edward.

"May be, child," rejoined the painter; "but you will soon find means to get me sober again. Our dear little prince has placed me in a sort of wealthy situation, which, with ordinary discretion, may become a lasting one; for he patronises me most exquisitely. He thinks that this town is not a proper sphere for a man of my talents, and that I have not yet received the encouragement I am entitled to. Perhaps he may take me with him, and make a genuine artist of me,

for he has the best intentions towards me, and I have just sense and talent enough to understand and be advised by him."

"Rogue that you are!" exclaimed his young companion. "I cannot help laughing at the success of your JULIO ROMANO; but nevertheless, I should not like to stand in your shoes."

The old painter went up to him, stared in his face, and said: "And why not, child,—if you had talent for it? Every body paints and draws for himself, and wishes to be considered as a mighty original, although most of them are only wretched copyists of copies. If you had heard my patron analyzing that picture, you would have learned some thing! I am only now beginning to understand JULIO ROMANO. You can't believe how many excellent things I had been overlooking in that picture,—how many strokes of his vigorous pencil! Yes, it is truly a pleasure to penetrate entirely into the spirit and conception of such an artist! What a deep debt of gratitude I owe my illustrious patron and right noble connoisseur, for bestowing upon me, in addition to his money, such a full consecration as an artist!"

"If I had not myself seen him paint that picture," exclaimed Edward, "he would indeed make me believe it was a genuine one!"

"What have *you* seen?" exclaimed the old painter, in a tone of great loftiness. "What do *you* know of the magic powers of Art, and those invisible spirits which we painters can call up around us, by colour, and design, till we have embodied them on the immortal canvas? Novice that you are, these are mysteries to you! Do you believe we masters paint only for the sake of painting, and that every thing may be done provided you have a pallet, a paint-brush, and good intentions? O my dear ignoramus, there must still be many fortunate conjunctions, starry influences, and the goodwill of unseen spirits, ere you can accomplish such great things! Have you never remarked how a delicate, deep-re-

flecting artist tends his net,—how he plunges his pencil in the finest hues, that he may attract the most beautiful ideal into his toils? He has proposed, for example, to paint an APOLLO; he draws, and paints, and wipes, and brushes, and smiles with nervous ecstasy and the sweetest delight upon the dear creature as he draws it forth from the chaotic mist. And then, perhaps, when he has done he finds he has caught some great buck-teethed clown, who grins upon him from the Arcadian scenery in which he has stuck him! Now if you are of opinion, that for painting a holy story it is only necessary that a man should turn his whole devotion to it, you are greatly mistaken; and our young friend here, who is possessed of so great talents, may easily satisfy you how wrong you are."

Diedricht who had entered at the moment, but only heard the last expression, took the opportunity of dwelling upon it at some length. Meanwhile Eulenboch ordered the table to be covered, and arranged the wine-bottles in that order in which they were to be used. These preliminaries adjusted, he found leisure to turn to Edward with the question: "What are your intentions for the future?"

"For the present not a great deal," replied he. "However, I intend to resume my neglected studies, and to apply myself particularly to history and modern languages. I will abridge my establishment,—I mean to let those parts of my house which now stand unoccupied, and to retain and keep only this small drawing-room and the room next it; and in this way I hope to get over the first years without much anxiety or difficulty."

"Your arrangement does not please me at all," said Eulenboch; "for I don't believe that these walls are very well adapted to inclose a study,—they have not the true proportions,—the ideas would jostle and shake one another when you wished to think in a true logical form. Your worthy father spoiled his beautiful saloon with his obstinacy; formerly one had a view of the street on one side, and on the

other, over the garden and park of the hills and distant mountains. This beautiful view he not only shut out, but he even built up the windows with planks! If I were in your place, I would tear down all the tapestry and planks; and if windows must be shut up, I would shut up those looking to the street.

"It was no whim of my father's," said Edward; "he did it because he preferred these rooms for his health, and the east wind from that side affected his rheumatisms. He could enjoy the view of the country at any time from his other windows."

"If old Walter was not a fool, you could easily be set on your feet again," continued Eulenboch. "He could give you his daughter, who must in any case be provided for in some way or other; and thus all might yet be right."

"Be silent!" exclaimed Edward, with the greatest violence. "For to-day at least let me forget what I once hoped to become. No! No! heaven was once open to me, and I spurned the invitation; now it is too late, and I must renounce her and happiness for ever! But how I am to support existence without her, the future only can reveal."

The youth who had hitherto acted as Edward's secretary, now entered the room and presented a few sheets to his master.

"What!" exclaimed Edward, casting his eye over the pages, "are there only six hundred volumes remaining of all my fine collection; and these too the very commonest works?"

The secretary replied with a shrug: "You know you were pleased to pay me my salary in books, and I needed money, so that there was nothing for it but to take those for which I could find the readiest sale. Besides, I am no great bibliophile, and may, I doubt not, have been often imposed upon by the brokers."

"And so it appears I would have acted more wisely," replied Edward, "if I had sold my books when I got my li-

brarian ! However, now that they are gone, I suppose I need not repeat what I have told you before, that I shall not henceforth require a secretary. To-night, however, let us enjoy your company at our feast."

Another guest now stepped in, to whom Edward and his associates had given the name of the Pietist ; for although a pretty regular sharer in their debauches, he was ever and anon interspersing his discourse with moral reflections.

"We want but the Crocodile to complete our circle !" exclaimed Eulenboch, and at the same moment the door opened, and the Crocodile presented himself before them. The personage on whom, in a moment of mirth, they had bestowed this singular appellation, was a little, pale, shrivelled old man, whose singular tendency to shed tears as soon as he began to get intoxicated, had earned for him the name of Egypt's gigantic tear-shedding reptile.

The guests had now arranged themselves in due order around a table covered with truffle-pies, oysters, wines, and other delicacies. But before proceeding to the repast, Eulenboch, assuming an air of gravity befitting the occasion, spoke as follows :

"My assembled friends, were a stranger, a person utterly unacquainted with the illustrious dignity and quality of this company, to step suddenly in upon us, and witness the preparations now made, I doubt not but he would fall into the grievous mistake of supposing that he beheld the preluding signals and manifestations of such riot, intoxication, and debauch, as is fit only for the *servum pecus*,—the ignoble vulgar to enjoy. Even a young artist of great promise, Diedricht by name, who takes his seat this evening for the first time at our board, and knows not the order and economy of our establishment, looks upon our store of bottles with a sparkling eye, and already hangs with outstretched nostrils over that goose-liver pie, mistakingly supposing that the whole yields promise of excessive sensual enjoyment. But gentlemen,—I crave your most serious attention, and hope you

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will weigh well my words,—I say, gentlemen, if a whole nation unites to celebrate the birth of its prince,—if in Arabia a whole tribe sits down to feast and make glad, when a poet has risen up in it, and has begun to chant his immortal verses,—if a mayor's election gives occasion to a noble dinner,—and the very birth of a horse of noble descent is a matter of ceremony and rejoicing,—if, I say, these things are so, then, I say, most fit and right it is that we should—not to finish with an anti-climax—cause our hearts to rejoice within us when the immortal principle reveals itself in our nature, when Virtue herself condescends to a human incarnation! Yes, my friends—I speak it with deep emotion—a youthful member of our community is this evening to commence his career of virtue; this very evening the chrysalis of a beautiful, a godlike soul shall spring into activity, and butterfly-like unfold its wings to a new existence. I speak, gentlemen, of none other than our noble host! Already has he disengaged himself from the miserable cares and concerns of this life,—already his apotheosis has begun,—already he is soaring up towards those radiant heights whither a few godlike men have gone before him. I tell you, my beloved ones, that his bosom conceals a heart fraught with every grace, and all needful resolution for the achievement of the most heroic resolves. Farewell then, friends and companions of our youth, give me your hands! Farewell to thee, young Diedricht, we leave thee to adorn the altars of thy fatherland with noble paintings. And what shall we say to thee, thou devourer of books, thou of the sect of Omar, who hast destroyed a new Alexandrine collection! We bid thee farewell. And thee, thou Pietist, thou hater of lies and poetry, we leave thee to moralize over a world of iniquity. And thou, poor Crocodile, already bathed in tears, give us thy paw, we leave thee to weep over thy sorrow in the marshes of a tavern.”

This singular exhortation seemed almost lost on the company. Edward remained silent and thoughtful, the librarian



and the Pietist relaxed not a feature of their countenances, the Crocodile seemed uncertain whether he should laugh or cry, and Diedricht was a stranger to all the party except Edward.

At last the latter roused himself from his reverie, and invited his guests to fall to and enjoy themselves. It cost Edward a strong effort to drown recollection and anticipation, yet he succeeded, and in a few hours the company were indulging in every extravagance which their overheated fancies could suggest. Eulenboch had just finished a long oration in praise of wine, in which he had descanted with true gusto on every species of the grape's juice from the light Laubenhein to the rosy Aleatico, when the librarian began to bawl lustily for champagne, and the Pietist for punch. "O you vulgar creatures!" exclaimed the painter. "After having been brought thus far on your way to heaven, and having caught a glimpse of paradise itself, can such an ignoble, manneristical, modern, and disingenuous spirit as this said punch enter into the most distant corner of your memory? Such a miserable brewing of hot-water, bad brandy, and lemon acid! And what may such diplomatical, tasteless beverage as champagne do for our present circle? It opens neither the heart nor the mind; and at utmost need will only serve to make us sober again after we have got half drunk? Profane wretches that you are!"

Eulenboch knocked his fist violently upon the table, and all the others, except Edward, repeated this gesture with such vivacity that the bottles danced again, and several glasses were upset and broken upon the floor. The laughter and tumult grew louder and louder till at last they rose to get new glasses, and Diedricht exclaimed: "It has become cold—icy cold here, punch will be good for us now!"

The night was far advanced, the servants were gone, and there appeared to be no means of renewing the fire again. Edward protested that all the fuel in the house was spent, and that it was impossible to procure a fresh supply till

morning. "What would you think," cried the now intoxicated Diedricht, "since our host has decided on getting the rooms laid out in a new way, if we were to tear out those useless planks which blockade the windows, and make a roving fire in that old-fashioned chimney?"

This foolish proposal found a ready ear, and was received with clamorous applause among the outrageous guests; and Edward, who had continued throughout the whole night in a kind of stupor, made no opposition to their whim. They took away the screen from the chimney-place and ran down to the kitchen to procure hatchets, pokers, and other instruments. In the anti-chamber, Eulenboch found an old cracked bugle-horn, and, preceded by him playing upon it, they returned in military array, with screams and the most frightful music, to the drawing-room. The table which stood in their way was quickly overturned, and they instantly commenced hammering and battering against the hollow partition. Each strove to surpass the other in zeal; the painter to excite them renewed his battle-song on the cracked bugle, and amid all this tumult each kept bawling out as if the Wicked One were in him: "Wood, wood! Fire, fire!" The screaming, hammering, cracking, breaking, and crashing which now took place, threw the master of the house into such a stupor that he withdrew in silence to one corner of the room.

The company very soon received an accession of numbers, as unexpected as it was unpleasant. The neighbourhood had taken alarm, and the patrol, hearing the frightful noise, entered the house—the door of which they found open—headed by an officer. They inquired into the cause of the tumult, and the cry of 'Fire!' Edward who had kept himself tolerably sober, tried to explain matters, and to apologize for the conduct of his guests; but the latter, excited and no longer capable of conceiving a rational thought, treated this visit as a violent infraction on the private liberty of the subject, and began to abuse the officer. Eulenboch

exalted his voice,—the clerk was divided between crying and swearing,—the librarian raised his poker,—and Diedricht, who was now the most elevated of the whole company, threw himself upon the captain of the patrolle with his hatchet. The latter, himself a young fiery-tempered man, viewed the assault in a very serious light, conceiving his honour to be aggrieved by it; and so the end of the scene was that the whole company were led off to the watch-house.

Thus finished the fête, and Edward remained alone pacing to and fro in the drawing-room, and grievously out of temper, as he viewed the devastation which his drunken friends had committed. Under the overthrown table lay broken bottles, glasses, plates, and dishes, with all the fragments of the feast,—the most costly wine flooded the floor,—the candlesticks were shivered in pieces,—and all the wax lights excepting one were extinguished. He took the candle and examined the wall, the hangings of which were rent, and several planks torn out; a cross beam closed the entrance to the recess of the window; a singular desire came over the youth at this moment to finish the work commenced by his mad companions; but not to make too great a noise, and to avoid sharing their fate, he took a small saw, and cut with caution the cross beam at each end and then removed it. After this it was not very difficult to break down another piece of slight pannelling; the thin plank fell down, and Edward held the candle forward into the niche. His eye could scarcely pierce the darkness of the recess, and had just caught a glimpse of something which shone like gold, when all became again shrouded in obscurity, for he had struck his candle against the wall and extinguished it. Alarmed and with considerable emotion he groped his way through the dark saloon, out of the door, through a long lobby, and thence across the court to the lodge, where he succeeded in rousing the old porter from his deep sleep, and having procured a fresh light, returned with a beating heart

to the room. He did not know yet what object it was that he had caught a glance of, and he dared not trust to his presentiments. He sat first down in the saloon to compose his mind, and then having lighted up the other candles, he crept into the recess. The wide space of the window now glittered from top to bottom; it contained all the long lost pictures of his father over which Walter and Erich had so long lamented. The SAVIOUR of GUIDO,—the SAINT JOHN of DOMINICHINO,—and many others were all looking down upon him, and he felt himself as if in an enchanted world. When he came to himself, a flood of tears flowed down his cheeks; and he remained there, sitting among his new found treasures, heedless of the cold, till the morning began to dawn.

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WALTER had just risen from the dinner-table when Erich stepped hastily into his picture-gallery. "What is the matter, friend," exclaimed the councillor; "you look as if you had seen a ghost?" "It may be so," replied Erich; "prepare yourself to hear most extraordinary news. What would you give,—what would you do,—if all the lost pictures of your late friend,—those inestimable treasures were to be found again, and might become your own?"

"Heavens!" exclaimed the councillor, growing pale. "I have no breath left me. What are you saying?"—"They are there," exclaimed the other, "and may become your property,"—"I have no fortune to buy them," said the councillor; "but I would give all I am worth to possess them,—my gallery,—my whole fortune,—but I am too poor."—"But if the proprietor would yield them over to

you," said Erich, "demanding only the honour of becoming your son-in-law?——"

Without making any answer the old gentleman ran off to his daughter, and soon came back with her. "You must make my fortune, my beloved child," cried he, stepping in with her into the room; "upon you the whole happiness of my life now depends." The terrified daughter was still resisting, but upon a secret sign from Erich, which she thought she could well interpret, she began to yield. She went off to dress, for it was at Erich's house, as he said, that the pictures and bridegroom were waiting. It was with singular ideas and expectations that she sought about for her most becoming dress. Could she not have been mistaken in Erich? Had he understood her? Had she rightly interpreted his signs? Walter impatiently counted the moments till Sophie at last returned.

At Erich's house all these pictures were hung up in the best light, and it would be a vain attempt to describe the astonishment, the joy, and the ecstasy of the father. The Pictures were, he asserted, far more beautiful than he ever remembered to have seen them. "You say that the lover of my daughter is young, well-bred, of good birth, and you give me your word that he will prove a well-regulated man, and will never part with these pictures again after my death? If this is the case he wants no other fortune than these pictures—he is too rich—but where is he?"

A side-door opened, and Edward entered, dressed almost in the same style as the shepherd in the old painting of *QUINTIN MESSIS*. "He!" exclaimed Walter. "Whence have you these pictures?" When Edward had related the singular story of their recovery, the old gentleman took the hand of his daughter, and placing it in the hand of the youth, said: "Sophie runs a great hazard, but she does so from love to her father. I think, my son, you have at last become prudent and good; but one condition,—you shall live with me, and Eulenboch shall never cross my threshold, neither shall you

ever see him upon any pretence."—"Certainly not," replied Edward; "besides, he goes from hence with the foreign prince."

They proceeded to the councillor's house. He led the youth into his library: "Here, young man," said he, "you find again the rarities which your giddy librarian sold me for a one-worth. You will in future guard these treasures of your father more sacredly."

When the lovers were left to themselves Sophie sunk into the arms of the youth: "I love you from all my heart," she whispered, "but was obliged when you were here last to yield to the obstinacy of my father, that I might be yours to-day without contradiction. For if he had perceived my love, he would never have consented so readily."

After a few weeks the young people were united in marriage. It was no longer difficult for Edward to become a well-regulated and happy man, and in the arms of his wife and amid the circle of his children, the reminiscence of his past youth came over him only like the remembrance of a troubled dream. Eulenboch left the town with the prince, and the so-called librarian, who now filled the secretaryship to which Edward had aspired.

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THE  
  
DEVIL'S MILL

A GERMAN TRADITION.

IN a district of the Harz, belonging to the principality of Bernburg, there is a high hill called the Ramberg, about three hours distance from Ballenstedt. Its conical top is covered with granite blocks of enormous size, piled up here and there in the most singular groups; and on every side for a thousand paces downwards the surface of the mountain appears strewn with stones of various shapes and dimensions. These fragments probably at some remote period formed a rocky needle terminating the summit of the Ramberg, which, by an earthquake, or some other violent concussion, was overthrown and shattered into a thousand fragments. The group of detached rocks is called the Devil's Mill; of which name popular tradition gives the following explanation:

At the foot of the Ramberg, once stood a wind-mill. It had existed there from time immemorial, and had been successively inherited by father and son for several centuries. The mill had always afforded a comfortable support to its proprietors, and been managed by sober and industrious people. But no sooner had the last miller entered on the inheritance of his forefathers, than he began to find fault with every thing about it; he complained especially of the little wind he had, and presently conceived the design of building a new mill on the highest point of the Ramberg. But how to do this puzzled him. For how could he secure it against the violent storms in such an exalted region? And where was a builder to be found?

This dilemma, and the conviction that his wish could never be attained, put the miller in very bad humour. At night he would roll about impatiently in his bed; when he wrought any, he did so with disgust; and he was weak enough, besides, not to perceive that he would certainly not be more happy after the attainment of his wish than before.

The horned Sootie—who in these times meddled much more with the trivial details of human life than he does in our days—no sooner learned the thoughts of the miller, than he presented himself to him one night and made offer of his humble services.

The proposal, to be sure, came quite apropos to the miller; but the conditions which the Evil One stipulated for did not please him at all. However glad he would have been to have seen the new mill raised, he could not think of making his soul the price of its execution,—and, therefore, he demanded some days to reflect on the proposal.

If the discontented miller had had little rest before, he had still less now. He cast his eyes round his present dwelling, examined it every where, and asked himself whether he ought not rather to be satisfied with it as it was. Already he was about to resolve on abiding by the lot which providence had assigned him, when a dead calm of two days occurred, which rendered it impossible for the miller to grind a single grain of wheat. This circumstance determined him to employ the devil in building a new mill, on the highest point of the Ramberg, even at the fearful terms proposed by the infernal architect.

The Evil One returned at the appointed period. The miller signed the bond with his blood, and received the assurance that he would still live thirty years,—while Satan engaged, on his part, to build a complete and perfect mill on the spot pointed out, in the course of the following night, and to accomplish the whole work before the first crowing of the cock.

Scarcely had the shadows of night descended upon the



earth, when the devil began his labour by piling rocks upon rocks which his companions tossed over to him from the Blocksberg. And, lo, in a very brief space, a magnificent mill stood completed upon the summit of the Ramberg! The devil then went to the miller, and desired him to step up and examine his work. Trembling and full of anxiety the poor wretch obeyed. It was a dark summer-night,—the wind howled through the tops of the tall oaks and pines,—black rainy clouds covered the sky,—lightnings ever and anon shot athwart the gloomy masses,—doubly and trebly re-echoed, the thunder bellowed through the deep valleys,—the earth trembled, and so did the heart of the infatuated miller. Gladly would he now have returned,—gladly contented himself with the despised inheritance of his fathers; but repentance came too late for this, and one single solitary hope was all that yet remained to him, and that was the chance of discovering some defect in the building.

But aghast stood the miller when he beheld a fiitless wind-mill, with its mighty vans turning slowly round before him!

Then the Evil One grinned in mockery of the miller's distress, and tauntingly inquired whether he had any fault to find with his handiwork.

"None—none at all," stammered the wretched man, just about to accept the work as fulfilling the compact on the devil's side; but he suddenly called, "Stop!" and drew the attention of his architect to an indispensable stone which was yet wanting.

The hellish architect stoutly denied the necessity for such a stone; but when the miller insisted on its being supplied, he at last agreed to do so.

Already the devil was returning through the air with the stone, when lo, the cock crowed in the mill beneath!

"Stop," cried the miller once more, "we are quits!" and away he ran to his old dwelling.

Furious at this unexpected event, the devil tore the vans, wheels, and shell of his work to pieces, and scattered the huge fragments about till they covered the whole Ramberg. A small part of the foundation only was all that remained; and to this day it stands an eternal monument of the unhallowed compact. But this was not the only revenge he took. For scarcely had the miller, with a lightened heart, touched the threshold of his own dwelling, when the Evil One hurled a rock down upon the frail hut, which in a single moment overwhelmed it with all its inmates.

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# THE PILGRIM

## A TALE

BY FREDERICA LOHMANN.

"The greatest of evils is guilt."—SCHILLER.

TOWARDS the middle of the 14th century, while the emperor Charles IV. ruled in Germany, there appeared, one misty autumn evening, in the neighbourhood of the ruined castle of E——, in Swabia, an aged monk with a pale wrinkled countenance and a few thin grey locks falling over his drooping shoulders. Some children who were at play on the declivity of the hill whereon stood the remains of the castle first noticed him moving slowly onwards; they then saw him stand motionless, fold his hands, and look up with an expression of deep emotion to the towers and battlements, which, defying destruction, yet shot up their lonely summits, surrounded by croaking ravens, into the misty air, seeming in the evening twilight to be almost blended with the overhanging vapours. All the children fled in terror, except one boy, who, full of confidence, stepped up to the monk,—invited him with childish artlessness into the hut of his father, and pointed out to him the remarkable places in the neighbourhood. But the old man seemed to be already well-acquainted with all the surrounding objects; his looks betrayed no feeling of curiosity,—his eye wore that expression with which we are accustomed to recognise the objects we have early known and loved, to compare happier hours with the present, or to sum up the amount of our life in one comprehensive survey of the past. Heeding not his little compa-

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nion, he moved on as quick as his feeble strength permitted to the simple resting-place of the dead, where, after a little search, he found a low grave surmounted by a broken crucifix, and sunk weeping upon the luxuriant sward which covered it, with his grey head bent to the earth. The child remained at a distance, but his infantine heart was shaken by the image of grief he saw before him; he could not leave the old man in his distress; and when after waiting some time, no motion of life appeared in the prostrate form of the stranger, he grew alarmed, and gently touched his hand uttering some friendly words. Instantly the old man arose, and as it had now grown dark, he gladly accepted the proffered guidance of the child, who led him to his father's hut, not far from the ruins of the castle, where a numerous family gave a friendly welcome to the aged monk.

The humble dwelling of the peasant was feebly lighted by a single lamp; but its inmates observed that the stranger cast his eyes around the walls and windows with a scrutinizing glance, and seemed to be struggling painfully with some strong emotion. He would take no other refreshment than a little bread and honey; and having sat silently down in a corner of the apartment, soon sunk into deep reflection. "Is it long since you came to this cottage?" inquired he at last of the hospitable peasant.

"I was born here, reverend father," answered the peasant; "my parents bought this little cot from a pious man who went to Palestine and was never heard of again. Peace be to his ashes, if they are resting there!"

"Peace be to his ashes, and rest to his soul!" responded the monk in a low voice.

"Did you know him, father, that you pray so fervently for him?" inquired the peasant.

"Once I prayed and wept with him on this very spot," replied the old man.

"We did not know him," said the peasant's wife, "nor did any person about the place. It is forty-two years since he left

this country,—and strangers, or those who were then children, now inhabit the cottages around us. The plague has made sad ravages here,—from this door as well as others, many a coffin has been borne ; anciently the place may have been more populous, while the castle was yet standing in its magnificence.”

“ To me it is still standing there !” exclaimed the monk with much earnestness. “ I can yet behold its battlements, and gates, and lofty walls, though they be long since levelled with the ground ; I yet discern the arches of its windows, though broken now and covered with ivy ; I see the servants, the hunting train, the gay huntsman with the falcon on his wrist—The judgment of God has overthrown those walls and dispersed their inhabitants ; but, neither lives there one of those whose revengeful hands tore down that building,—they too are before their Judge ! May He show mercy to all of us !”

The old man was silent ; his countenance ever commanding respect, and upon which traces of deep suffering were impressed, now bore the expression of pious meditation, which none dared to interrupt ; even the children felt, though it were indistinctly, that every sound would interrupt communion with a higher world. The head of the old man sunk gradually lower upon his breast,—his eyes closed, and sleep at last seemed to descend upon him. No one ventured to awake him ; the mother drew the coals of the hearth together, covered the monk’s chair with her softest coverlet, and retired to rest.

The following morning the monk left the hospitable hut, but not the country ; he took up his abode in the vicinity of the ruins, under a miserable roof which hardly protected him against the weather. Here he dispensed blessings and comfort and instruction to the peasantry, but inflicted on himself the most rigorous penance. A hair shirt covered his body, the hard soil was his couch, and he allowed himself no more food than was barely necessary to support nature.

Severe to cruelty towards himself, he exhibited only mildness and indulgence to others; there was no one in distress, no stranger or dying person whom he did not seek out, and to whom he did not offer the consolations of religion; but above all the little boy who first welcomed him to the neighbourhood became his especial favourite; he instructed him in many sciences, and in the languages of foreign countries, and took pleasure in gratifying the ardent thirst of his youthful protégé for knowledge. The labour of the pious father was amply rewarded by the sight of a rising genius joyfully practising its bow and wings, and by the affectionate gratitude of his youthful pupil. The low grave, the term of the monk's daily walk, bore always a fresh garland,—a nosegay of fragrant flowers gathered by the hand of the grateful boy, who had also repaired the cross and written a few words upon it, the first attempt of timid poetry.

Eighty years had the monk lived, and sixteen had the youth numbered, when death gently approaching dissolved the bands of weary life to the former. The arms of his pupil supported his sinking head, he looked with dimmed eyes through the door-way of his cell upon the ruins: "God be praised," said he, "who heals even the deepest wounds, and gives to the repentant heart a sign of his grace! Before the approach of Death the gloomy shadows which darkened life retire, and my feeble looks are turned for the first time without the stings of reproach upon the country in which I was born. But thou who lovest me, take these leaves; I wrote them as a stranger writes the story of a stranger. I wrote them to preserve from oblivion the brief earthly dream of the angel whose remains are covered by that grave. It is the history of the greatest sinner—my own!—I myself am the Pilgrim. That name remained to me after my former one had been forgotten; it sufficiently designates the unquiet spirit in which I wandered over land and sea, mountain and valley, unknown and unbeloved, till my pilgrimage ended here where it first began."

Among the papers of an illustrious prelate—the same youth who closed the eyes of the old man—the following story was found written in Latin. It appears here in a different garb, but not essentially altered from the form it bore five hundred years ago.

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MANY years ago, there lived in solitude and quiet retirement at Sienna, an aged couple, whose only intercourse with the world arose from the practice which an admired art procured to the man among his fellow-citizens. He was a good architect, had travelled a great deal, and resided a long while in Germany, whence he brought his wife with him to Italy. An only son, apprenticed to his father's profession, had died of a fever; and it was ever with mingled emotions, partly of dark remembrances and partly of gratitude towards the friends who had sweetened the last moments of his departed son, that the father now turned his thoughts upon that country. But none of his feelings had that touching mildness which suffering and resignation impart to a susceptible heart; his grief was bitter, and he maintained a constant struggle to repress the first risings of its expression from his stern soul; while at the same time his gratitude was honest, and only sought an opportunity of recompensing his friends. Devotion to his art, a ceaseless thirst for activity, the pride he took in the country of his birth, and the pride of that harshness of feeling which he mistook for manly fortitude, filled the bosom of the architect; and at the side of this man drooped in silence a melancholy tender being, withered in all the powers of life by the death of a beloved child, and with none to sympathise in her silent

**grief.** A single servant superintended the house, and a youthful maiden, trained from her earliest childhood to nurse the sickly woman, grew up in this solitude surrounded only by the images of her own lively and active fancy.

Adelasia had reached her thirteenth year; she was beautiful but pale, and more serious than was natural at her childish age; her black eyes had an indescribable expression,—they spoke a language which seemed to belong to heaven, and exercised an irresistible power over susceptible hearts; her shape was formed in the finest mould of beauty, but seemed too delicate for the storms of this life,—one might have fancied, in her presence, that he heard the rustle of the pinions of the angelic messenger commissioned to bear her to her home. Such was Adelasia; but a glowing spirit was concealed beneath her gentle form,—an ardent longing for the communion of love and sympathy, and an enthusiastic and almost inspired piety. She had early lost her parents, and her mother being a bondswoman of the architect Gerardus, she remained attached to the service of his house. She had never been looked upon with the eyes of a mother's love, and she trembled at the stern immoveable countenance of her master, though she herself knew not why, for never had he spoken a harsh word to her. All her moments were devoted to the sick woman, towards whom she felt a compassion almost like love, but it was not love such as her heart needed to fill her longing soul. One friend the orphan had, the confidant of her silent hours—music. The dusty lute of the lost son was her inheritance; and what he had taught her in earlier times she now recalled in the hours of night, when she accompanied her instrument with an exquisitely harmonious voice, in songs, simple but deeply felt, to God and the Holy Virgin.

The unvaried monotony of each successive day under the architect's roof was one evening suddenly interrupted by an unwonted circumstance. A Franciscan mendicant came



under the cover of night to Gerardus, and held a long and secret interview with him in the portico; they then entered the apartment of the sick woman, with whom they began to converse in the German language, of which Adelasia, who was seated at the foot of her mistress's bed, was ignorant. Algardis—for such was she called—rose up in her couch, raised her hands, placed them weeping in those of the monk, and showed so great emotion that her attendant trembled for her; but the countenance of the aged Gerardus remained as rigid as ever, or only grew more gloomy. At last the men went away, and Algardis desired the maiden to dress her, and then to retire to her own room. But Adelasia could not sleep; a movement in the house caught her ear,—steps of men resounded in the portico,—doors creaked, and she heard the sound of suppressed voices which seemed, at times to rise into accents of grief and then died away into silence. At last all was still; the maiden fell asleep, and when she awoke in the morning, she believed it all to have been a dream. The sun was shining cheerily into the house, the usual repose and tranquillity pervaded every apartment, the servant had begun his daily occupation, and Gerardus was seated with a book in his hand when she served the breakfast. But where was her mistress?—She durst not ask her stern master, though he turned round to her and coolly said: “You will not see your mistress for several days; and it is my wish that no one should mention her having gone abroad.”

The maiden clasped her hands together, terrified at the idea of the journey which her sick mistress had undertaken; but she was accustomed to remain mute in the presence of her master, and only bent her head in sign of obedience. The day passed slowly on; the tranquil monotony of Adelasia's life had been rudely interrupted,—she sat in her room at her work, and looked forth into the country where gardens planted with olive-trees covered the sides of the mountains,—the ancient house lay at the end of the town near the outer walls, and the narrow window of her room was like a

watch-tower from which Adelasia greeted the sun's earliest rays in the morning, and in the evening lost herself in the contemplation of the stars,—but however much she loved the seclusion of her little quiet chamber, an anxious feeling now came over her for the first time on finding herself so lonely and unoccupied. It seemed to her as if her mistress,—the only being who appeared to be interested in her fate,—was dead. Thus a second day passed, and the night approached in which Adelasia was to exchange the fretful leisure of the past for a life full of restless activity. Gerardus entered her room with a lamp, and commanded her to follow him. They proceeded down the stairs through the dark portico, where her master carefully ascertained the security of the heavy locks of the door, and then stept hastily along a narrow vaulted passage, which led to the small flower-garden of his wife, and at the end of which was a little fire-proof room in which he kept his models and drawings. He took a key from his girdle which opened the door, and beckoned to Adelasia to follow him; she stept over the threshold, and the door was again shut. Whilst the maiden, trembling with anxious expectation, threw a pale glance around her over the various objects which the dim light of the lamp revealed to her carefully arranged round the room, the old architect opened a second door, and then led Adelasia through a passage completely unknown to her. They descended by a flight of twenty steps into a narrow winding passage which conducted to a circular vaulted apartment, in the wall of which appeared a small iron door. Adelasia was now seized with unspeakable anxiety; overcoming the dread she ever felt in the presence of her gloomy master, she fell down on her knees before him, and exclaimed in piteous accents: "Sir, what have I done to you that you wish to shunt me out from the light of the sun?—Oh, let the memory of your gentle lady plead in my behalf with you, as she is no longer present herself to protect me!"

"Childish girl," replied he, "what do you dread from me?"

This place is not a prison, though once indeed it offered in perilous times a place of refuge, when blood-thirsty enemies lay before Sienna. Sit down upon that bench, and overcome your silly anxiety, for there are hours of trial awaiting you."

The architect knocked three times gently on the iron door; it opened slowly, and Algardis stepped out leaning upon the arm of the Franciscan; she was deadly pale and appeared exhausted even to faintness. Adelasia could not suppress an expression of deep compassion when the light of the lamp fell upon her mistress's emaciated countenance. "How goes it within, brother Medardus?" inquired the architect. "As before," replied the other; "but we will not slacken our efforts and devout supplications. Take this woman up with you; she can do no more. Where is the girl?"

"There upon the bench," said Gerardus; "she is only a child yet, but you may trust to her; there is no falsehood in her breast."

Supporting his wife, the architect slowly left the apartment, and the monk again disappeared through the iron door which remained open; soon the light of Gerardus's lamp was lost in the winding passage,—the sound of his steps died away,—all was silent and dark around Adelasia excepting a feeble light which glimmered from the half-open door, and a faint voice of lament which issued from the adjoining apartment, mingled with a low murmured Latin prayer; suddenly all was hushed,—she heard Medardus' gentle steps approach,—he stood for a moment looking sternly and fixedly upon her:

"My daughter," he began, "the Lord requires your services in nursing a sick fellow-creature; hail to you thus early called upon to that honourable service, which will, if you dedicate yourself to it faithfully, cause your trembling soul to hear those refreshing words, *that thou hast done for them thou hast done to me.*"

"Reverend father," said the maiden, "I only wish my power were equal to my will; command me,—I am not able to do much, but it is in the weakest that God delighteth most to perfect strength."

"Well," continued the monk, "listen to me. The invalid to whom I am about to present to you, was once the faithful friend of your master's son; he watched over him in the hour of death,—his hands closed his eyes, and threw the first handful of dust upon his last resting-place. He was then happy, highly-honoured, beloved,—now he is sick in body and mind,—a solitary pilgrim upon the vast earth, without home or country; Algardis, cherishing the remembrance of the kindnesses her child received at his hand, has for some days nursed him faithfully, but now her strength is gone and you must take her place. But first swear that you will preserve inviolable silence regarding all that you may see or hear in this subterranean abode; shut your eyes that they may not see,—your ears that they may not hear; seek not with idle curiosity to learn the secret which is hidden here,—be unconscious of it when you return to the light of day,—nurse the pilgrim because he is a man and your brother,—and bestow not another thought on him when he has vanished, whether in death or in life. You swear all this before me with your hand on these holy relics?"

Adelasia swore the solemn oath of silence, which the monk dictated to her; and her delicate frame shook with such violent emotion, that she was obliged to support herself upon her guide when she stepped over the mysterious threshold of the feebly-lighted apartment. Gloomy, massive walls surrounded it,—a large stone pillar supported the middle of the vault,—and there was not a window to show whether it was day or night. On the farthest side of the apartment lay the pilgrim on a low couch, in an uneasy slumber as it seemed to Adelasia; a lamp stood on an adjoining table bearing some prayer-books, phials, and boxes, a rosary and a reliquary, at which the monk stationed himself, whilst Ade-

Adelasia went forward to the bed of the invalid to watch his slumber. She had listened but a few minutes to his heavy breathing, when he opened his eyes, stared wildly around him, and began to lament in heart-wringing accents, which expressed all the tortures of a distracted mind though clothed in a foreign language. The monk hastily poured some drops out of different phials into a cup, and having added a small powder directed Adelasia to mix the ingredients together; she did so with trembling hands; but compassion and anxiety allowed her not to withdraw her eyes from the troubled pilgrim. He was a young man, whose features had perhaps once been pleasant before long illness and deep grief had changed them, his fair locks hung dishevelled over his brows, and his eyes glanced around as if seeking for that help which his lips seemed to implore.

"As you love your salvation," spoke the youth to Adelasia, "help me hence,—away from this stream whose bloody waves roll over without choking me! Loose the fetters from my feet that I may fly this horrid country!"

Medardus beckoned for the medicine, and Adelasia hastened to support the invalid; he took the draught presented to him without hesitation, but he grew paler and paler in the arms of the maiden, and at last fainted away. Medardus placed a relic chased in gold upon his breast, murmured a prayer, and prepared to watch him during the night with Adelasia,—a long anxious night, which was spent in fruitless struggles to soothe the feverish restlessness of the invalid, whose moanings often increased to violence, and when more stifled, were not less heart-wringing.

"I must leave you for a short space to get some necessary information," said Medardus; "but before day-break I shall return again. Do not be alarmed at his violence,—his strength is exhausted by the effects of the fever, these are the fetters of which he speaks."

"Will he die?" inquired Adelasia with a faltering voice.

"His life hangs upon a thread," replied the monk. "What might save him, my art cannot bestow, though it is the commonest of life's possessions. For many days sleep has not closed his eyes, what seems to you slumber is not—he cannot sleep."

Medardus departed with soft steps. Adelasia remained seated near the bed, and whilst her eyes were fixed on the convulsed features of the sufferer, tears rolled over her cheeks; at times he imploringly lifted his hands, and whispered some words, but they were in a foreign tongue, and the poor girl understood them not. She could return no answer to the supplicating looks which were cast upon her, save a pious sentence in her own language. Instantly the stranger youth addressed her in the same accents: "Pray for the disconsolate soul," said he; "sing a pious dirge,—sing, sing, that I may not hear the rushing of the river!"

The poor maiden thought herself bound to grant so earnest a request, though startled by the echo of her first notes in the empty vault; but the devotion with which she sang, and the sublime words of the hymn which she had hastily made choice of, animated her to proceed; the notes which floated softly from her lips swelled to a choral harmony between the walls of the apartment, and for a moment she fancied that a more beautiful voice joined her's in a song whose language she knew not; a gentle tremor shook her limbs, yet she yielded not to her secret fear, and when the song was finished, and her uplifted eye again fell upon the invalid, she beheld with inexpressible joy all the signs of sleep resting upon his features,—his countenance no longer betrayed that wild emotion which had marked his former struggles,—the heavenly peace invoked by her song, seemed to have descended upon him. "He sleeps," whispered she, "he is able to sleep." She did not venture to change her position, but lay immoveable on the side of the bed, till Medardus entered, when, overcome with heavenly joy, she rose and advanced to meet him, exclaiming in tears: "Father, he

sleeps!" Several hours passed before the pilgrim awoke; he looked astonished around him,—inquired where he was, and recognising Medardus, called him by name. The compassionate monk informed him of all that had happened during his fever; but prudently avoided touching some painful chords, for he knew not how far happy shadows had fallen upon the past; but he was still more surprised when the youth began to talk with calm grief of events which a few days before would have excited him almost to madness, and allowed the faithful confessor to look into a heart where the hope of everlasting mercy had again taken root. He told how in a state of unutterable despair he had suddenly heard a strain of heavenly music; how from the lips of an angel words of comfort had penetrated his heart, and the rustling of light wings had hovered over him, and he had heard the call: 'Lift thy eyes, thy tutelary angel has not left thee for ever.' "I opened painfully my eyes," continued the pilgrim, "and beheld one of the heavenly messengers bent lovingly over me! His looks poured the peace of heaven into my soul, I felt myself inwardly strengthened, and a sweet forgetfulness of all my past pains and griefs soon soothed me to sleep."

Medardus knew well what lovely apparition had excited the pilgrim's enthusiasm, but took care not to undeceive him, resolving on the contrary to make the best use of the circumstance. Adelasia now reposed herself after the fatigues of the night in a corner of the vault, and the invalid also again fell asleep. Some hours afterwards the monk aroused the girl from the sound sleep of youth, and then hastened to fetch a lute after having communicated to her some particulars of the pilgrim's history. As often now as the returning fever surrounded the bed of the invalid with dark apparitions, a gentle song, repeated by the echoing vault, arose and banished the gloomy phantoms; it breathed repose over the pilgrim's breast, and the sight of the pale childish form, whose white linen garments floated around her in numerous

folded beneath the pale light of the lamp, easily inspired him with the belief of the visible presence of his tutelary angel.

Adelasia had watched many days and nights beside the couch of the invalid, whose fever began to yield before the joint care of his nurses; but the fine colour of the young girl grew paler and paler,—her eyes lost their wonted fire,—and her steps grew more and more feeble. The monk with deep compassion beheld her gradually sinking,—he was also desirous not to allow her entirely to emerge out of the glory in which the imagination of the pilgrim had clothed her: once more, therefore, Algardis appeared in the sick-chamber, and the architect led Adelasia back to her room; a long deep sleep sunk down upon the exhausted maiden, and when she awoke at a late hour, she was astonished to find herself in her old apartment.

After a few days, every thing which could remind her of the late strange events in her life had vanished almost without a trace. Algardis one morning again summoned Adelasia to assist in dressing her as had been her wonted custom, but without betraying by one word or gesture that she knew ought of what had passed in the interval which lay betwixt that hour and the first visit of the Franciscan. Whether the pilgrim had recovered,—whether he had left the house,—Adelasia felt that she durst not inquire; and when she tried to glean some information respecting him from the conversation or looks of her master, she could have almost doubted whether monk and pilgrim had ever existed anywhere but in her own fancy.

Medardus had gone away under the cover of night with the convalescent youth; both resumed that journey which had been interrupted by the illness of the pilgrim; mournful and silent they wandered on, and the pious monk ever strove to lighten his companion of the heavy burden which pressed him to the ground. He had known the pilgrim from his earliest youth, and he had remained faithful to him when he was forsaken by all. When the dome of St Peter rose.



crowned with the stars of heaven before their eyes in the moonlight, both sank to the ground and offered the homage of their thanks and prayers to a protecting providence. They found a concealed asylum by means of Medardus' far-spread confraternity, and were led into the presence of the Holy Father at whose feet the feeble youth laid down the burden of his guilt, and received his sentence. Only two days of rest could the prayer of Medardus obtain for his scarcely recovered friend, who then bade him a long adieu, and having charged him with some commissions, prepared for a distant pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

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THREE solitary years passed over him under the ardent sky of Syria; unknown and unheeded he had mingled in the crowd of proud knights and unbelieving heathens,—had visited the holy places, and prayed and wept on those spots whence the fountains of all comfort flow to mortals,—had fought under the German knights, as one of the lowliest combatants for the Christian faith,—aided in the conquest of Rhodes,—and suffered, a prisoner of the unbelievers, the hardships of slavery. But he could not obtain that oblivion of the past which his soul desired; his countenance was embrowned by the rays of the sun,—a deep scar had been imprinted on his forehead,—the freshness of youth had passed away,—but his heart still struggled under painful reminiscences. Suddenly he was seized with an unconquerable longing to tread once more the soil of Europe,—to behold once more the only friend that he possessed in this world, and to hear from him the information which he had promised to procure when they parted. The last day of his

third year of pilgrimage had sunk into the ocean, and the pilgrim's vow was accomplished; a Venetian ship received him, the anchors were lifted, the sails swelled in the fresh breeze, the crew shouted joyfully, but the pilgrim cast a melancholy look on the shore which receded behind him, and silently chose out the most solitary place on the deck for his station.

It was evening; Gerardus and his wife sat alone in their humble dwelling; a German bible lay open before the latter, and the former with the pencil in his hand, was employed in sketching columns and arches, designing and grouping ornaments, comparing plans, and measuring and calculating their details, when a knock was heard at the closed door, and immediately afterwards a stranger was ushered in, whom neither of them knew; he appeared to be a traveller, and even an acquaintance, for having cautiously looked around him, and after the servant, who had lighted him in with a flambeau, had left the room, he addressed the couple with visible emotion: "Do you not know me, master Gerardus," said he,— "nor you too, mistress Algardis? You have, like pious Christians, quickly forgotten the kindness you once showed a poor pilgrim; but I have a faithful memory."

"Sir, is it you!" exclaimed Algardis; "Oh yes, now I recognise your features! Remember I only saw you in a severe illness, by a feeble light, and my eyes are getting old. No, Sir, I have not forgotten you; the kindness you showed my child, the heart of a mother can forget only in her grave! Be welcome under our roof, and the blessing of God enter with you!"

"Amen," responded the pilgrim; "may He for your sake fulfil your wish upon an unworthy sinner. Oh, it does my heart good to look upon you! You are not strangers to me; my life is your gift; I knew and loved your son, and I recognise his features in yours. Ah, you do not know what it is to look into the eyes of a friend after years of exile; you have not felt yourselves outcasts and alone in the wide

world like me, around whom hover only human figures, cold and unsympathetic as shadows! Give me shelter in your house, for a short time, for the sake of your child." This appeal to a beloved memory affected powerfully the mind of the mother; she was unable to reply, and could only weeping give her hand to the pilgrim. The architect, on the contrary, despising every gentle emotion, repressed the rising feelings of a father's love under his usual stern firmness, and strove to lend his voice a more than ordinary tone of fortitude in proportion as he was afraid that it might falter: "All that we possess, Sir," said he, "is yours; you may command it all; but permit me to ask under what name will you choose to dwell with us? With what occupation shall the time be lightened to your ardent spirit in the company of a morose old man and a sick woman?"

"Have you no name for me," replied the other; "none which you can grant an unfortunate man for a short time? Nobody will suspect your pious deceit; you see I am no longer what I was,—the lively youth is dead, his very features are no longer mine. With regard to your second question, you have only to allow me to become your scholar, and, perhaps, in doing so you may be able to rescue my anxious soul from its gloomy broodings over the past. You must know that I was once no unworthy disciple of your son,—his art gave birth to our friendship; it was thought necessary to chase away those gloomy phantoms which even at that early period began to brood over my young heart, to make me acquainted with the charms of science or ensnare me in the pleasures of sense; both were tried for awhile,—I preferred the better path,—would to Heaven I had never left it! Tell me," continued he, more gloomily, "has Medardus been with you; and did he leave any intelligence for me?"

"He was twice here," replied Algardis, "and left a heavy packet for you, which lies unopened in my chest; his message for you I have faithfully preserved in my memory, it was

this: 'The three birds fled away at night; one hastened in one direction, and another in another; but the third once more returned to his nest to take farewell of his mate, and was seized by the talons of the eagle.'

The pilgrim hid his countenance and sat a long while in deep silence, till at last Gerardus' deep voice raised him as from a dream: "Sir," said he, "no power on earth can recall the past; what then avails womanish grief? When the world has changed our hearts to steel, it has done the best it can for us; as long as we are accessible to either fear or hope we are the slaves of the moment. You will stay here. Well, call yourself Vitali; you shall be my nephew, a scholar of my art; there is just now a glorious work about to be executed in Sienna; a pious foundation has been bequeathed for the erection of a magnificent nunnery, I have been entrusted with the superintendence of the building; it will survive me—perhaps carry my name honourably down to posterity; be it therefore as worthy and sublime as my weak science is able to make it!"

"Let me contribute to build the house of the Lord!" exclaimed the pilgrim with ardour; "the parcel you have kept for me contains no small treasure, take it as my contribution towards the sacred work."

Whilst Vitali—for such will we now call the pilgrim—spoke with enthusiasm of the glorious buildings, the ruins of which he had beheld in Greece and Palestine and the marvellous land of Egypt, Adelasia stepped gently into the room. She came from vespers; in the astonishment excited by the unwonted presence of a stranger, she forgot her accustomed salutation to the family, and stood timidly before them; she cast a hasty glance around her, and an image which had never been effaced from her memory, stood there embodied in living presence before her. The first lively impressions which her young heart had received were awakened by the sight of the stranger,—three long years were annihilated by that single glance, and she found herself again in the subter-

anean chamber, and again heard her voice mingling with the accompanying echo.

Algardis called the maiden towards her, and Vitali's looks then fell upon Adelasia's features, in which a spell he could not explain seemed to attract him; the girl stood before her mistress wrapped up in a dark coloured cloak, of which the small hood covered her head, her eyes fixed upon her mistress, her dark ringlets falling around her white forehead, a picture of female loveliness, far surpassed, indeed, by the beautiful women the youth had beheld unmoved in the East, but the feelings which those eyes awoke in his breast were of a higher origin than earthly love; they shone upon him like the greetings of an angelic being with the palm of peace, for in the form now before him had that spirit been clothed which taught him again to love and to hope; remembrance was yet asleep, but like the herald streak of morning which tinges the cloud from under which the sun is soon to burst forth, a silent and bright foreboding prepared his soul to recognise Adelasia once more.

At the simple supper Adelasia was highly interested by the description which the stranger gave of his travels,—the evening passed more quickly than she had ever known it before, and Gerardus rose to conduct the guest to his chamber whilst Adelasia remained with her mistress.

"A fine young man," said Algardis, casting a keen glance upon Adelasia; "he is called Vitali; he is the nephew of my husband, and a student of the noble art of architecture. Yet I must have seen some one who resembled him, only my feeble memory in vain strives to remember where; do you know any one in Sienna with similar features and light hair?"

Adelasia instinctively saw through the artifice of her mistress; she wished to ascertain whether the girl had recognised the stranger, but was too little practised in the art of deception to succeed in it, even with a girl. It was equally impossible for Adelasia to reveal the secret which she had

sworn to conceal, and she now felt herself bound to avoid any confession which might betray it: "No, lady," she replied, "I know no one in Sienna who resembles your relative,—his graceful manners, and the scar he bears on his forehead give him a knightly appearance,—he seems to me what my fancy has often imagined knights and princes to resemble."

"The effects of long sojourning in distant lands," said Algardis; "the rolling pebble soon gets its rough corners polished smooth, and thus it has happened that since the days of the Crusades every maiden has become ambitious to marry a man who has trod the sands of Palestine, and despises those who have never left their homes. Around the pilgrims assemble old and young to listen to their tales,—even the tombs are venerated which bear the scallop-shell. Alas, youth, heedless of the tears of parents, is but too disposed to abandon home for distant regions! Good night, Adelasia, I would pray in solitude; a mother never ceases to mourn her perished hopes till the day they revive to her."

As soon as Adelasia entered her room, she took up her lute and poured forth the feelings of her heart in song. Without any premeditation she had chosen the hymn which she once sung beside the bed of the Pilgrim; it had ever been a favourite of her's, and she now found in it that sympathy for which her spirit longed. The simple notes animated by some nameless reminiscence reached the adjoining apartment, occupied by Vitali; he was seated in deep reflection at the open casement; the melody recalled many touching remembrances to his soul, in which Adelasia's unknown figure and voice perpetually mingled; the illusion by which he believed the presence of his tutelary angel to have formerly saved his life, had left a sweet remembrance on his soul which had accompanied him every where and soothed his sacred grief; never had the veil been lifted from the events of his sick bed in Sienna, till now when it was suddenly and at once drawn aside. A mortal maiden now took

the place of the angelic attendant, but she bore the same features, and her voice had ever the power to soothe his heart to rest, as the soft oil overcomes the troubled waves. Adelasia remained his visible angel. It was under the influence of such feelings that both met again; more and more powerfully attracted towards each other by the omnipotent sympathy of a love of which they were not conscious because veiled in the garb of a pious enthusiasm. Vitali devoted himself with ardent zeal to his new profession; and it did not escape the observation of Algardis, that his deep melancholy yielded more and more before his new occupations, and gradually lightened life to his eye by throwing into the back-ground the shadows of the past. There were moments, indeed, in which the gloom of his soul returned, and he would then shut himself up in his room to avoid the stoical observation of Gerardus, who affected to despise every symptom of lively feeling; but Algardis would present herself before him accompanied by Adelasia, well-knowing the power of her songs over the pilgrim's soul: "I bring you the child with her lute," she would say in gentle accents; "in pious songs there is a power of healing which I have often experienced for myself; perhaps she may succeed in banishing the evil spirit from your breast." Adelasia would then step softly to a seat behind the long dark curtains of the window, and begin to sing her lovely hymns, while her supplicating eyes raised to heaven besought its healing for the unfortunate pilgrim.

The stranger had at first designed to limit his stay to a few weeks, but many months had already passed, and he still remained; the foundations of the convent had been laid, the first walls had already risen in the form of a cross, but Gerardus had got accustomed to transfer every thing which was difficult to his old age to the charge of his youthful associate, who could not remain ignorant of the fact that he had become not only useful but even indispensable to the aged architect. Gerardus himself seemed to acknowledge this,

though with that coldness which accompanied all his words; and Algardis said with tears: "Do not imagine for all his coldness that he feels less attached to you; Heaven denied him the happiness of training his son to his art, but now he has you, and I know how much your presence cheers and sweetens life to him. When I am dead Gerardus will be again alone in the dark world; no, perhaps, not alone,—he may still have you beside him to cheer his darkling soul."

The pale countenance of Algardis lent a solemn emphasis to these words; she had been gradually growing weaker from the hour that Vitali entered her house, and was now sinking slowly and without suffering into the grave. Adelasia never left the side of her mistress, till one evening she found her in the sleep of death. Gerardus preserved the same stern bearing after his wife's death; no complaint betrayed his feelings, yet he seemed to enjoy the presence of Vitali, who, forgetting himself, strove to soothe the old man in his silent grief. Adelasia was allowed to weep in silence in her own room, and relieved from attendance on the household, to confine herself in that retirement which custom allows to women who have lost their nearest relations.

Separated from Adelasia's sight, the recollection of inexorable duty rose with redoubled force on the Pilgrim's mind, and he resolved to leave the house where he had again learned to love life. Even the songs of the maiden only awoke his allegiance to a vow to which he had latterly become unfaithful. One evening, therefore, as he sat with Gerardus before the convent, he began in a faltering voice to speak of the hospitality which he had met with from him, and expressed his regret that a severe necessity called him away before the towers of the building rose in the air: "I have, perhaps, lingered too long," said he, "and the punishment of my perjury might fall upon your house. I mean not to reflect upon my vow, but simply to fulfil it; and therefore I must leave you, though lips which are now mute once expressed another wish."



"Do not care for me, Sir," said the architect, with cutting coldness; "I have long been free from the power of habit; my heart is attached to nothing upon earth; but I cannot regard your vow as obligatory, or your resolution to fulfil it as at all meritorious. It is amid the bustle of the world, and when surrounded by its temptations, that repentance and amendment are most praise-worthy; he who flies from the world, shrinks like a coward from the field of battle. You will act, however, as appears best to you; I never wished to constitute myself a judge of other men's actions."

With these words Gerardus lifted a lamp and retired towards his sleeping apartment. Vitali looked sadly after him and also retired; the firm steady steps of the old man seemed to attest the sincerity of the sentiment he had just uttered, and at this moment it appeared to the youth that the stern features of Gerardus belonged to a being who had risen superior to the chances of life. Yet he could not envy him; No, he shuddered at the icy coldness with which he had succeeded in fencing his heart! And gladly would he have forgot the monotonous, unimpassioned tones of his voice, if he could have done so; for all that he had said respecting the unfortunate vow accorded but too well with certain rising inclinations in Vitali's bosom, against which he felt himself bound to struggle as against the suggestions of wicked spirits themselves. The Pilgrim spent a sleepless night in contending with emotions which departed not when the morning came.

The sultry beams of the sun beat upon the earth, and signs of an approaching storm appeared in the eastern quarter of the heavens, when Gerardus and Vitali returned home at noon from their labours at the convent. Adelasia appeared again in the parlour, and greeted her younger friend with an expression of affection and pleasure; but she sought in vain to catch those looks which had formerly so willingly met hers,—now Vitali's eye seemed studiously to avoid hers,

and his countenance, paler than usual, bore a greater resemblance to the sick Pilgrim than to the lately vigorous youth.

The dinner passed in silence, and Vitali afterwards stepped out into Algardis's flower-garden; in vain had he sought to avoid Adelasia's looks,—her presence attracted him with the force of a spell,—again the pleasures of life rose against the resolution which he had constrained himself to adopt in her absence; struggling with his contending emotion, he leaned against an old elm-tree, and gazed upon the dark clouds, which hung like a shroud over the earth,—suddenly the veil was rent by lurid lightning,—the thunder spoke loud and majestically through the anxious silence of nature,—no breeze cooled the glowing heat,—not a bird moved its wings,—the whole creation waited in silence the approaching messengers of the Lord. The wish that they might be commissioned to bear him the message of death arose in Vitali's mind: "Can I live," said he, "without her? Is it thy will, O Lord, or do I only follow the illusive fancies of men, when I tear myself from her to bury myself in the gloomy solitude of a convent? Was it thy command which assigned to me this penance; or do I recognise thy will in the voice of my heart which bids me seek healing from her? Father, give me a sign!"

"Vitali!" called a gentle voice at this moment from afar. He lifted his eyes and saw Adelasia standing near a flower-bed; forgetting what had been passing in his mind, he hastened towards the maiden, who blushing awaited his arrival; she had been so alarmed by his appearance, while leaning against the elm-tree, that she had unconsciously called his name aloud. His steps had scarcely reached the spot where the maiden stood, when a flash of lightning succeeded by a loud explosion stunned their senses; Adelasia's clothes for a moment glittered in the light, and both fell powerless to the ground.

Vitali recovered first, and his first thought was of Adelasia,

who lay in a faint beside him; at last he succeeded in raising her from her swoon: "What has happened?" inquired she in a feeble voice, looking timidly around her. "O, sacred Virgin, see the elm under which you were standing has been struck by the thunder-bolt!"

"Then thou art truly my tutelary angel!" exclaimed Vitali; "and Heaven's lightning has given me the sign! Look up,—see, the clouds are dividing,—the wind is sweeping rapidly away the gloomy veil which obscures the face of yonder sky,—hearest thou its rush? It has also burst my fetters, and once more I feel my heart free; remain then my guide in the path of life,—without thee it would again be shrouded in dark night,—Adelasia, wilt thou be mine?"

"I was thine long ago," answered the maiden, with the smile of an angel; "I thought you had resolved to leave this house, and I knew that I should weep after you were gone, and that your grief would but increase till it killed you, and with you I too would die. The ivy must wither when torn from the elm, though it flourished green while its prop remained to it."

"But Adelasia," said Vitali, "I am not what I appear to be; dark night rests upon the past,—a heavy crime throws its blighting shadow across my life,—it shall not burden your pure soul,—no, repentance and good actions shall efface the record from the book of the Judge! I am not the relative of your master,—I possess nothing upon earth,—not the smallest inheritance of the poorest peasant can I call mine."

"Thou art the Pilgrim near whose couch my trembling prayers ascended to Heaven," replied she. "Oh, I knew thee instantly; though I revealed thy secret to none! Let me now cling to thy side in all thy wanderings; I will share with thee poverty and penance,—but thou must also share with me my little fortune,—Gerardus presented me with his lady's jewels, perhaps they will purchase us a little cottage——"

"Alas, I do not deserve thy love," exclaimed Vitali, with

painful emotion. "Say, how couldst thou bestow thy pure heart on an unfortunate wretch whose sufferings terrified thy childhood? But thou knowest not every thing; I will name the crime which burdens my soul, and fly from thee ere it be too late."

"Be silent, by the love of the Holy Virgin, I adjure thee!" exclaimed Adelasia. "Let the veil rest upon the sad past and from henceforth begin to live a new life. Alas, no heart is pure before God, yet he will forgive every crime to man's repentance and humility! Oh, I will pray to him day and night till the shadow is lifted from thy soul; no confession that thou couldst make could prevail upon me to forsake thee!"

Vitali no longer thought of leaving the architect's house; he agreed with Adelasia that they should remain with Gerardus till the building in which he had taken so deep interest was finished, after which they would retire for life to one of the most hidden spots in Switzerland, where they would earn their support from rural toil, and enjoy the remainder of life in the society of the simple children of Nature. On intimating his changed intention, the architect showed neither pleasure nor astonishment.

The young man now wrought by the side of his aged friend with redoubled activity,—with livelier interest he watched the progress of the rising walls,—all his skill and industry were now devoted to the sacred work, and he dared to hope that Heaven would accept this sacrifice in place of the vow which he had broken.

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SINCE 1260 a great public feast had been annually celebrated at Sienna, in remembrance of the victory over the Florentines; on this occasion young and old, poor and rich, took an equal interest in the general joy. As soon as the morning sun appeared, the windows were hung with precious silks, and tissues, and wreaths of flowers, and leaves were strewn in the streets through which the procession went in solemn pomp to the cathedral. Thither the people streamed in crowds till the city appeared like a deserted place. About noon the windows near the large arena, where the games were held, began to fill with beautiful women, who from their lofty stations, gazed upon the crowd beneath them, whilst the combatants ever and anon raised their looks to them and drew fresh motives of emulation from their beaming eyes. The extensive arena was surrounded by barriers, behind which seats were raised for the spectators; within these the competitors in the races took their station at a point from which they could perceive the extreme goal of the course. Singers and harp-players, masks and jugglers, pilgrims and monks, strolled about in the crowd, mingling and justling together: here might be seen a Jewish surgeon contracting beforehand to heal those who might be wounded in the combat,—there wandering pedlars displayed their wares; on one hand appeared large tables covered with various dishes, cold fowls, cold fish, stuffed pigs, cakes and fruit, wine and mast,—on another arose a merry concert from mingling voices and instruments; and the music rolled on and the crowd moved to and fro till the signal was made for the commencement of the games, when all this huge uproar sank into an almost breathless silence, only interrupted at intervals by the sudden shout which bespoke the interest of the spectators in the progress of the games.

With such shouts was the appearance of a huge dragon

hailed, who entered the arena and played his part to the great honour of the performer who was hid within the mask,—and with equal plaudits was welcomed the knight in armour, who, as Saint George, entered the lists to conquer him: “Holy Saint! Holy Saint! Help your representative! Sienna’s honour against her enemies! Throw him down, down, gallant knight!” were the exclamations which resounded from every side,—whilst the dragon prepared to resist his adversary, and the harnessed warrior levelled his lance and put spurs to his horse. Loud plaudits celebrated the easy victory; the dragon soon writhed under the lance of the Saint, who then rode triumphantly out of the barriers, whilst the conquered reptile seized by twenty hands was dragged away amid universal shouts of victory, and garlands, and fruits were showered from the windows and seats upon the conqueror. The harps of the minstrels resounded in his praise, but they were drowned in shouts of laughter and approbation, so soon as the dead dragon was observed actively bestirring himself to secure a portion of the rich shower of oranges with which his defeat was hailed. After a pause the racers appeared at the entrance of the barriers, and with their contest alternated the noble knightly games with shield and lance, for which about twenty youths presented themselves. The first prize for running was a piece of scarlet cloth, the second a cloak of gold tissue; for the conqueror in the knightly combat was destined a valuable ring and a fine falcon. The knights entered the arena in pairs on horseback, slightly harnessed, their steeds magnificently caparisoned with pearls, gold, and feathers; one only of the number wore no adornment, and his fiery black horse was as destitute of decoration as his armour; but the skill with which he guided his animal, the remarkably tall figure and knightly manners which already marked him out as conqueror, drew every eye upon the Black knight. It was Vitali; who in resuming the arms of a warrior, felt the spirit and feelings of youthful days awakened in his bosom.

Gerardus had taken his station on one of the higher benches ; behind him was Adelasia accompanied by a neighbour ; she waited with silent pleasure for the appearance of her beloved, for she had been informed of his design, and when he entered the arena it seemed to her as if every eye could detect the interest which she took in him, and she drew her veil more closely over her glowing cheeks. His success in the first combat, the loud peals of approbation from the crowd, and at last the defeat of almost every antagonist by his lance, amid the stormy summons of a thousand voices to come forward and receive the chief prize, raised Adelasia to a height of happiness such as she had never felt before ; but there was also a foreboding in the delighted heart of the maiden, that she, a bondswoman, was no fit bride for the heroic youth ; and when he bent one knee before the beautiful and brilliantly adorned daughter of the Podesta, and raised his vizor to receive from her hands the reward of knightly merit, Adelasia fancied she perceived a conscious nobility in his looks, before which her fondest hopes became an idle dream.

Close above the seat which was erected for the beautiful daughter of the Podesta, stood two men,—one a foreign warrior, as seemed from his dress, the other an old Franciscan ; both were singularly struck by the first appearance of the black combatant, and watched his movements with increasing attention. Chance had brought the two strangers together, but some involuntary exclamations soon taught the monk that his companion's thoughts were running in the same train with his own.

“ Do you know yonder young combatant ? ” inquired the monk at the warrior.

“ How should I ? ” was the answer. “ His vizor is shut, and his armour bears no device ; besides, I am a stranger in Sienna ; but I once knew one who marvellously resembled him, and whom I have often seen engaged in fight, and I could swear by the bones of my father that I behold him again to-day,—if

such a thing were possible; the address with which he governs his steed, the manner in which he handles his lance, and many other peculiarities remind me of a knight I knew of old. Look, that quick turn of the head and commanding gesture bespeak no other features to my mind, under the closed helmet, than those of one whom I can hardly believe would voluntarily appear in this scene of festivity. I wish he would raise his vizor and put an end to my doubts!"

"You would perceive the countenance of one wholly a stranger to you, Sir," said the monk; "even though it might possess some features of the image which is now before your mind; that arm which you saw in fight is still in death, and that hand no longer guides a steed."

The warrior looked astonished upon the monk. "Know you of whom I am speaking?" inquired he hastily; "and bear you any tidings of his fate?"

"I utter not his name to you," replied the former; "it may not be whispered where joy reigns. You speak of a branch lopped off,—of a flower struck by the frost,—of a bird which knaves allured from its secure nest into the snares of the seducer who lies in wait for all who walk upon earth; but though Nature may have formed a duplicate of a noble form, he who was known to both of us will never again be seen amongst men; his day is done, therefore let us pray for peace to his night."

"Father," began the stranger, addressing the monk after a short pause, "you must tell me more of the end of the man on whose image you now gaze with such intense interest; there are people who would desire to know whether he yet walks in this world; grant me your company this evening at the inn, you shall have a cup of wine and some talk with a dozen of Germans who are on their way with me to Rome to join the emperor, Henry VII. But look, the combat is finished; hark to the shouts with which the conqueror is hailed! His last adversary seems severely injured; he will not soon forget the arm which struck him."



"May the wound rankle with double smart which was received in such idle sport!" exclaimed the monk angrily. "It is impious and against the express command of the Holy Father thus to sport with blood and life; woe to those who perish in such sinful courses, they shall remain unshrived, and shall not be buried in consecrated ground!"

"Pious father," said the warrior smiling, "do not wax so wroth with a knightly pastime; the conquered is not yet in need of a grave. Look, he is again upon his feet, blushing a little but quite unhurt; let us now try to get a sight of the conqueror; see, he bends his knee before the lady who is to reward him,—he opens his helmet,—Holy Stephen! it seems to me as if I recognised a landscape by the light of the moon, which I last beheld in the clear sun of noonday."

The monk could with difficulty conceal his agitation when he perceived Vitali's features uncovered; but he did not betray his emotion, and only affected to mock the fancy of his companion, which had traced the features of a once-gifted youth in the man who now stood before them.

Meanwhile the eyes of the spectators were turned towards the race-course, and after two fortunate youths had here likewise obtained the prize, twilight descended on the tumultuous scene. The people now dispersed through the city,—masks met and attacked each other,—all that could excite the fancy was now to be seen in the streets,—from the spires of the churches, roses, fruits, and cakes intermingled with burning splinters of pine-wood were showered upon the passing populace beneath, while the children with screams of joy scrambled for these brilliant play-things which threw a singular flickering light through the descending darkness. One of these crowds interrupted Adelasia's steps as she was returning home leaning on the arm of a neighbour; they had stopped and looked for a moment on the sport, when Adelasia felt herself suddenly seized and drawn away from her companion,—a dark figure kept close by her side, pushed the crowd apart, and quickly conveyed her out of the bustle.

"Do you know me," inquired a deep voice, the sound of which awoke some indistinct reminiscences in her mind; a passing brand swept near them, and revealed to her the half-uncovered features of the man: "Father Medardus!" ejaculated the maiden.

"It is I," replied he hastily; "do you still remember the hour when we first met? I sealed your lips then, I now loose that seal with my own hand; speak the truth, I adjure you by our holy faith; do you know ought of the Pilgrim,—have you seen him again,—do you know where he now lives?"

"I saw him again," she replied, "and I could not prevent my memory from recognising him though he wore another form; he lives in the house of my master, to whom he acts as an assistant; he has to-day appeared at our games, and won the prize."

"These eyes have witnessed the sinful doings of the youth," replied the monk, "would they had been closed before! I was destined to be the instrument of his salvation; if he now perishes, his soul goes that dreadful path of which no mortal tongue can speak the horrors. Therefore I command you to warn him; bid him forsake the path on which he now so blindly treads, and seek the way of salvation; let him leave far behind this town of Sienna, where the betrayer has sought him out,—at midnight, a horse shall await him at the gate of the convent of the Minorites,—he must hasten by bye-paths to the cloister of the Kamuldulenses upon the Appenines, where my name will procure him an asylum, and whither I will follow him. Have you correctly understood my message?"

"I have not lost a word," said Adelasia.

"I will see your master before day-break," continued Medardus; "and be you like the tablet on which a secret message has been written, when its characters are effaced,—or the dove which released from its billet no longer thinks of the message it bore. Away now,—you are upon your master's

threshold,—away, and the blessing of the Lord be with you!”

Adelasia entered the house with trembling steps; Vitali was not yet there; she sought the old servant, a rich bribe engaged him to procure at midnight a horse and the dress of a man; she then entered the room where Gerardus sat at his work, she approached him slowly, an unwonted fear pressed upon her heart, and united with other nameless emotions to choke her utterance: “Sir,” said she, throwing herself upon one knee, “allow me to offer you a ransom for my liberty, you have enriched me, allow me now to set myself free.”

“What ails you?” replied Gerardus; “have you ever experienced any restraint under my roof? You are free; I do not want your service.”

He turned again to his work; Adelasia rose and stood for a moment immoveable; the architect looked round, and fixed his keen eyes sternly upon her: “Do you want any thing more?” inquired he roughly; the maiden silently shook her head and retired from the apartment. Vitali arrived shortly afterwards; Adelasia drew him into the garden, and, faithful to the commands of the monk, repeated the words of warning exactly as they had been spoken.

“Then we must part,” said Vitali, after a short pause; “I go, and you dare not follow the outlaw. Turn from me, blessed angel, and leave me to my solitary misery.”

“Never!” exclaimed she; “I follow you; the more unfortunate you are, the more do you require the sympathy of love; do not reject me.”

“I dare not unite you to my gloomy fate,” replied he; “when I thought to do so I had lost sight of the avenging spirits which accompany my path; the appearance of Medardus brings them again around me,—forget me, pray for me.”

“In the walls of a cloister,—if I am not to live for you!” said Adelasia resolutely.

“By our short-lived happiness I conjure you, Adelasia, do not bury your youth in a gloomy cell! Think not of the

veil,—swear to me you will not, and wear, in remembrance of your oath, the ring I gained to-day. May it some future day tie a band of happiness for you under the blessing of God!”

“Amen,” said she in a whisper, and placed her trembling hand in his; but suddenly Vitali had vanished from her side before she could utter another word.

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At midnight a man closely wrapped up stole silently past the convent of the Minorites; at the gate stood another with a saddled horse: “How is the brother called who sent you hither?” inquired the servant of the convent. “Medardus,” replied the first, snatching impatiently the reins of the restive steed. He threw himself into the saddle and rode onwards through silent streets, while far behind him yet resounded the shouts of the city revelry. Not far had he ridden ere he found himself followed by another horseman, whose intention seemed to be to keep close beside him, for whether he pushed or checked his steed, the unknown rider did the same. Sienna already lay at a distance,—deep silence rested over the country, and the solemn influence of the hour when night yields to day pressed on the spirit of the lonely traveller; he fancied himself pursued by a shadow which had taken a visible form to punish him for the want of fidelity to his oath,—the moon threw an uncertain light upon the black rider, who in a few minutes was close to Vitali. “Who art thou?” exclaimed he, his hand seizing a concealed dagger.

“Thy tutelary angel,” whispered a well-known voice; “may the Lord protect our path, we go together.”

"Now by the holy lance of Antioch, my fate is decided!" exclaimed Vitali; "the duty of a Christian, and the honour of a knight command me to live for you and reward your fidelity; and though Medardus denounces our union I confide firmly in a higher blessing."

With restless haste they journeyed forward. They passed the convent of the Appenines at night,—its bell rung like a warning from above, but Vitali shut his ears to it and only spurred more keenly forward for Switzerland. When they had rested for the last time upon the Italian soil, and Adelasia was descending one morning from the apartment in which she had passed the night, she thought she caught a sight of the figure of a monk stealing through the house, and her fancy lent it the features of Medardus; once more she beheld the same apparition when she had reached what she hoped would prove the home of her love. Full of anxiety she communicated to her companion the suspicion that they were dogged by the monk; he sought to quiet her fears, but could not avoid feeling some alarm himself; for the courageous man becomes timid like a child when the shield of a pure conscience no longer covers him.

The poor fugitives had carefully avoided entering any town on their way, till one evening a sudden storm forced them to take shelter in the little town Yverdon, near the lake of Neufchatel. Vitali called Adelasia his sick brother, and demanded a quiet apartment for him where he might not be disturbed.

The hostess led her across a narrow court into a distant apartment, where she remained alone separated from the rest of the household; she looked upon the heavy clouds which sailed across the bosom of the sky before the storm; the stately castle, which duke Conrad of Zähringen had built about a hundred years before, rose before her with its four towers stretching high into the air,—overlooking like a giant the surrounding habitations; her mind was veiled, like the dark heavens above her, with gloomy thoughts. At midnight

the sky cleared up, some stars came out of the darkness, and over the castle glittered the Pleiades; Adelasia recommended herself to the keeping of the Holy Virgin in one of her sweet hymns. Alas! she knew not it was her last song.

Gentle steps approached her door,—her song died away,—a key was turned in the lock,—the door opened slowly, and two men in the dress of monks entered. Medardus' pale countenance looked upon her with threatening earnestness; the other monk stood immoveable before her

"Unfortunate one," began Medardus, addressing her, "thou hast turned the blessing which I had destined for thee into a curse! Through thy sinful love a repentant sinner fell back into the arms of that world which lures him to destruction, and not unconsciously hast thou sinned. Did I not charge thee to forget him as one in his grave? He is dead to thee; the life to which thou hast awakened him is everlasting death. Woe to thee, woe to him through whom evil comes!"

"Father," exclaimed Adelasia, "I knew not that I sinned because I loved; I swore to you what I could not perform; man can learn much but forget nothing which is engraven on his heart. Pious father, separate us not; he calls me his tutelary angel, and I will be so still whatever be his lot."

"Thou shalt never see him more," said Medardus in a voice so cold and monotonous that it sounded like that of fate itself; "in the name of our holy religion I command you to obey me! Prepare for the journey,—brother Hieronymus will be your guide; I remain with him who now has more need of my presence than ever,—do you know his name?"

"I know it not," replied she.

"Nor needs it that you should; but this know,—he was not born for you. When a star vanishes from the universe of worlds, it sinks into night, but falls not down to the dwellings of mortal beings. The Pilgrim is bound by a solemn vow

to renounce the world,—that he has sworn to do at the foot of the Holy Father, and his promise he must fulfil. I will attach myself to his steps like a shadow; I will upbraid him as closely as his own conscience, till he redeems his oath and secures his salvation. You are about to go whither he will not follow you; Hieronymus leads you to my sister in Swabia. There nurse old age,—protect childhood,—and learn to forget the past.”

Unmoved by her prayers and tears, the monk constrained the maiden to depart, and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed they silently crossed the court where two horses stood ready. Adelasia embraced Medardus' knees, and intrusted him with her last greetings for him from whom she was about to part for ever; her boundless grief seemed to move even the heart of the old man, for in placing his hand upon her head to give her his benediction his voice faltered more than usual. “Give me the blessing of the dead, father,” said she; “the peace you wish for me can be mine only in the grave.”

Silently Hieronymus assisted her in mounting one of the horses,—she often looked back,—the gloomy figure of Medardus quickly vanished, but the towering castle and a feeble light in the inn remained visible till the road struck off in a new direction.

She thought of retiring to a convent, but her eye casually fell upon Vitali's ring, which she still wore, and the words with which he gave it to her, and her own solemn Amen to the wish he then expressed, recurred powerfully to her mind, and she resolved to act as he had wished. A small village in Swabia was the end of their journey. Here lived the aged Herlinda, the sister of Medardus, who received Adelasia with a friendly welcome. Hieronymus, the only person who understood her language, departed the following morning; but it seemed rather a relief to Adelasia to be permitted to live quietly in her own thoughts. Herlinda had two grand-children, a girl and a boy, who became the first tie between her

and her guest. Remembering the words of the monk, Adelasia took charge of the little household; the interesting children soon taught her to syllable their language. A single guest sometimes visited the cottage; it was Herlinda's son, who lived in a village about an hour's distance from her abode. The peasant soon grew familiar with Adelasia, his open countenance recommended him to her, and he sought by many little gifts and attentions to dispel the melancholy which he saw was brooding over her. Adelasia at last began to understand the German words, and learned that Hartwig—for so was the peasant called—was rebuilding a little hut in the village where he dwelt, to which the family were to go the succeeding spring.

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THE day of their departure approached, and the little household prepared to take possession of their new abode. One morning towards the end of May, Adelasia supporting Herlinda followed her guide, Hartwig, towards the village,—the children, pleased with the prospect of change, bounded gladly before them, whilst Herlinda, with tears in her eyes, cast many a mournful glance back upon her ancient abode. "Think not, Hartwig," she said, "that I am insensible to your kindness in bringing me under your roof, but I cannot part from my old abode without thanking God for the mercies he bestowed upon me there; there I was called to struggle with grief, and there his consolations refreshed my spirit."

Adelasia felt herself singularly interested by these words. Herlinda spoke only her own feelings. They reached their new habitation; a few miserable huts stood scattered



amongst the ruins of a recent conflagration, amid scenery which spring now adorned with all its charms,—high trees and thick brushwood flourished luxuriantly around the remains of the cottages,—vegetation had taken possession of the desert places, and covered the blackened ruins with cheerful verdure, here and there also the hand of man had assisted nature to hide the traces of the late desolation. The new straw roof of Hartwig rose above the remaining huts, —opposite it lay a large castle in ruins, overthrown, as was easily seen, not by the hand of time but by the violence of man; all around the gigantic ruins were strewed upon the soil, an image of the vanity of human greatness. Adelasia paused, struck by the sight; Herlinda seemed not less moved: “Do not question me,” said she, dropping the hand of the maiden; “do not question me now; my eye will again grow accustomed to the scene, and then you shall learn the history of the castle.”

Meanwhile a feeling of love towards Adelasia began to rise in the breast of the honest Hartwig, and with old German frankness he approached her one morning, when he found her alone, and so movingly did his few simple words tell the feelings of his heart, that Adelasia could only answer him with silent tears: “I do not urge you,” continued the good-natured peasant when he saw her thus weeping, “I know well what the ring upon your finger means; we were told somewhat of your past history by father Hieronymus. You have loved a younger,—a finer man than I am, perhaps also a better one; but he is dead, and I would not be jealous of your silent remembrance of him; still might I be happy in your love. If you can say ‘yes,’ I think you will have no cause to repent of it; if you refuse me, my stay here cannot be long.”

Herlinda entered, Hartwig was silent, and Adelasia retired. Many days she wept and prayed in solitude without the struggle in her bosom being decided; she had in renouncing the Pilgrim sacrificed all her earthly hopes; Hart-

wig's modest suit found an advocate in her heart, and the doubts of conscience which Medardus had raised in her despairing soul called loudly on her to resign herself to that lot for which she seemed destined. She looked upon the ring on her finger and Vitali's words rushed upon her mind: "May it some future day tie a band of happiness for you under the blessing of God." But, more beautiful than ever, the remembrance of her youthful love arose in her mind when she felt herself thus summoned to part with it.

After several days had passed, Herlinda embraced a solitary hour to open the silent lips of the maiden. "Have you thought of Hartwig's words?" asked she; "and can you trust me for your confidant?"

"Ah, dear mother," responded Adelasia, "if you knew the agitation of my heart! If father Hieronymus ever told you how I was torn from my love, you may judge of my present feelings. I wish to obey the will of Heaven; Oh that you might pronounce it to me! In the judgment of pious old age its voice is heard."

"Now Heaven's saints preserve me!" answered Herlinda. "'Tis your own will must decide his lot and your own. Yes, Hieronymus told me that death had separated you from your beloved, and I sympathised with your tears; but there will arrive a time when they shall cease to flow; praise be to the hand which heals our deepest wounds! The graves are overgrown with moss,—and the years which roll over our heads bring patience and tranquillity along with them. Hartwig's happiness and that of the children has been placed by providence in your hands; if I die they are left alone, and you too a stranger in a foreign country. My eyes shall close more peacefully if you all stand united around my death-bed."

"May the Holy Virgin guide her feeble child!" said Adelasia. "To-morrow you shall know my resolution."

"God grant that in that reply you may give happiness to my only surviving son! Upon him rests all the hope of my

bereaved age. Look yonder, beyond the ruins gilded by the evening sun; when those walls were overthrown two of my children fell with them. I promised to relate to you the story,—the hour is fitting,—we are alone,—listen, and learn what human strength can endure in dependence on a higher will.

“Yonder castle, while yet standing in its magnificence, was the mansion of an illustrious race. Within the walls which now lie level with the ground, the last offspring of that house was born. I was an old servant in the family, and among those who joyfully greeted his first smile. Did you ever hear of John of Swabia?” Adelsia replied in the negative,—Herlinda continued: “Death early deprived the young prince of his nearest protector; he came under the guardianship of his uncle, the emperor Albert of Hapsburg, who cunningly sought to bring the inheritance of the child into his own family. He therefore enticed him into the snares of sensual pleasure in order to destroy the seeds of high born courage in his breast. He failed in the attempt; the young offspring of heroes grew up vigorous and beautiful,—his high origin might be read upon his brows,—the strength of his ancestors dwelt in his arm,—but an easily inflamed and too passionate mind was the stumbling-block which evil powers had placed on the pathway of his life. He saw with burning indignation his uncle, the emperor, retain his paternal inheritance, whilst his younger cousins were invested with ample domains. His lands groaned under a foreign master, and called aloud on their lawful sovereign to reclaim his rights. Designing and bad men presented themselves at his councils, as the serpent did to our first mother, and never ceased to whisper their malicious instigations into his ear. He felt his danger and turned his mind away from such thoughts to the pursuits of science; the learned men at the court of the emperor found in him a protector and zealous disciple; Albert marked it with pleasure,—praised his inclinations,—nourished them by every

means in his power,—and erected many a fine building to give occupation to John's taste for architecture."

"He was fond of architecture?" inquired Adelasia eagerly.

"Yes," replied the old woman; "and he was as much an adept in the art as his master, a highly gifted young man. As long as he possessed this friend, seduction could not approach him; but death took him away, and John's earlier favourites, young dissipated noblemen who hoped to raise themselves by his means, again surrounded him. They ridiculed the peaceable pursuits to which he had devoted himself, and urged him unceasingly to demand his rights in public from the emperor. John did so at a tournament where he had gained the first prize, whereupon Albert placed with many smiles a garland of roses upon his head, saying: 'Such ornaments are better suited to youthful brows than a Ducal coronet.' From that hour his good angel forsook the prince, and at last he fell into the snares which were laid for him, and which were gradually drawn closer and closer around him.

"I lived as housekeeper in yonder castle, which had remained unvisited since the death of its last master. My youngest son, and the husband of my daughter—the father of these orphans—were in John's service at the court of the emperor. Hartwig then lived in this hut,—nobody shared the solitude of the castle with me but my daughter. The dreadful report of the emperor's murder suddenly resounded through the country; the murderers were duke John and his favourites Walter von Eschenbach, Rudolf von Balm, and Rudolf von der Wart. A curse on the seducers! The deed had been perpetrated when the emperor was crossing the Reuss, at a moment when his whole retinue were still on the opposite side, and the conspirators found themselves alone with their sovereign. My brother Medardus, the first preceptor of the unfortunate prince, brought us the earliest tidings of the catastrophe. What became of John no one knows; he escaped on the horse of

the emperor. Eschenbach and Balm also fled; Rudolf von der Wart paid the forfeit with his life. The avengers of the murdered emperor forgot in their wrath all that men and Christians hold sacred; queen Agnes went through the country with torch and sword in her hand to revenge her father; she boasted that she walked upon roses when her feet waded in blood, and men shuddered when they witnessed the cruelty of woman. All the servants of John were condemned to death; my son also, the father of my grandchildren, perished, and his miserable widow survived his fate but a few days. Here I remained and looked on with indifference when the avenger made her appearance,—when the old castle in a few hours covered that soil with its ruins which it had for so many centuries adorned,—when the hut of Hartwig burned, and the fire successively seized upon all the peaceful dwellings around; I then took the children and fled from the place,—the avenger reared a convent on the spot where the emperor fell, where she continued to pray for the repose of his soul till the hour of her death.”

Herlinda at these words looked with an expression of terror on the distant ruins, and remained buried in her melancholy thoughts; Adelasia did not interrupt her,—she left the hut with quiet steps, and stood in the midst of the overgrown ruins almost before she was aware of it. She sat down upon a stone overshadowed by an alder-bush,—the sun sunk lower and lower,—the shadows fell longer and closer,—Adelasia sat immoveable. Twilight descended,—the pale moon gleamed upon the ruined walls,—she thought not of returning home. A figure approached towards her and stopt with his head bent low at a little distance from her; his limbs were wrapped in the garments of a pilgrim; high and lofty was his shape,—his countenance shone pale in the glimmer of the moon, like that of the inhabitant of another world.—“Saints of Heaven, it is his

spirit!" shrieked Adelasia, with a heart-wringing scream, and her senses fled.

On the breast of the Pilgrim the poor maiden was recalled to consciousness. Alas! it was himself, not his spirit. With Medardus he had been on a mission, and was now on his way to shut himself up for ever in the convent of the Kamuldulenses, according to the sentence of the pope. Medardus had convinced him that only thus could he expiate his crime. But once more he wished to see his home, and there he found Adelasia. She gazed long and doubtfully upon him; she answered none of his questions, but a deep joy shone through her eyes, and her trembling arms embraced him with all her former tenderness. "John of Swabia!" said she at last. "Thou art John of Swabia. I shall die, but death divides us not; thy tutelary angel remains with thee." After these words she fell again into deep silence.

Whilst in the silence of the moonlight night the unfortunate lovers met once more, Hartwig was seated with his mother, figuring to himself the cheerful future, and devising a hundred plans to promote the happiness of his beloved. The door opened,—a foreign pilgrim led the half-fainting Adelasia in,—every assistance was tendered her,—the pilgrim left not her side; occupied with Adelasia alone, they had at first not observed him; but Hartwig soon perceived that the right of the stranger to the place which he occupied was indisputable and consecrated by the tenderest love, for the looks of the invalid rested on the stranger alone, and seemed to behold nothing besides; her mild eyes were fixed upon him,—she seemed to see into his anguished bosom, and gently like the harmony of Heaven the same hymn flowed from her lips which had once floated around his bed. Unconsciously she had formed an obscure presentiment of his woe, and her last feeling was the wish to soothe it.

The next day brought a few lucid intervals; Adelasia wished to be left alone with John, and what these leaves con-

tain of her history she told him with a heavenly voice. When the parting sun shone upon the ruins in the evening, Adelasia's spirit had departed. John prayed with Hartwig beside her remains and at her grave ; he then disappeared unobserved by those around him. Hartwig took care of his mother till the day of her death, when he left the children in charge of faithful hands, and departed to Palestine, from whence he never returned.

THE

## THREE SWANS

A GERMAN POPULAR TRADITION.

to Wimpfen, a town situated upon the Neckar, there  
ofty mountain, on the top of which appears one of those  
but unfathomable lakes which are so frequently found  
ich situations in Germany. Popular superstition has  
ected the following pleasing legend with the lake of  
pfen.

beautiful boy was once seated upon the shores of the  
wreathing a coronal for himself out of the lovely flow-  
which grew upon its banks. He was quite alone, and  
and anon he raised his blue eyes, and gazed with child-  
onging across the glittering waters for a little boat in  
h to sail about over the tranquil expanse; but the boy  
ld nothing like a boat save a single plank of wood  
h moved to and fro on the tiny waves as they rippled  
rds the shore, and which, though it might have afforded  
ght support in swimming, could not carry him to the  
r side of the lake.

he boy raised his longing looks once more, and was as-  
hed to perceive three snow-white swans sailing proud-  
and down in the middle of the lake. At last the state-  
rds approached where the boy lay, who, delighted with  
ew companions, drew some crumbs of bread from his



pocket and fed them; they seemed to him so tame,—they looked so gentle,—and came so near to the shore, that the delighted boy thought to catch one of them; but when he stooped down with this design they moved gently away, and remained beyond his reach, although in his anxiety he nearly suspended his whole body above the deep lake, on the lowermost branch of a young poplar which grew upon the bank.

The tamer the three beautiful birds appeared to the boy, and the oftener that they baffled his attempts to catch them, the more eager he became to secure them for himself. He drew the plank from the water,—launched it again,—balanced himself with caution upon it—and, finding it supported him, pushed off with a shout of delight from the shore, and making use of his hands as oars rowed fearlessly after the swans.

The beautiful birds kept sailing immediately before him, but ever beyond his reach, until he had gained the middle of the lake. He now felt his strength exhausted, and for the first time became seized with excessive terror when he beheld nothing near or around him but the glittering waters. Meanwhile the three swans kept sailing around him in contracting circles, as if they wished to calm his rising alarms, but the gallant boy, when he beheld them so near to him, forgot his danger, and hastily stretched out his hand to grasp the nearest, when alas, his unsteady raft yielded to the impulse, and down he sank into the deep blue waters!

When the boy recovered from a long trance, he found himself lying upon a couch, in a magnificent castle, and before him stood three maidens of marvellous beauty.

“How came you hither?” inquired one of them, taking him by the hand with a sweet smile.

“I know not what has happened to me,” replied the boy. “I only remember that I once wished to catch three beautiful swans which were sailing upon the lake, and that I sank in the deep deep waters.”

"Will you stay with us?" asked one of the maidens. "Here you are most welcome; but this know, that if you remain three days with us, you can never again return to your father's house,—for, after that period, you would no longer be able to breathe the air of the world above, and you would therefore die."

The kindness of the three beautiful maidens, who looked like sisters, moved the boy, and inspired his guileless breast with confidence: "Yes," he exclaimed, leaping up joyfully from his couch, "yes, I will remain with you!"

The lovely sisters now led the wondering boy through their magnificent fairy palace. The splendour of the apartments dazzled his astonished senses. Nursed in poverty, and accustomed only to the simple furniture of his father's cot, he was now overwhelmed by the magnificence which surrounded him; the walls and floors of every room were curiously inlaid with gold and silver; there were pearls as large as walnuts, and diamonds the size of eggs, and red gold in bars, and such a profusion of wealth and of objects of inconceivable beauty as the peasant's son had never dreamt of, even when he lay on the banks of the lake, and gazed upwards on the deep blue heavens towards the dwellings of the angels. In the gardens which surrounded this enchanted palace grew fruits and flowers lovelier far than he had ever beheld; the apples were as large as a child's head, and the plums the size of ostrich eggs, and the cherries like billiard balls, and the flowers of marvellously varied forms and beauty; sweet birds filled the air with their merry warblings,—the little streamlets seemed to murmur music as they meandered through the emerald meads, and the zephyrs which played amid his hyacinthine locks, were more odorous than those of Araby, or the Spicy islands of the East.

The boy had often read of Paradise, and now he thought: "This is surely Paradise; and I am happy here!"

Weeks and months passed thus away, and still the youthful stranger remained unconscious of their flight; for a per-

petual succession of new objects occupied his attention ; and while roaming beneath the orange-trees with their golden fruit, he never thought of the broad oak which stretched its sheltering arms above his father's hut.

But at last, when nearly a whole year was gone, the mortal inhabitant of this enchanted region was suddenly seized with an irrepressible longing to return to his native village. Nothing pleased him now,—nothing any longer gratified his boyish fancy,—the flowers had lost their beauty to his sensitive eye,—the melody of the streams, and the songs of the birds fell tuneless on his listless ear,—the sky above him appeared far less beautiful than that on whose reflected hues he had so often gazed as he lay on the banks of the deep lake,—but when he thought of the words of the beautiful maidens, who had assured him that return to the light of another world was impossible after the third day's sojourning in this enchanted region, he hid his secret sorrow in his inmost soul, and only gave vent to his grief when he thought the thick shades of the garden concealed him from observation. Much he strove when the three kind sisters approached him to appear happy and cheerful as formerly, but he could not conceal the grief which was preying within ; and when they kindly inquired what ailed him, he tried to account for his altered appearance and demeanour by various excuses and pretences of bad health.

One day as he lay in the light of the setting sun, upon the green banks of a limpid stream, though all nature around him appeared charming, rich, and luxurious, and the air was filled with fragrance, and the birds sang their evening-song, and on the meadow before him were some cheerful labourers, singing cheerfully while at work, he felt that all this beauty and melody wanted something without which they could minister no happiness to his longing soul. His father's hut suddenly rose in lively colours before his fancy ; he saw his beloved mother weeping bitterly at the door, and he knew that it was for him she wept ; and he beheld all his long-

forgotten companions with their familiar faces standing around his mother, and heard them calling his name aloud as if in sorrow; and then the poor boy sobbed aloud and wept bitterly with his face hid in the tall grass. As he lay in this posture he heard a clear voice singing in the distance, and as he listened the sounds waxed more audible and seemed to float nearer him through the still air. Again they died away in the distance, and again they approached towards him, until he distinctly heard the following words sung apparently by different and separated voices :

FIRST VOICE.

The home of my childhood, how brightly it shines  
 'Mid the dreary darkling past !  
 There the sunlight of memory never declines,  
 Still green is its valley,—still green are its vines.  
 What charms hath memory cast  
 Around thy father's cot ?

SECOND VOICE.

Oh the home of my childhood was wild and rude  
 In the depth of an Alpine solitude ;  
 But dearer to me and fairer far  
 Its rocks and dells and streamlets are,  
 Than the thousand vales of the noble Rhine !  
 Hast thou so dear a home ?

THIRD VOICE.

Far, far away, in the twilight gray,  
 My spirit loves to roam,  
 To one sweet spot, oh ne'er forgot !  
 My childhood's home.

FOURTH VOICE.

The eagle lent me his wing of pride,  
 And away with him I flew,

O'er many a land and ocean wide,  
To a vale my childhood knew.

When the fourth voice had died softly away in the distance, the boy—whose young heart now heaved till it was like to burst with wild and uncontrollable longings to return to his father's home—heard the rush of heavy wings passing near him, and looking up he beheld a beautiful snow-white eagle, with a golden crown upon its head, and a collar of rubies, alight near to him on the meadow. The noble bird looked with a friendly eye upon him, and he heard another voice singing faintly and far off these words :

The eagle is a bird of truth,  
And his wing is swift and strong.

The boy moved by a strong and momentary impulse sprung to his feet and ran towards the noble bird, which bent its crowned head and stretched out its long wings as if to salute him on his approach ; but he now discovered that the eagle's strong talons were fixed in a swan, which lay beneath him, and which he knew to be one of those which he had seen swimming on the lake near Wimpfen. Then the manly boy seized a branch of a tree and with it drove away the cruel eagle from the swan. No sooner had he performed this grateful action, than he suddenly beheld the three lovely sisters from whom he had just been longing to make his escape, standing before him, and smiling so sweetly and mildly upon him, that he felt ashamed of his wish to leave them secretly, and hung down his head blushing deeply.

Then one of them spoke : " We know thy thoughts dear youth, and what it is that moves thee so deeply. And though we are sorry to part with thee, yet as thou hast proved thyself so faithful towards us, thy secret desire shall be granted, and to-morrow thou shalt behold thy father, and mother, and brethren, and sisters."

The poor boy stood mute before his kind benefactresses; he wept because he was about to part with them, and he also wept when he thought how long he had tarried away from his home; all night he tossed about on a restless couch unable to resolve on departing, and equally unable to reject the offer which had been made to him by his kind and lovely friends. At last sleep sank down on his weary eyelids, and when he awoke the following morning, he found himself lying on the shore of the well-known lake. He looked upon the waters and beheld the three swans sailing at a little distance from him; but when he stretched his hands towards them, as if to say that he wished again to join them, they beckoned in a friendly manner to him, and then diving beneath the surface reappeared not again.

All was pleasure and astonishment when the long-lost boy again presented himself in his native village. His friends and companions assembled around him and heard his wonderful story, but none believed it.

But after the first greetings were over, and his first transports of joy on finding himself again restored to his parents and youthful companions had subsided, the boy was seized with a secret longing to return to the unknown land; and this desire grew more vehement every day. He would now wander about the shores of the lake from sunrise till the stars appeared in the nightly heavens; but the three swans never returned, and the poor boy wept and sighed in vain for those Elysian fields in which it had once been permitted him to wander. His cheeks now grew pale as the withered rose, his eye became dim and languid, his bounding limbs grew more feeble every day, and all joy left his bosom. One evening he had dragged himself with much difficulty to the shore of the lake,—the evening sun threw its last radiance on the waters,—and he heard a sweet silver-like voice which seemed to rise from the blue depth beneath him singing these verses :

## THE THREE SWANS.

Thou who hast roam'd through  
The bright world below,  
What joy can thy bosom  
On earth ever know?

Dost thou dread the blue wave?  
Thou hast tried it before,—  
One plunge in its bosom  
Thy sorrows are o'er!

The voice had died away in the distance, but the boy now stood close on the margin of the lake gazing intently upon it, as if his eye sought to measure its profound depth. He turned round and cast one look upon his father's cot, and he thought that he heard his mother's voice calling him through the still evening; but again the soft silver-like voice rose up from the bosom of the placid waters, and he knew it to be the voice of one of the three fairy sisters: "Adieu, adieu, dear mother!" he cried, and with a shout of mingled joy and fear flung himself headlong into the fathomless waters, which closed around him for ever.

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# GRASSO LEGNAIUOLO

OR

WHO AM I?

AN ITALIAN STORY.

A PARTY of young Florentines were one evening at supper in a friend's house, whose name was Tommaso de Pecori,—a highly respectable gentleman, who relished a joke exceedingly, and delighted in pleasant society. After supper the party had drawn together in front of a cheerful fire, and were talking freely and merrily together, as friends are apt to do under such circumstances. "What could be the reason," said one of them, "that Manetto Ammannotini refused to be of our party to-night? We all urged him to join us, but he was quite inflexible." Now this Manetto was an ebony-carver; he had a shop in the Piazza San Giovanni, and a clever fellow withal was he in his line; he had a proper person, a jocose turn of mind, and might be on the safe side of thirty-five years of age. Being rather tall and inclined to corpulency, he had received the name of Grasso from the good-fellows with whom he associated, and whose company he always relished, though in the present instance he had manifested most unusual unwillingness to make one of their party. Tommaso's guests were wholly unable to conceive any fitting reason for Manetto's obstinacy,—it was whim, mere caprice, and they felt themselves not a little piqued at it.



"Well then, seeing it is so," cried the first speaker, "why should we not play him such a trick as will cure him of such whims for the future?"—"But what trick could we play him,—except making him stand a fine, or treat us?" inquired another.

"Gentlemen," said Philip of Brunellesco, one of the party, who was well-acquainted with Manetto, "if you approve of it, I think we could play-off a hoax upon Grasso which will afford us no small amusement.—Suppose we combine to inspire him with strong doubts of his personal identity,—to persuade him that he is not the real Grasso, but another person?"—"But," objected all the rest, "the thing is impossible."—Philip, however, who was a shrewd knowing fellow, quickly explained his plan, and satisfied them that the thing was not only possible but very practicable; so they all agreed to lend their aid in persuading poor Grasso that he had by some unaccountable agency been changed into Matteo, another member of the party.

The following night was accordingly fixed upon for carrying their plot into effect upon their recreant friend; and it was agreed that Philip, as being most intimate with Grasso, should present himself at his shop about the hour of shutting-up. So he went; and, as had been concerted, while talking with the carver, a young lad came running into the shop in great haste, and inquired if Messer Philip of Brunellesco were there.—Philip replied in the affirmative, and desired to know what was wanted with him.—"Oh, Sir," said the boy, "you must come home instantly; for your mother has met with a sad accident; she has been nearly killed, and there is not a moment to lose." Hereupon Philip with well-counterfeited grief, exclaimed: "Good heavens, what is this!" and affected to bid a hasty adieu to the carver, who sympathized so strongly with his friend, in his feigned distress, that the latter felt somewhat conscience-smitten while rejecting his kind offer to accompany him home, but at the same time intimating that he would, perhaps, send for him

if his services were required. Philip now set out as if proceeding homeward; but on reaching the corner of the street he slipped into a path which led him to the back-door of Grasso's house, which was opposite to the Church of Santa Reparata; here by means of a picklock he introduced himself into the house, and fastened the door carefully behind him, so that no one could follow him.

It happened that Grasso's own mother had set out a few days previous to this to a little cottage which she possessed at Pelerossa, whither she occasionally went to superintend the washings of her linen and other household affairs of the kind, and she was now hourly expected home again. After shutting-up his shop, Grasso sauntered along the Piazza San Giovanni, musing over the misfortune which had just befallen his friend's family; but it beginning to grow late, he concluded that Philip, not having sent for him, had not required his services, and directed his steps homewards. On ascending the two steps which led from the door, he found it resisted his attempts to open it; but perceiving that the key was turned in the inside, he shouted aloud: "Open the door!" conceiving that his mother had returned from the country, and for some reason or other had locked herself into the house. After some delay, a voice answered from within: "Who is there?" in a tone so greatly resembling Grasso's own, that he started.—"It is I," replied the carver; "let me in!"—"No!" replied the voice; "and I have to request, Matteo, that you will go away; for I am in great distress about my friend Philip, whose mother has met with a sad accident. We were talking together in my shop this evening, when a boy came in and called him away in great haste, saying that his mother was just dying: so you may be sure I am greatly distressed on account of my friend." To perfect the delusion, Philip, still in the character of Grasso, and, as if turning to his mother, continued: "Now do, pray good mother, let me have some supper; it was really too bad to leave me so long alone; you promised to be home

two days ago,—and here you are only now, and at this hour of the night!” Thus he went on growling and imitating Grasso’s voice and manner to the life.

“What the deuce can all this mean!” exclaimed the astonished carver. “That is my own voice within,—I could almost swear to it,—and yet it cannot be I! Let me see. He says Philip was talking with him in his shop when the messenger arrived and informed him of his mother’s illness,—and now he is busy scolding his mother, or my mother Giovanna, I know not which! I must have lost my senses, or what does all this mean?”

Poor Grasso now stepped from the stair into the street, and began shouting up to the windows, when at the same instant—as had been previously arranged—his very good friend Donatello, the sculptor, came up and greeted him as he past: “Good evening, Matteo, good evening,—are you going to call upon your friend Grasso—he has just gone home.” And with these words the sculptor passed on. Grasso was now utterly confounded; he knew Donatello perfectly well; and the latter knew him as well as any man in Florence, and yet he had called him Matteo—it was bewildering! He now resolved to take a turn or two in the Piazza San Giovanni, till some one who could assure him of his identity might pass by, and tell him who he really was.

Here again, according to previous concert, he was accosted by four officers of police, and a messenger, accompanied by a man to whom the real Matteo actually owed a sum of money. “Here is your man; this is Matteo, my debtor; I have caught him at last!” shouted the creditor to the minions of justice, who as quick as the words were spoken had laid hands on the unfortunate carver, and began to drag him away in spite of all his protestations and threats. It was in vain that poor Grasso, turning to his feigned creditor, exclaimed: “What have you to do with me? You have mistaken your man! Whom do you take me to be? I am Grasso, the carver; I am not Matteo, nor a drop’s blood to

him; I do not know him!" He would have followed up his remonstrance with blows, but the officers pinioned his arms, while the creditor, stepping forward and coolly surveying him from head to foot, exclaimed with the utmost composure: "Aha! You not Matteo,—we shall soon see that! Think you that I have not too good reason to know my own debtor? Cannot I distinguish him from Grasso, the carver? Come, come friend, your *alias* will not pay me my debt,—off with him bailiff, we shall soon see whether he be Matteo or not!" They now hurried Grasso towards the prison; and it being supper-time they encountered no one on the way.

On his arrival at the gaol, his name was entered in the gaol-book as Matteo, and the other prisoners hearing this name, addressed their evening-salutation to their new comrade under this name. "Good evening, Matteo, good evening!" resounded from all sides of the prison; and Grasso hearing himself called Matteo by every one, exclaimed: "There must be something in all this; what can it mean?" and almost began to believe that he was indeed Matteo.—"Will you take a share of our supper, Matteo," said his fellow-prisoners; "and put off care about your case till to-morrow?" With this invitation Grasso complied, and after supper one of the prisoners gave him a share of his pallet, observing: "Now, Matteo, make what shift you can for to-night; and to-morrow if you can pay-off, well and good,—if the cash is wanting lose no time in sending for a few bed-clothes for yourself." Grasso thanked his comrade for his advice, and lay down in deep reflection upon his supposed transformation: "If I have been really changed into Matteo—of which the evidences are only too overwhelming—what is to be done? If I send home to my mother, and Grasso should really be at home himself, all the world will laugh at me and say I am mad. And yet surely I am the real Grasso!"

The poor carver tossed about all night, unable get a wink

of sleep from the multitude and perplexity of his cogitations. In the morning he arose, and stationed himself at one of the little grated windows of the prison, in the hope that some one who knew him might pass and undeceive him. The first passenger who approached was a young man called Giovanni Francesco Rucellai, who had been one of the supper-party at Tommaso's house that evening when the plot against Grasso was hatched. Now it happened that Grasso was making a dressing-table for this Giovanni; and the latter had been in his shop a very short time before urging him to get it finished, that he might present it to the lady for whom it was intended. This person now entered a shop exactly fronting the grating where Grasso stood, whereupon the latter began to nod and grin at him with some earnestness; but Giovanni affected to know nothing about him, and to be surprised at his assurance: "What are you grinning at, friend?" said he.—"Oh nothing at all, save your pardon; but pray may I make bold to ask whether you know a person of the name of Grasso, an ebony-carver, who lives at the back of the Piazza San Giovanni?"—"Know Grasso!" rejoined the other, "to be sure I do. I know him very well; he is a particular friend of mine, and I am just going to speak to him about a job of mine he has in hands."—"Oh then," said Grasso, "as you are going to his shop at any rate, will you be so very obliging as to say to Grasso, that a very particular friend of his own has been taken into custody, and is extremely desirous to speak with him for a single moment?"—Giovanni was scarcely able to preserve countenance while he promised to attend to the prisoner's commission. When he had gone away poor Grasso exclaimed to himself, with all the bitterness of utter despair: "Well it is clear I am no longer Grasso, but Matteo, and that with a vengeance! Oh what a cursed scrape is this which I have got myself into,—and for Grasso, I mean Matteo that should be, the devil's blessing attend him! But what am I to do,—what *can* I do? If I so much as chirp my belief, the peo-

ple will think me mad,—the very lazzaróni will hoot at me. And again if I should not be able to convince people of the mistake, some new misfortune, like that of yesterday's, or perhaps worse, will spring up for me. Indeed, indeed, Grasso or Matteo, whoever thou art, thou art in a sad plight, a most awkward dilemma! But let us see whether this Grasso will come; perhaps our mutual explanations will throw some light on such a confounded piece of business."

Having waited for a considerable time in fruitless expectation of Grasso's arrival, he withdrew from the grating to make way for another prisoner. It happened that among the number of Grasso's companions in durance was a certain judge—whose name we abstain through delicacy from mentioning—who had been imprisoned by his creditors. This learned personage, though unacquainted with Grasso, seeing him walking up and down with such a disconsolate air, sought by every means in his power to comfort and inspirit him: "Why now, Matteo," said he, "you look as forlorn as if you were going to be executed by to-morrow's sunrise! And yet according to what I hear, you are only here for debt, and that but a small one: Why do you lay such a trifling casualty so much to heart? Can't you send for some of your friends, and get them to pay the money for you, or bail you out in some way or other, and not continue stalking about like a condemned criminal here?"—Grasso perceiving the good intentions of the man, drew him aside into a corner of the apartment, and began to explain the whole affair to him. "Although you know not me," said he, "yet I know you very well. I know you, though I am sorry to see you here, to be a very worthy man, and I shall be glad to explain to you what it is that is really preying so deeply upon my spirits. Debt! No, no, my dear sir, it is something ten thousand times more dreadful than the consciousness of being in debt, and having no means to satisfy unrelenting creditors,—I am not myself! Yes, I, once known by the name of Grasso the carver, am no longer Grasso, but Mat-

teo,—I have been changed against my will, and in a manner totally beyond my comprehension, into another man,—a different person from what I was known to be to myself and others for more than thirty years!" Here the poor carver entered into a detailed account of the whole mysterious transaction: "And now, my dear and venerable sir," said he in conclusion, "I know you to be a most learned man, and that you have read a great deal, but did you ever know, or hear, or read of such a case as mine?" The worthy judge who immediately perceived that either the carver had lost his senses, or had been made the dupe of some well-concerted hoax, replied to the earnest interrogation now addressed to him, that he had heard of many similar and equally unaccountable transformations having taken place. "And do you really believe," said Grasso, "that I am become Matteo?"—"Certainly," replied the judge; "and that Matteo of course has become Grasso."—"Well, since it is so, and must be so I should only like to see Grasso himself, just to quiet my mind," sighed the poor carver.

Whilst the two prisoners were thus discoursing with each other, two of Matteo's brothers came to the gaoler, and inquired for Matteo, whom, they added, they understood had been given into his charge the preceding evening by one of his creditors. The gaoler answered that he had Matteo in charge; and that his debt amounted to such a sum. "Well," said they, "we will just speak a few words with him before placing the debt in your hand." So they desired one of the prisoners to call Matteo forward to the grating where his brothers wished to speak with him. The fellow having delivered his message, Grasso stepped forward, and made a profound obeisance to the two complotters who stood without: whereupon the elder of the brothers delivered the following harangue with great solemnity of manner and the most exquisite seriousness: "Ah, brother Matteo, thou knowest how often we have reproved thee on account of thy bad manner of life! Thou art every day getting into debt with

some person or other; and yet every successive day sees thee draining thy purse at the gaming-table! And now that thou hast got thyself into gaol through means of thy thoughtless and dishonourable practices, thou thinkest we will come forward to relieve thee, though thou hast consumed more money in thy sinful ways than we dare to think of. We do declare that were it not for our own honour and for the sake of our mother, we would leave thee awhile longer in this infamous place, so thou mightest be brought to some sense of shame and repentance. But for this once we will pay thy debt and rescue thee from the consequences of thy folly, though we are determined to leave thee to reap the full fruits of thy doings shouldst thou ever get thyself into prison again. Yet as we may not, for our good character's sake, be seen leaving this place in company with such a one as thee, we will return towards evening, when there are fewer people on the street, and take thee hence." At the conclusion of this speech poor Grasso prayed his brothers with all the earnestness of unaffected terror to come and relieve him at the hour mentioned, and solemnly vowed and protested that he would never again be guilty of the indiscretions now laid to his charge.—"It is strange enough," said Grasso to his friend the judge, after his pretended brothers had gone away,— "here have been two men calling themselves my brothers, or at least the brothers of that Matteo into whom it seems I have been changed,—and they have spoken to me as the real Matteo, and have chid me very severely for my faults, but have promised to come this evening and take me out of confinement; but whether in the world shall I go? If I go home I will find myself, that is Grasso, already there,—and then what shall I have to say for myself? They will take me for a madman, and treat me as such." Hereat the judge could scarcely refrain from breaking out into a loud laugh; but checking so unmannerly a disposition, he advised Grasso to go home quietly with the two persons calling themselves his brothers, when they



should come for him, and so wait the issue of the matter patiently and in good heart. When evening came, the brothers presented themselves according to their promise at the prison, and having paid the debt on which the feigned warrant for Matteo's imprisonment proceeded, the doors were thrown open, and the three brothers went away—it being now nearly dark—towards Santa Felicita, their home being in that quarter.

On their arrival at home, they conducted Matteo into a room on the ground-floor of the house, where they requested him to remain without making any noise, as his presence, if discovered, would add to their mother's illness. Right content to find himself out of bonds, but much wondering what would next ensue, the transformed man sat down by the fireside with one of his new-found brothers, while the other left the house and proceeded to call on the curé of San Felicita, a very well-disposed and amiable sort of man, whom he gravely requested to use his good offices in restoring an insane brother, who had recently begun to doubt his own identity, to the possession of his senses. The good priest readily undertook the task, adding, that if he could only fall upon some method of engaging the unfortunate man in rational conversation, he would soon be able to dispel the extraordinary hallucination under which he laboured. So the two set out together, and on their arrival at the house where Grasso was, the priest was ushered in and received with great respect. "Good evening to thee!" said the priest at his entrance.—"Good evening, father; and pray who may it be that you are in quest of?" replied the carver.—"I have come with the view of having a little conversation with thee, Matteo," said the ecclesiastic, seating himself close at Grasso's side; "I am heartily grieved, my good friend, to hear of the difficulties which thou hast brought thyself into; and above all I am grieved to think of the lamentable hallucination of mind which has seized thee—the just punishment, doubtless, of thy sins and wayward manner of life—causing thee

to doubt of thy own identity, and to insist against every reasonable evidence, and the assurances of thy friends, that thou art no longer Matteo, but art become a certain carver, Grasso by name, who keeps a shop at Santa Reparata. Now I think, Matteo, thou art verily blameable for allowing the matter of thy imprisonment to affect thy mind so deeply as it seems to do ; and I have to beseech thee that thou wilt put away from thee all these nonsensical whims, and attend to thy business like every other honest and rational man. By so doing, and acting as becomes thyself, thou wilt greatly gladden thy brothers as well as myself, and furthermore, thou wilt save thy character from undergoing such an examination by the world as would for ever ruin thy prospects in life. Come, rouse thyself, give up this nonsense, and once more be a man!" Grasso was much affected by the mild but earnest manner of the reverend father, and declared that he would do what in him lay to follow his advice, which he was sure was well-meant, and above all that he would no longer allow himself to doubt of his being in truth Matteo, and not Grasso ; but he added that he was particularly anxious to have an interview with the real Grasso, in order to set his mind quite at rest in a matter which yet to him had so much of the incomprehensible about it. "What," exclaimed the priest, "is that pestiferous idea still running in thy head? Beshrew thee for a downright fool and madman ! What hast thou to do with Grasso or he with thee? No more of this whim, or thou art a doomed maniac in the eyes of the world all thy days." And with many similar reasonings, expostulations, and threatenings did the good priest strive to restore Matteo to his sound mind, before taking leave of him and returning to his official duties in the church.

While the priest had been thus engaged with poor Grasso, Philip of Brunellesco had quietly entered the house, and received a full account of the whole transaction from the pretended brothers, which afforded him and them very great

amusement. "I have brought a sleeping draught with me," said he, "which you will be sure to administer secretly to him while at supper,—once swallowed you may beat its proprietor to a mummy before he awakes within the six hours; I will be with you again at five, when we will finish the joke. Accordingly, it being full supper-time, the brothers re-entered the room in which they had placed the carver, and sat down to supper, in the course of which they contrived that Grasso should swallow the whole soporific potion without any suspicion of what was intended. After supper they turned themselves towards the fire, and in a few minutes the potion began to operate so powerfully that Grasso was no longer able to keep his eyes open. "What, Matteo, asleep already!" exclaimed the brothers, much amused at the success of their artifice.—"Yes, I never felt so sleepy in my life before; methinks I could not feel more sleepy than I do just now, had I never shut my eyes for a month past; so the best thing I can do is to go to bed." It was with some difficulty they got him to his sleeping apartment; and his head had scarcely touched the pillow ere he was fast asleep and snoring like a pig.

At the hour appointed Philip and some of his companions made their appearance, and had Grasso transported in a deep slumber to his own house; no one being within—his mother not having returned from Polerossa—they got him placed softly down on his own bed, and deposited his clothes on the accustomed chair. This being done, they took the keys of his shop, which were hanging upon a nail in the room, and proceeding thither, took his work-tools and scattered them about in a most extraordinary manner,—planes, saws, hammers, rules, hatchets, all were arranged in the very manner in which they ought not to have been placed; and the carver's workshop quickly exhibited such a scene of disorderly array as would have matched the devil and a dozen of his imps to produce in a night's work. They then carefully locked-up the shop, and replaced the keys on their nail in

Grasso's bed-room, after which each one took his way home and went to rest.

The matin-bell of Santa Maria del Fiore was ringing when Grasso first awoke from his profound slumber; but never was a man more astonished at finding himself in his own house and in his own bed than he! The extraordinary events of the preceding day were fresh in his recollection,—his mind was yet enveloped in that thick mist of doubt and terror which these events had produced,—and yet here he was in his own bed with every thing around him *in statu quo*! Had he only dreamt all this,—were all the miseries of mind, all the torments of body which he had endured, nothing more than the deceptions of a dream? Impossible! And yet what else could he make of it? “Heaven help me!” sighed the poor man, as he drew on his clothes, and felt how incomprehensible an enigma his own existence had become to himself. On entering his shop his confusion was, if possible, increased by the spectacle which there met his eyes; but as he stood gaping around him in utter bewilderment, Matteo's two brothers entered. “Good morning, Grasso!” exclaimed they.—“Good day and good year to you, gentlemen; and what may your purpose be now?” replied Grasso, jealously eyeing the men who were so mixed-up with his unpleasant reminiscences, but who now stood before him with faces at least utterly unconscious of any thing wrong. “Why,” began one of them, “our brother Matteo has of late taken a strange fancy into his head; nothing that we can say or show him will satisfy him that he is not you, and master of this shop. Our priest, a very worthy sensible man, had a long conversation with him last night, and we flattered ourselves he had succeeded in driving the absurd notion out of him, for he went to bed after taking a hearty supper quite cheerful. But this morning, on entering his bed-room, we found him flown, and whither the poor man has gone, we know not, but it occurred to us he might be here inspecting his shop, as he imagines it to be.” Grasso's perplexity had now

reached its acme. Trembling with rage and apprehension, he exclaimed: "I know nothing about him; your brother has never been here, and if he says that he is I, I say he tells a falsehood—a monstrous lie—an utter untruth, as my fists may perhaps teach him should he happen to cross my path!" And with these words he threw his cloak around him, pushed the gentlemen out of the shop,—locked the door,—and bolted down the street in a state of ludicrous excitement.

The brother-complotters laughed heartily at the carver's indignation, and took their way home. But Grasso entered the church of Santa Maria, where he paced about in mighty wrath until joined by an old acquaintance and brother-carver, a native of Terma, who had been abroad some time and had just returned to Florence to procure some additional assistants in his trade, his business having increased so greatly where he was now settled. When this man entered the church, Grasso running up to him, seized him by the hand, and exclaimed: "You have more than once urged me to share your fortune abroad, but particular circumstances have hitherto compelled me to decline your kind offers; matters are now altered,—some unpleasant occurrences have recently taken place in our small family,—and I am anxious to quit Florence instantly: are you still willing to stand by your former offer?" His friend with great readiness answered in the affirmative, for he well-knew Grasso's great merits as a carver, and felt assured that they would greatly assist each other in business. It was arranged that Grasso should instantly set out for Bologna, at which city his friend would join him; and that they should then proceed together to Hungary where they would settle themselves. Accordingly at an early hour next morning Grasso was on his way to Bologna, after having arranged his little affairs, and written a letter to his mother in which he desired her to take possession of all the property which he had left behind him in Florence. The two friends prospered so well in Hungary, that in a very few years they had each realized handsome

nes ; and more than once Grasso revisited his native  
where the companions of his earlier years were often  
edingly diverted by the grave relation which he gave of  
extraordinary event which had first driven him from  
nce.

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# BELPHAGOR

AN ITALIAN STORY.

BY NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI.

It is recorded in the ancient archives of the city of Florence, that a pious man, who died in the full odour of sanctity, once fell into a singular trance, during which his spirit descended into the infernal regions, where he beheld an infinite number of his fellow-men, who had lived a sinful life while in the body, undergoing the awful punishments due to their offences. And while sojourning in this fearful place he heard the greater number of the poor wretches around him loudly lamenting that they had ever taken wives while upon earth, attributing to them almost the whole of their sins and the subsequent punishment which had overtaken them; whereat the good man greatly marvelled; but Minos, Rhadomanthus, and the other judges of these doleful regions, happening to have appointed a day for laying the universal complaint before Pluto, and investigating into the truth thereof, the holy man made a point of being present at the solemn convocation of the infernal legislators, where he heard the president of the court deliver the following charge :

“ Dearly beloved demons, though alike by the will of Heaven and the irreversible decree of Fate we possess the supreme authority and rule in these realms, and are wholly unaccountable to any created or uncreated power for our acts and deeds in the government thereof; yet as it is most wise and fitting at all times to consult the established laws

of the realm, and to take the benefit of the opinions of our legislative brethren in every matter of dubiety, we have resolved in the present instance to proceed with all due circumspection, and to avail ourselves of your advice,—and that the more especially as the matter under consideration affecteth deeply the honour and integrity of our sway and dominion in these parts of the universe. It is, my brethren, currently reported and affirmed by the great majority of the souls which are hourly arriving in these our dominions, that the sole cause of their being sent thither was their having married while living in the upper world. They aver on their faith and honour as spirits, and by their hope of being ultimately pardoned, that their wives were the sole cause of all their sins, and finally, of their greatest sufferings under our equitable and just government. Now as this charge appeareth to touch our long-established character for equity and justice, we are willing that the same be thoroughly sifted, in order that we may at once be relieved from any malignant accusation, either of overlooking the ends and purposes of justice in our too great lenity, or of going beyond the strictest bounds of the same by an undue severity of administration. The one of these cases, you will perceive, learned demons, doth in effect represent us as careless in the matter of judgment; the other doth entail upon us the still worse character of an unjust judge; and we, however conscious of our integrity, being willing to avoid both in the eyes of all, and even to save appearances among these our lawful subjects, yet feeling much doubt and difficulty regarding the best course to be adopted under the circumstances, have resolved to avail ourselves of the advice and experience of our learned brethren, and do hope that you will in your wisdom devise some method for the fullest investigation of the present matter, and the most effective exoneration of our name, character, and dignity, as just and equitable rulers of these realms, from reproach, insinuation, or misrepresentation, in all time coming.”



The case, as stated in the high president's speech, appeared to the whole assembled demons as of the highest importance, and well-worthy this gravest deliberation. But it seemed to the wisest amongst them that the proper way of proceeding in so grave an affair would be first to establish the truth of the facts founded upon; but respecting the best means and time of carrying this investigation into effect they differed greatly. Some counselled that they should depute one of their own number to visit the upper world, make himself personally acquainted with the *res matrimonii*, and report accordingly at as early a period as possible. Others were of opinion that the truth might be more easily reached by compelling a few of the disembodied spirits to confess the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, under terror of the rack. But the majority were in favour of the former opinion, and the court decided accordingly.

When inquiry was made, however, it was found that no demon was willing to undertake the proposed commission. So the court proceeded to determine by lot whom they should depute, and the lot fell upon the arch-devil Belphagor, who, previous to his expulsion from Heaven, had born the titles and rank of an archangel among the sons of Light. Belphagor, not without symptoms of insubordination and high dislike of the task, but constrained by the awe and submission which he felt himself compelled to pay to Pluto, undertook the important mission, and prepared himself for his journey. But before he departed they obliged him to enter into the following conditions, and to swear that he would faithfully observe the same: viz.

*Imprimis*, That the said Belphagor, the better to enable him to execute the important commission now intrusted to him, should receive from the infernal treasury the sum of one hundred thousand ducats. *Secundo*, That his arch-devilship should proceed upon his mission to the upper world with all convenient speed. *Tertio*, That the said high commissioner should, upon his assuming the human form, as soon

as possible thereafter get wed unto one of the daughters of Eve. *Quarto*, That with his said spouse he should dwell for the full period of ten years, at the expiry of which period he should, by virtue of that power which spirits possess, feign death, and so return home, in order that his employers might, by the relation of his experience of the wedded state, satisfy themselves touching the alleged conveniences and inconveniences of matrimony. *Ultimo*, For the more effectually enabling Belpagor to execute the trust hereby reposed in him, it was specially declared, that during the period of his sojourn in the world above, he should be subject to all the pains, diseases, and infirmities of humanity,—even to those calamities which the imprudence of men bring upon themselves, such as poverty and imprisonment for debt, unless he could contrive by his own ingenuity to avoid them.

Poor Belpagor—it was afterwards revealed to the holy man, from whose lips the Florentines received this history—in compliance with these conditions received his one hundred thousand ducats, assumed the body of a man, and forthwith made his appearance in the upper world, nigh to the city of Florence, which he entered in grand style with a splendid equipage, and which city he had selected in preference to any other, from the knowledge which he had long had of it as a place where money could be most usuriously employed, and where of course he would find himself best able to play the wealthy rake. Here he assumed the name of Roderigo, and took a house in the Borgo d' Ognissanti, giving himself out as a Spanish merchant, and a native of Castile, who had acquired a large fortune at Aleppo, and had now come to Italy for the purpose of marrying and settling in a country which he preferred to all others in the world.

Roderigo was certainly a very handsome man; he appeared to be about thirty years of age; and his style of living and address gave evidence both that he was possessed of ample funds, and knew how to employ them in a gentlemanly manner. Accordingly he soon became an object of solicitude

to many of the noble Florentines, who had been blessed with large families of daughters, and cursed with light purses. Among others there was one Amerigo Donati who had three sons and four marriageable daughters, and who made honourable advances to the wealthy stranger, whose finances, he perceived, might come in good time to recruit his own fortune, which a style of living, suitable indeed to his rank, but not equally so to his means, had reduced to a very shattered condition. Among Donati's daughters there was one Onesta by name whose handsome appearance and beautiful features won Roderigo's regards, and the marriage was accordingly quickly arranged. The wedding was a most splendid one: for—as we already explained—the delegate had consented to become subject, during his residence upon earth, to all the vanities and passions of his new associates; and poor Belpagor was not many weeks upon duty before he got himself involved as deeply as any mother's son amongst us in all the absurdities and frivolous pursuits and gratifications of the human species. Madonna Onesta was really a very beautiful woman, and well-worthy of all admiration; but our poor devil became in a short time most extravagantly fond of her, and went a length in complying with her every weakness, which very few men, however good husbands they make, would ever have consented to. Onesta with the usual acuteness of her sex, discovered this failing in her lord, and resolved to profit by it. Now with all her beauty and accomplishments she happened to be as proud as Lucifer himself, so that it may well be imagined poor Belpagor led not the most quiet life in the world with her. Indeed her arrogance and imperiousness of temper were such, that it was currently reported throughout Florence that Onesta knew perfectly well how to apply the *baculum* as well as the *argumentum ad hominem* when it was her pleasure to rule. Belpagor had had personal experience of what the Prince of Pride himself demanded from his subjects; but he now found that Lucifer's dominion was far less

intolerable than that of a domineering spouse ; though his own high ideas respecting the duties of the state matrimonial, the influence of her father and relatives, and the real love he bore to Onesta, enabled him for awhile to endure the persecution and insults to which he was now hourly exposed. We will not fatigue the reader with the recital of a tithe of the extravagancies, follies, and whims to which poor Belphegor now felt himself under the necessity of yielding the most ready compliance. Every new article of dress—and who knows not how fluctuating the fashions in giddy Florence are—every new absurdity which the passing day brought forth in the *ton*, Onesta commanded her lord instantly to indulge her in, under pain of her high displeasure. Nay, this was not all ; the extravagances of others must be paid out of his purse ; he was obliged to assist in portioning his sisters-in-law, to set up two of his wife's brothers in trade as merchants, and deck out a gold-beater's establishment at Florence for the third. In such objects the greater part of his ducats were soon consumed. But the Carnival too, and feast of St John were approaching,—the whole city was in a ferment of preparation, every family of any pretensions to nobility was preparing to outvie another on these occasions in magnificence of display, and our Madonna was of course resolved to outshine all her rivals. Roderigo would have gladly indulged his wife in these follies, though in the certain expectation of the ruin of his finances, could he have dared to hope that after the season of revelry was over, his spouse would return to domestic peace and privacy ; but he well-knew that this was too much to expect of Onesta, whose temper was becoming daily more uncontrollable, and had already driven away the very familiar devils whom her husband had brought with him from the lower mansions, who chose rather to return to their own smoky abodes than be subjected from day to day to the tyranny of a capricious woman. In the meantime Roderigo had exhausted all his ready cash, and began to raise the wind upon credit. For

awhile his established reputation as a man of great wealth and strictest probity enabled him to command extensive sums in this way ; but his bills accumulated so rapidly that in a short time he found his affairs quite embarrassed, while, to complete his ruin, news arrived of the utter failure of the commercial speculations of his two brothers-in-law whom he had set up in business ; one of them had lost his whole property at the gambling-table,—the other while returning home with a rich, but uninsured cargo, had gone to the bottom with his ship in a storm. The moment these news got abroad, Roderigo's creditors were on the alert ; his bills were not yet due, but they wisely concluded that it would be expedient to keep a strict outlook upon their debtor lest he should give them the slip. Roderigo was in truth in *meditatione fugæ*, for he was but too conscious of the nature of the agreement into which he had entered before being despatched on his mission, and he now saw no way of escaping an ignominious and protracted imprisonment but by giving what is vulgarly called leg-bail to his creditors.

So one morning he took horse, and living near the Prato-gate, rode off in that direction towards the country. But he had hardly passed the walls before his flight became known ; a warrant for his apprehension was obtained, and ere he had ridden a mile, he heard the hue and cry of the messengers at his heels. Conceiving that the chace would soon terminate in his capture if he kept to the highway, he dismounted and took to his heels through the fields, until, after a terrible scramble over hedges and ditches, and amongst the vines, and canes which are grown in the neighbourhood, he reached Peretola, where he entered the house of one Matteo del Bricca, a labourer of Giovanni del Bene, who was at the moment flinging out fodder to the oxen. Roderigo earnestly implored Matteo to assist in concealing him from his pursuers ; assuring him that if he would do this, he, Roderigo, possessed ample means of rewarding his kindness,—nay, of making him one of the richest men in the world. Matteo,

though only a poor peasant, was upon the whole, a man of courage and sagacity; and perceiving that he could at least lose nothing by the transaction, he consented to assist in concealing him. A few minutes sufficed to accomplish this: the fugitive was securely lodged beneath a heap of sticks and rubbish, and when his pursuers arrived, Matteo received them with such a face of imperturbable ignorance of them or their object, as convinced them that he knew nothing about Roderigo. So they continued their vain pursuit for two days, after which they returned to Florence. When all was quiet again Matteo drew our delegate from his confinement, and called upon him to redeem his pledge; whereupon the latter, after confessing the great obligation under which he felt himself laid to him, proceeded to explain, as he best could to a rustic's comprehension, who he really was, and by what circumstances he had reached the upper world, the difficulties which had driven him to fly from Florence, and the means by which he now proposed to perform his promise to Matteo. The scheme which Belphegor suggested was this: That he in virtue of his demoniacal powers should enter into some wealthy lady in the neighbourhood, who would of course instantly exhibit the usual symptoms of demoniacal possession; that Matteo, as soon as he should hear of any lady answering the character agreed on becoming possessed by a devil, should conclude that it was his friend Belphegor who was at work upon her, and should unhesitatingly undertake to drive the evil spirit out of her; that of course his practise would prove infallible, and that he would in this way soon become possessed of immense wealth from the great fees which he would receive for his exorcisms. These conditions being mutually agreed on, Belphegor disappeared.

Not many days had elapsed when it was reported in Florence that the daughter of Ambrogio Amadeo, a lady married to Buonajuto Tebalducci, was possessed by the devil. All the remedies usually resorted to in such cases were in-

stantly put in requisition, such as making the unfortunate lady wear the cap of Saint Zanobi, and Saint John of Gualberto's cloak; but these potent spells had no effect upon the demoniac, who only laughed them to scorn. Belpagor even made the poor lady talk Latin very fluently, hold a philosophical disputation with certain learned doctors whom she put to the route, and reveal the frailties of many of her acquaintances, particularly those of a certain friar whom she openly charged with having introduced a woman into the holy brotherhood under the disguise of male attire. At these things men greatly marvelled, and poor Tebalducci was in despair; but on the news reaching Matteo he immediately presented himself to the afflicted husband, and offered to cure his lady on condition of receiving five hundred florins with which to purchase a farm at Peretola. Ambiorio closed with this offer; and Matteo, to save appearances, ordered a few masses to be said, after which, having gone through some unmeaning ceremonies, he approached the demoniac, and whispered into her ear: "Belpagor, I am come that thou mayest redeem thy promise; so out with thee!" Then Belpagor replied: "It is well; but thou art not yet rich enough. So soon, therefore, as I depart from this lady, I will enter the daughter of the king of Naples, from whom I will not depart till thou consent to cure her. Thou mayest then demand enough to enrich thee for life; but after that, there shall be no more transactions betwixt us." Having thus spoken, Belpagor left the body of the lady, who was instantly restored to her sound mind and senses, to the great joy of her husband and all Florence.

Not long did Matteo wait before he was sent for by the king of Naples, whose daughter he quickly cured in virtue of his secret understanding with Belpagor. But before leaving the princess, the spirit thus addressed him: "Matteo, thou seest how faithfully I have kept my word to thee; thou art now a rich man, and I owe nothing to thee. But this caution only would I give thee, that thou henceforward

keep out of my way, lest, as I have hitherto done thee nothing but good, I should now indulge my own nature and work thee all manner of evil." Matteo felt no distress at this rupture of intercourse with Belpagor; for the king had made him a wealthy man for life, by giving him fifty thousand ducats, with which he thought to spend the remainder of his days in peace and contentment at Florence, without Belpagor ever crossing his path again.

But in this expectation Matteo was deceived, for ere long the news got abroad, that the daughter of the king of France was possessed, and he felt that he had ample cause to dread, lest that puissant monarch's power should succeed in dragging him *volens volens* to Paris, and bringing him once more into contact with Belpagor, whose threat he too well remembered, and whose character he too well knew to expect that he would not take the earliest opportunity of gratifying his fiendish dispositions. As he anticipated, a messenger soon arrived at Florence, with an urgent message from his majesty to Matteo, requesting him to come and exorcise his daughter; for this time Matteo contrived to refuse the royal invitation, but the French monarch having applied to the Florentine council for a peremptory order on their citizen to attend and cure the princess, poor Matteo felt himself compelled to set out for Paris, where he arrived with no very enviable feelings. It was in vain that the poor man represented to his majesty the many difficulties in his way, some spirits being of so untractable a nature as to resist every mode of cure; the only alternatives now left our exorcist were cure or be hanged. Words cannot describe the horrible situation in which Matteo now felt himself; but mustering his utmost resolution, he approached the possessed lady, and whispered into her ear, in accents of great humility, an earnest entreaty that his devilship would remember former kindnesses and extricate him from his present dilemma; but the only answer he got was couched in terms of so much wrath and indignation that the poor man perceived all was



lost. However he resolved on trying one desperate experiment to save his neck, and addressed the king in these words: "Sire, I perceive that my fears were too well-grounded; there are, as I informed your majesty, a certain order of demons of so malignant a nature, that there is no coming to an understanding with them, and this is one of that tribe; however, I will make one last experiment, and I hope and pray it may succeed; but if not, I am in your majesty's power and cast myself on your majesty's mercy. In the first place, I request that your majesty will be pleased to order a large stage to be erected in the great square, such as will contain all the barons and clergy of the city. This stage should be richly adorned with brocades, and cloth of gold, and in the centre thereof there should be an altar raised. On Sunday morning next I would have your majesty, with all your majesty's barons and clergy to attend upon this platform in full robes, and see high mass celebrated. After which the princess must be brought forward; but it is most necessary that a band of men be stationed on one side of the square with drums, and trumpets, and cymbals, and other noisy instruments; and that as soon as they see me wave my hat towards them, the whole band shall strike up some piece of horrid dissonance and move towards the platform. These ceremonies, along with the prudent use of certain secret remedies which I shall then and there apply to the princess, your daughter, will, I trust, drive the evil spirit out of her." All these directions were punctually fulfilled, and on the morning specified the king and his barons and clergy appeared on a great and magnificent platform in the place described; and mass having been celebrated, the princess was led forward by two bishops. Belpagor when he beheld all this parade, and the immense crowd of performers and spectators, was struck with astonishment, and said to himself: "What does this paltry wretch mean to be about? Does he think an arch-devil has never seen finer spectacles and a greater uproar in his own realms than all this? But I will make him

pay for his temerity." Matteo now humbly approached the possessed princess, and applying his mouth to her ear, earnestly entreated Belpagor to come out of her and save his friend's neck. But the spiteful demon made a jest of his misery, and only told him that he would certainly have him gibbeted within the half-hour. Whereat Matteo, rightly conjecturing that there was no more time to be lost, made the concerted signal to the musicians, who thereupon struck up the most hideous noise, and moved rapidly towards the stage, carrying such a clamour along with them as would have broken the tympanum of any arch-devil's ear who had not been accustomed to the clang of a scolding woman's tongue. Belpagor pricked up his ears as the infernal noise approached, and asked Matteo, in considerable perturbation, what it meant. "Alas, dear Roderigo," replied the other, "it is your wife, your wife who is coming to claim you!" We cannot pretend to describe the alarm which the cidevant Roderigo now felt in his turn. That dreadful word *wife* conjured up such a host of terrors to his mind, that without waiting to ascertain how far Matteo's information was true, he leapt out of the princess, and never staid his flight till he had reached Pandemonium. Here he presented his superiors with a most touching picture of the evils of wedlock, which he solemnly and pathetically declared far surpassed any thing which they had been described to be by the unfortunate husbands themselves; while Matteo, on his part, returned in great triumph to Florence, proud of his doubled fortune, and still more proud of having outwitted an arch-devil.

THE  
CASTLE ON THE BEACH

A TALE

BY CAROLINE, BARONESS DE LA MÔTTE FOUQUE.

ON the shores of the Baltic, among many other once flourishing, but now deserted villages, there are still seen the remains of one little hamlet, whose mouldering cottages and unweeded gardens, not many years ago, formed a striking contrast to the neatness and beauty of a Castle in the vicinity, which lay close upon the beach.

No symptoms of neglect or poverty met the eye there; the walls and roofs were well-preserved; the agricultural implements were evidently guided by no sluggard's hands; the cattle looked clean and well-fed; and the best economy showed itself in the house and in the field. The ponds full of limpid water were well-stocked with fish; the trees trimmed with care bore abundant fruit; shrubs and ivy bordered the green turf, and a thousand flowers bloomed freshly in the gardens which surrounded the residence of Count P——, who lived in the Castle with his wife and four children.

The wretched inhabitants of the adjoining village had long comforted themselves with the thought, that their friendly and wealthy neighbour, whose active benevolence they so often experienced, would long remain their liege lord. But a gradual change of matters took place at the Castle; several of the servants were dismissed without others being taken into the establishment; the family gradually retired from

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public life; and at last they seemed purposely to shun the slightest occasion of intercourse with the world.

So striking an alteration in the situation and conduct of the family at the Castle could not fail to be made the subject of much conversation, particularly in the house of Samuel the Jew, who kept a small tavern in the village, where the wretched peasants would often barter their little harvest for ardent liquor, and seek to drown the miseries of a painful existence in intoxication and riot.

"Times will change again," said Natango, an old man of three score and ten years, as he heard the wind howling overhead. "They will change," he repeated, observing some of the party shaking their heads.

"Yes, yes," replied another, "times will change when there is no longer an aching head amongst us. Many things change in this world; but few of them for the better."

"Now, shame on you," rejoined the old man, "for a chicken-hearted fellow!"

"In good truth," exclaimed a third, "I know not who may in these times keep a good heart! Will you, my old friend, with all your talking, take staff in hand, and step where the road is broadest?"

"Why man," replied Natango, "it will not come to that either!"

"Not come to that!" exclaimed the other, rising from his seat with the air of one who knows something which he does not choose to communicate. He added nothing more, but leant his back against the wall, and drawing a deep whiff of his pipe, threw out a volume of smoke from his lips, the ascent of which he endeavoured to check by a violent motion with his hand.

Samuel was seated opposite the parties listening eagerly to the conversation which was going forward. For although he seemed to be taking little or no interest in the matter but sat with outstretched legs, his arms supported on his knees, and his head bent lazily down under his matted red

locks, yet he ever and anon raised his pale countenance deeply marked with the small-pox, and fixed his little green ferret eyes on the speakers, with a keenness which bespoke more real interest at heart than he chose to profess.

"My last penny against your pipe, Michael," cried a young lad, "but I know what you mean!"

"Do you?" replied the first, shrugging his shoulders. "You always hit the nail on the head!"

"For this time at least," rejoined the other. "Did not I see you yesterday as you came down the hill so dejectedly, with a head full of abundant projects for distant voyages doubtless, which the ship then passing had suggested? You went along the side of the Castle-garden, and you found Olga seated near the wall, under the oak which the count's grandfather planted. The poor old body did not at first return your greeting, for her eyes were covered with her apron, and she had not perceived your approach; but when you stopped, and again called, 'Good evening, Olga! How are you? Why thus alone here?' she only answered you with a nod, and lifted both her hands to heaven, as if she would have said, 'God above only knows how I am.'"

"Well," interrupted Michael impatiently; "and what more?"

"This more," replied the other. "You sat down beside her; and, perhaps, your own heart felt as oppressed at that moment as her's." Here Michael drew a deep sigh, and allowed the clouds of smoke to obscure his sorrowful countenance. "At first," continued the other, "you did not speak, and Olga remained weeping in silence. At length you inquired gently, 'Have you had any dispute with your mistress, Olga?'—'Oh, heaven forbid, heaven forbid!' answered she sobbing. 'Seventeen years have I been in the Castle, and during all that time I never had an evil word from old or young! It is just on that account I weep,' she added with a stifled voice."

"And where have you been hidden," interrupted Michael,

peevishly, "that you overheard all this? Who set you to listen to us? Say, who told you?"

"My stars," replied the youth, "it was only chance which led me there at the time! You remember it was about the gloaming, and surely there was nothing strange in my stopping, when I heard weeping and lamenting at such an hour, and looking about me to see what was the matter!"

"What was the matter?" repeated the first. "Nothing was the matter; and you might have spared yourself the trouble!"

"But something *will* be the matter," added the youth, "and we will all live to see it. The count is about to leave this place," he added with some vehemence; "that is the secret, and you can no longer conceal it; for though they are at trouble enough to hide it, it begins to peep out."

"God forbid!" interrupted Samuel. "Leave this country! And what is to become of the Castle? Is it to be sold by public roup? Perhaps it is already bought by some one. Or do they give it up to their creditors?"

"Their creditors!" exclaimed Natango, clasping his emaciated hands together, "Good God, child, who are they who would dare to chase the worthy nobleman from his paternal inheritance?"

"Why," replied the Jew, "when the most honest man that breathes is no longer able to pay his debts, he stands just in the same situation as the most dishonest; his character for honesty is forfeited in the eye of the law, which proceeds to deal with him accordingly. The creditors keep strictly to the law; and they have a right to do so."

Natango shook his head, and shaded his white hairs from his eyes already filled with tears. "The more's the pity that he who is only unfortunate should so often appear as if he was a cheat. Where is the man who is always able to do what he wishes or has the heart to do? I think we all know how difficult that is! But there are many creditors in the world who act better than Samuel thinks they have a

right and ought to do, and who give that indulgence to an honest man which often enables him to weather his misfortunes. Well, well, time is passing onwards, and all may yet grow clearer again!"

"All are not so hopeful," interrupted the young lad; "and there are few, indeed, who have such a sense of justice as to take the will for the deed. Among us country-people that may do sometimes, and a word spoken before witnesses may be as binding as a lawyer's paper; but I have been in the army, and I have been quartered in towns, and I know every one there cares only for himself, and trusts as little to another as he can."

"Tell me, my good friend," whispered Samuel, who by this time had edged nearer to Michael, "is the estate to be sold by public roup? Did you hear any talk of this in the town; and is the day fixed?"

"Curse on your tongue!" roared Michael. "If I hear such a word drop from your ugly — Sold by public roup! And are we, think you, all to go into the bargain? Is it so? No, it is not so! It cannot be!"

"No! No!" exclaimed several voices at once. "Are not the fields and gardens all as flourishing as ever? And does not our lord, the count, look as calm and composed as ever, and not like one whose breast is oppressed by care as by a mill-stone? The count knows well where to steer his ship!"

"A prudent helmsman," resumed Samuel, "never allows his brows to darken, or his eye to flinch, though he may see the vessel running right against the rock; he wears a good heart in his face at least, till all is lost, and neither prudence nor firmness can any longer conceal the worst. Why, I knew long ago," added he, with a cunning look, "that it would come to this. The ground was loose,—the building could not stand. Where there is no foundation, there is no stability."

"No foundation!" exclaimed Michael angrily; "You

fool, the ground about here affords the best foundation of any along the whole beach. That is not the reason."

"You do not understand me," snivelled the Jew. "The father had got himself involved; the son succeeded to his estate; war, bad times, want of money—in short, if you can count your fingers you may be at little loss to reckon how matters must now stand up yonder."

These last words had been addressed to deaf ears. All sat silent and sore grieved at heart for a few minutes, and then slipped out one after another from the tavern. They felt themselves overshadowed by the same black cloud which seemed to darken the count's fortunes, and many an anxious interrogatory was addressed to Michael, who had not chosen to speak his mind freely before the cunning old Jew, and now bitterly upbraided the youth for the imprudent exposure he had made of the count's situation. However, most persuaded themselves that all would yet be as they wished it, and others consoled themselves with the hope that the dreaded moment was yet far distant. Only Michael and Natango continued to cast anxious looks on the blooming gardens and glittering windows of the Castle. They saw the vines winding richly around their props, and the rose-bushes glittering with flowers, and the jasmines and wall-flowers were all in full blossom and fragrancy, but they both felt that all was not right and as they could have wished it.

"It is impossible," said the old man, still lingering at the gate of the garden, and casting a melancholy look on the countess and her children, who passed near to him among the bushes,—“it is impossible! They cannot intend to leave all this!”

"They must,—I say they must," replied Michael, shaking his head, and moving off by another road.

Natango felt the painfulness of that little word must. He leant against a willow, and revolved in his mind all the vicissitudes he had experienced himself, and his country's history had exhibited since the Seven years' war.



At the period of the count's birth, Natango was a servant in the Castle, and had been sent in great haste with a sledge for the physician who resided in the neighbouring village. He remembered freshly the bustle and anxiety of that night, and the joy which the appearance of a son and heir occasioned in the parents' hearts. The young count went abroad in early life, but remained the only child of his father, and his return was anxiously prayed for by the tenantry, who found it difficult to deal with the old count now in his dotage. Before his return, however, the war had broken out, and its events brought with them serious injury to his paternal inheritance. At its close, the count, who served in the army, hastened home, and by his industry and good management soon restored his fortunes; at least, he was never heard to complain, and every one believed him happy and contented.

These and a crowd of associated recollections now passed like a dream through the mind of the old domestic. "And shall all this," he cried, "be forgotten as if it had never been?"——

At this moment the youngest child of the count, a boy of about nine years of age, darted past Natango, like an arrow, upon his little Lithuanian pony. He wore the dress of a Cossack; his little cap with its long calpack descended on one side over his luxuriant locks; in his hand he couched, as if for the attack, a light lance of elder-wood, fashioned by his own ingenuity; and with a loud hurrah he charged upon his elder brother, who appeared descending the hill with a letter in his hand, with which he hastened towards his parents, now at a little distance. Natango knew not what passed betwixt the count and countess, for they spoke in a foreign language; but he saw the countess frequently cast her looks pensively on the ground, and it seemed to him as if she was endeavouring to soothe the agitated feelings of her husband. A lovely little girl held the skirts of her father's coat, and sought to engage his attention by her inno-

cent prattle; and at a little distance the eldest daughter, Louisa, walked dejectedly with her beautiful eyes filled with tears, as she ever and anon raised them from the ground, and looked up to the trees and battlements of the Castle. The count took the letter, and hastily breaking the seal, exclaimed with emotion, "After to-morrow then!" and stepped aside into an adjoining alley to conceal his feelings. The countess anxiously repeated the words, "After to-morrow!" and then severally embraced her children, who came pressing around her. Natango observed her walk several times up and down the alley, supported by Louisa; she seemed to be addressing herself in silent prayer to a God above, and the old man as he gazed upon her felt as if his heart would break. "Alas," he silently exclaimed, as he turned sorrowfully away from the spot, "why was I not long ago laid in the dust with those who have gone before me?"

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NIGHT was pretty far advanced, and surrounding Nature veiled in darkness, when the count entered the parlour where his family was assembled. The candles appeared to yield a sickly and almost dismal light that evening,—the round table before the sofa stood unoccupied,—Louisa was seated in an arm-chair in the most distant corner of the room, her head thrown back, her hands folded with the expression of despair, and all her features bearing the marks of deep grief and exhaustion,—Alexander, the little wild Cossack, lay asleep upon the sofa,—near him sat his sister Paulina, her little cheeks flushed, her bright eyes sparkling vividly, and her whole frame evidently labouring under ex-

treme nervous agitation, the effect of the undefined anxiety and dread which filled her little bosom,—the countess and her elder son, Constantine, were absent.

“Have you had tea?” asked the count at Pauline. The little girl looked terrified at her father’s pale countenance, and replied in a low and faltering voice: “No, not yet. I believe we are not to get any to-night, for mamma is counting all the tea-things, and putting them in order.” The count passed his hand hurriedly over his eyes and brow, and turning round was about to leave the room, but a loud sob bursting from Louisa at the moment, he approached her, and said in soothing accents: “My dear child, why so sorrowful?”

“Oh God,” replied the girl with a broken voice, “it grieves—it grieves me too much!”

The count put his hand affectionately on his daughter’s streaming eyes, and said: “You will make yourself ill, my love, and add to our grief. Nay, how will you be able to bear the long voyage, and what must precede it, if you already give yourself up to such boundless grief?”

“The long voyage!” sighed Louisa, lifting her hands to heaven. “Oh, my God, and was it not possible to avoid that? Why must we leave our country? Alas, that is the severest trial which a feeling heart can be called upon to endure! Death is nothing compared to it!”

“You know not what death is, Louisa,” replied her father solemnly. “Beware lest the workings of your fancy should call it down upon a beloved head! Your judgment is too light, and your feelings too strong. My beloved child,” he added, with greater tenderness, “we should at any rate have been obliged to emigrate somewhere, we must have changed our residence at least, if not our country, and in either way we should have found ourselves amongst strangers. You know my feelings on this point, and I wish you could share them.”

“How can I!” exclaimed the girl. “I am bound by a thousand ties to this spot, my very existence is inter-

woven with it! Tear me from it, and you tear the cords of life!"

At this moment Constantine opened the door and called out: "Pauline, your key! The little black drawers must be emptied, and put with the rest."

"The black drawers!" exclaimed the little girl, rising in great anxiety; "and where am I to put my collection of shells and butterflies, and my wax fruits, and amber ornaments, if I have nothing to keep them in?"

"That I know not," replied the boy; "but mamma waits, make haste and give me the key."

"You know not!" exclaimed the child angrily, as she left the room; "Yes, I believe so! You are to remain quietly here yourself, and so you do not care what may happen to us on whom all the evil is to fall!" Constantine laughed as his sister went out to plead her cause herself.

The count had calmly witnessed Pauline's petulance; he now turned to Louisa, who could not help smiling at her sister's anxiety for her little goods: "And think you," said he, "that we act a whit more wisely than she does in exaggerating the amount of the sacrifice required of us. Her pretty little drawers—our worldly goods and possessions: who knows but after-years may see them all restored and more than restored to us! At all events we shall not miss them in the life beyond this!" He pressed the hand of his daughter, and was about to quit the room, when the countess entered with a sheet of paper and a pencil in her hands. At the sight of her husband a placid smile diffused itself over her pale but pleasing countenance.

"I have got through the business quicker than I had anticipated," said she, sitting down evidently much exhausted. "But," added she, passing her hand over Constantine's cheek, "without the aid of my dear boy, I should not have been so soon done. He has never left me for a moment." The boy looked up unto the soft eye now smiling upon him, in which the soul of his mother spoke so tenderly to

his own, and unable any longer to suppress his feelings, he grasped her hand convulsively, while a torrent of tears bathed his countenance.

"Be calm! Remember your promise!" whispered the count, taking his son by the arm, and leading him into the garden.

"Never," exclaimed Louisa, rising with youthful impatience from her seat,—“never will I be convinced that it *must* be so,—that no other means remain! This, oh this is too severe!”

"And what milder means, my love, would you desire?" said the countess. "You know well how long your father has struggled with misfortune,—what he has done,—what he has borne. I endeavoured to strengthen him for the task, and sometimes shared his hopes; years passed on in this way; the quiet retirement of our simple life hid our sorrows from the eye of the world; your father knew how to keep up all proper appearances, and to preserve the honour of his name unsullied, and now when misfortune assails him in this irresistible manner, when no earthly hope remains, he sacrifices for that honour, which is dearer to him than life itself, all he possesses, all the joys of life, aye, and in the truest sense of the proverb, throws his coat also into the bargain to fulfil his engagements!"

"But why," interrupted Louisa, "why go beyond the sea, into a foreign land,—perhaps, even to another part of the world?"

"My dearest love," replied the countess, "the kernel deprived of its shell, and thrown again to the ground from which it sprung, must fade and perish. It cannot be, Louisa,—man cannot bear, I might say ought not to bear to wander about in his native land without a home,—without a rank and name, a thing floating about between compassion and scorn! Tell me what trade count P—— should begin? Where is the place in this country where your father could hope to live unknown? No, better die of hunger in the

most distant region of the earth, than live to wring our bread from hands reluctant to give it!"

"And yet we are to leave Constantine behind!" observed Louisa.

"Because *he* is to remain, *we* must go," replied the countess. He is the eldest of your two brothers. Perhaps Providence may grant him, in another way, what it took from his father; and the name of count P—— may not yet vanish from a country which was once proud to number him among its citizens."

"Well, if there be no alternative," replied Louisa, "I will submit,—though I would rather have drawn my last breath on this shore,—in the most wretched hovel,—among poor fishermen, than——"

"I sympathize with your feelings, dear Louisa," interrupted her mother with a melancholy smile. "The innocent images of childhood attach you to this place. They have grown up with your growth, and gradually assumed the shape and colouring which the fancy of a girl of sixteen is likely to give them. I suppose," she continued, drawing the blushing girl nearer her upon the sofa,—“I suppose you think more than ever of your walks with the English consul's son,—the nice boy who used to help you to gather amber on the sea-shore, and whose labours united with your's formed the foundation of that collection which has made Pauline shed tears to-day. Let me now, for once, speak freely to you on this subject, while your mind is softened, and fit for friendly conversation. It is long since your eagerness to acquire the English language,—the interest with which you always mentioned the late consul, and above all, your nightly musings on the little isthmus out there, when the misty image of the moon was reflected from the waves, and the clouds threw their shady images over the surrounding country,—betrayed to me what your young and unoccupied heart, and, perhaps, an imagination excited by novels and romances, had wrought out of an accidental, and in itself,

quite insignificant connexion between two children of ten years of age. I smiled when I saw you in every picture and print searching to discover a likeness of your young companion under those of heroes and angels, so long as I thought it all but the workings of youthful imagination. But to-day, —when sorrow so deeply overcasts us,—to find you at such a time as this still occupying yourself with such silly dreams——”

“Dear mother, no more!” interrupted Louisa.

“Let me speak out,” replied the mother. “It grieves me to find you thus——”

“O, my God!” exclaimed Louisa, with increasing agitation.

“Nay, I cannot hide it from you, my love,” continued the countess; “this illusion may prove destructive to your peace if not dissipated in time. You stand here like one in a dream,—between father, mother, brothers, and friends,—and regretting nothing but the overthrow of one little selfish hope, the fulfilment of which you have weakly connected with this place of abode. You expect the man will return hither, who, older than you by several years, has long ago been drawn into the bustle of active life in another part of the world,—hither you foolishly hope he will return to seek for the little girl with whom he once gathered amber! Ah Louisa, do not cast a shade over your whole life by giving to the pictures of your fancy that importance which they can only assume within the narrow precincts of an imagination too exclusively occupied with self! Believe me, Alfred Montrose is now quite another person than your fancy pictures him, and for aught he remembers of you might have been dead long ago.”

As she spoke these words, the countess pressed the agitated Louisa to her bosom, and added: “I hear your father coming,—compose yourself, my dear,—we should strive to support his spirits in his distress; to-morrow is the sad day, —our beloved home, our garden, and all our property must

inevitably be sold to-morrow, if no yet unseen hand shall interpose to prevent it."

At this moment Constantine rushed into the room, followed by his father. "A dreadful storm is coming!" he exclaimed. "The sky is black as midnight, and a thousand lightnings flash through it; you will see it from the top of the hill where papa and I have just been! Oh, it is a magnificent sight! How the clouds are rolling, and the waves rearing!"

The countess gazed pensively on the animated features of her boy, shading with her hands the auburn locks from his forehead.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Louisa. "There is surely a hurricane approaching."

"Yes, and a furious one," said her father, entering the parlour. "It is a grand sight to see the elements preparing for it,—the ocean and the sky almost blended together in one dark hue, with the lightning flashing between!"

"Constantine had approached a window: "Look, look," cried he, "how the tops of the trees begin to move! Now the hurricane is at hand! How the lightning gleams! The whole garden seems in a flame!"

"Do not stand at the window!" cried Louisa; but at the same moment a terrific roll of thunder was heard, and the wild howling of the storm swept round the castle. The inmates simultaneously hastened to secure the doors and windows, and then drew back to await the uncertain issue of this fearful convulsion of nature.

The countess had awoke her younger son, who now hung half-asleep upon her arm in the middle of the room; and Pauline, forgetting her little black drawers and collection of shells, stood with her little hands clasped together at her father's side, silently watching his looks.

The storm continued to increase till its roaring drowned the peals of thunder themselves. "Never," exclaimed the



countess sinking into an arm-chair,—“never heard I a storm like this!” The count kept pacing to and fro through the room with hurried steps; and Constantine would not yield to the entreaties of Louisa, and the aged nurse Olga—who in her anxiety had entered the parlour—to leave the window at which he had taken his station.

“Halloo!” he suddenly exclaimed, “was not that a shot.”—His father paused to listen,—“Again, another!” continued the boy. “Hark, there again! Listen, listen!”

The count now opened the door which led into the garden, and in spite of the intreaties of his family, stepped out, followed by Constantine.

“My dear, dear son!” cried the countess; but the roar of the wild elements drowned her voice.

The rain poured down in torrents; the thickest darkness rested on the surrounding country, save where a sudden flash revealed some distant object veiled in clouds of rain; nevertheless the most experienced among the servants hastened after the count towards the sea.

“They were now convinced that Constantine had heard aright, and that it was only the storm rising at intervals in deeper gusts which drowned the report of the signal-shots coming from the sea.

“We must,” said the count to his son as they pressed forward in the dark, “we must hasten to the headland where we may, perhaps, gain a sight of the unhappy vessel.

With these words he pushed rapidly towards the promontory, and his example was instantly followed by some young men belonging to the village, who had already reached the spot on their way to the beach. When they had gained the height, they still heard the successive signal-guns, but could not ascertain the exact situation of the vessel.

“I suppose,” said the count, “she is yet to the right, behind the high beach, which prevents our seeing her.”

“But it would be impossible to reach her,” replied one of the villagers. “It would be too far to go round by the land;

and who would in such a storm as this run the risk of steering round the cliff?"

None replied to this observation; for the war and crash of the elements around them was so terrific that it was with difficulty they preserved their footing on the turf. Nature alone spoke at this awful moment; and her voice was tremendous and appalling.

"Let us return," said an old fisherman in one of the pauses of the storm. The speaker had seen similar scenes, and conceived that it was impossible to do any thing for the helpless vessel.

The count, however, still lingered on the height; he listened with anxiety to the roar of the storm, and thought that the signal-guns fell quicker and more loudly on his ear; but at the same moment the lightning struck the ground within a few paces of the spot where he stood,—the sea yawned to its lowest depths,—the waves rose up like spectral towers,—and the whole horizon around presented at intervals the spectacle of a continuous sheet of vivid flame. The count yielded to these alarming presages of immediate danger, and followed his retiring companions.

"Constantine!" exclaimed he, suddenly recalling his attention to the boy whom he remembered to have held in his hand the preceding moment, and to whom he had believed himself to be talking.

"Lord in Heaven!" exclaimed the count, hastening up to the villagers, "Where is my son? Have you not seen him? Not a moment since he was at my side: for mercy's sake help me to seek him!" Filled with indescribable anxiety he drew away the person who stood nearest to him: it was the honest Michael.

The father rushed forward shouting the name of his child; but in vain,—no answer was returned,—no trace of the youth appeared.

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At last the morning dawned,—dark clouds still filled the atmosphere,—a sulphurous yellow strip gleamed round the horizon,—but the sun rose up behind the thick vapours, and dissipated them through the vast concave in shroud-like fragments,—and cliffs, and forests, and the mighty sea itself, stood revealed in the clear light of day.

The countess sat in silence, surrounded by her sleeping children; no distinct idea filled her mind,—she was only sensible to the lapse of the lagging hours, and felt as if the anguish they brought her must soon terminate her feeble existence.

Michael presented himself at the castle; and told that the count and Constantine had gone to the assistance of the vessel. He had been sent by the count to calm the alarm which he knew their absence would excite in the family.

All hastened to join the count who were able to lend any assistance to the distressed mariners, and the countess was left nearly alone with her children. As she sat listening to every passing sound, she heard hasty footsteps approaching the door which led into the garden; the next moment a word as if from breathless lips reached her ear,—it was a gentle and well-known voice, but it made the blood mount up to her cheeks with anxiety and expectation, as the door flew open.

“Mother,” exclaimed Constantine entering in eager haste, “we have saved two lives!”

The mother threw her arms around her brave boy, and pressed him to her beating heart; but the recollection of another dearer still crossed her mind: “Whose, whose life have you saved? Was your father in danger? Constantine, my dear child, where is your father?”

“Be calm, dearest mother,” replied the boy. “My father is well, but has staid behind to assist in conveying one of

the shipwrecked men to Samuel's house. Oh how cold seemed the poor man; he must be put to bed, and as—and as—" Here the tears rushed to the eyes of the beautiful boy, and his tongue refused to proceed. The mother embraced her child. "You would say, my dear boy, 'And as we have no longer a bed of our own.' But your dear father will see him comfortably provided for."

Constantine pressed his mother's hand as a mute sign of affirmation. "Oh it was dreadful," he at last spoke, "dreadful on the cliff!"

"The cliff!" exclaimed the terrified countess. "Merciful God, how got you to the cliff, child? No one, I should have thought, would have ventured to such a place in such a night!"

Constantine blushed and hung down his head, while he kissed his mother. "And it was so odd," said he, "that papa did not understand me when I asked his leave to run down; though if he had recollected what I said, he would not afterwards have been so needlessly alarmed."

"Alarmed!" repeated the countess, her heart sinking within her at the word: "And for what child? Tell me what alarmed your papa?"

"Only," said Constantine, laughing;—"only, I suppose, because I had left him. But papa did not recollect that I had told him I would run to Waide-with, the boatman—who you know is here on a visit to his friends in the village—and that we would row across in a boat to the cliff."

"You!" cried the mother, alarmed at the very thought of her boy having exposed himself to such imminent danger.

"Yes; but listen, only listen," replied the boy with a degree of anxiety. "Papa did say I might go; only he forgot his having done so. And why should I not have gone, mamma? I will be fifteen in September, and you have always said that I was strong for my age: why then should I not venture a little as well as others? Have I not been brought up on the very edge of the sea itself? Do I not know every

spot on the shore down yonder as well as I do my own room? And besides, did not Waide with go with me? To be sure when I ran up and told him I was going in the boat, and that papa had allowed me to go, he seemed astonished, and muttered something which I did not hear. But he went to work for all that very briskly; and the boat was dancing over the waves in a twinkling. Oh how bravely she mounted the high billows! Up, up we went, though they were like towers above us! Once I lay down flat in the boat for Waide with told me to do so; but I was ashamed, and soon got up again, and helped him to work. When we got there, oh, mamma, how fearful it was to see the dead bodies cast up by the sea!"

"Was it at the cliff?" inquired the countess.

"Yes," rejoined the boy, and proceeded to relate with great animation, and minute detail, with what difficulty they had succeeded in dragging ashore an elderly looking man, whose last strength had been spent in struggling with the waves. "But," added he, "we found also a young man among the rocks, who looked like dead, and as we were occupied with both, papa came up with the other people, but he did not scold me, though his tears wet my cheeks."

"Naughty child!" whispered the countess, pressing her son to her heart.

"Naughty and good too!" cried the count, entering the room at the moment. "Ah children," added he, sitting down quite exhausted, "how light we should feel our misfortunes after such a night as this! We have little cause to repine who have not been called to weep over the grave of those we love dearest on earth!"

Never, perhaps, did a family spend a more cheerful hour than that which now passed at breakfast in the Castle. A load of tormenting anxiety had been lifted off every breast; every pulse beat quicker, and every countenance was lighted-up with gratitude and joy, and for awhile, the sorrow which had lately filled their hearts was forgotten. Constan-

tine related his adventure to his brother and sisters in that aphoristical manner in which children generally speak of things and circumstances which vividly affect their imagination; while his father's eyes sparkled with noble pride as he gazed upon a son who had already given such glorious proof that his was not a disposition which would tarnish an illustrious name, or dishonour his lineage. The countess thought of the future lot of her children, and heard but partially the conversation respecting the shipwreck. Pauline, with her accustomed liveliness of manner, insisted on going down to the inn to inquire after the welfare of the poor shipwrecked sailors; but this was opposed by her brother, Alexander, who felt not a little mortified in not having had any share in the transactions of the night, and now wished to have the care of the strangers intrusted entirely to him and his brother. The contest grew warm, and at last the two parties appealed to their mother.

"Good Heavens," exclaimed the countess, breaking suddenly from her reverie, "and can we do nothing for them? They will be but poorly treated in the Jew's dirty inn; can we not provide them some little comfort?"

"And what comfort have you for them?" replied the count in a tone, the mildness of which was well-calculated to soothe the painfulness of the observation. "Think only of to-morrow, love."

"To-morrow!" sighed the countess; but Louisa entered at the moment, and guessing the reference which the word had, said: "Be calm, mamma, I have already sent down whatever was necessary to make a comfortable bed for the poor men, from my own little stock of linen which papa left at my disposal, being the production of my own spinning and weaving."

"Ah, the linen," said the count, "I had forgot Louisa's little store. Well, my girl, you have according to a good old custom, spun and wove the beginning of your plenishing, and you see in the good use it has been already put to

a pledge of future good fortune." The countess smiled and nodded an affirmative to this observation.

"Poor thing!" sighed the father, the whole weight of the approaching separation and exile rushing upon his recollection. He stood lost in deep thought, while his wife, wiping the tears from her eyes, spoke: "How sadly mortals suffer themselves to be deceived with expectation to the very last moment! Hope is a mock sun, pouring round us an artificial day,—a whole life-time of delusive expectations; time meanwhile runs on, and not till we are standing on the brink of the abyss, do we perceive the phantom shadows by which we have been deluded. Every year we beheld the slow but certain approach of the present moment, and yet you went on and worked, and planted, and fondly hoped you were laying the foundation of your children's wealth; and thus too I looked upon Louisa, and beheld the thread glide between her fingers, and listened well-pleased to Olga's song which told of the gentle spinner drawing her happy fate out of the yellow flax, and now——"

The count was here called away, and his wife feeling that she had, perhaps, said too much, checked the train of her thoughts, and added almost playfully. "Nay, trust to me, I shall not be found wanting in courage when the hour of trial comes. You are not surprised that the horrors of the past night should have thrown a gloom over my thoughts; but it like they will pass away."

The count pressed his wife's hand, and said gently: "Think of the past night; but think also of its mercies. Think of what has been restored to us. Compared with such a loss,"—he added no more, but waving his hand, left the room.

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ON entering the hall, the count found Samuel, the innkeeper, and a stranger, who introduced himself as the person whom Constantine had assisted to get into the boat. His naturally strong constitution had enabled him to recover so soon from the consequences of his unpleasant bath. The stranger seemed already advanced in years,—he was of a strong, broad form, with small, sharp features, and hair of almost the same colour as his pale complexion. His eye was inanimate, and of a pale blue colour; but a very particular expression, not easily to be defined, played around his finely delineated lips.

The count, who immediately perceived that the foreigner was a person of no common rank, invited him to enter his cabinet. The Jew retired, and the stranger found himself alone with the count.

“I beg to introduce myself, sir,” said he to the count, “as the proprietor of the ship which was wrecked last night on her way to St. Petersburg. I am aware that the law of *strand-right* is acknowledged on this coast. And there is, therefore, reason to dread that the whole cargo may be seized by those who have the very least right to it. What I wish therefore to do, is to leave in your hands a sum nearly equivalent to the value of the salvage goods, provided the people hereabouts, and you as lord-superior, will on the other hand, warrant the security of my property.” So saying he drew a pocket-book from his breast, and taking from it a draft, handed it to the count, remarking that the paper, though somewhat damaged like himself by the water, would be found to afford full security of his pledge.

The count glanced over the draft, and found it to be an order upon a well-known commercial house in the neighbouring town for a sum fully equal to the uncertain amount



of the salvage ; but bowing politely to the stranger, he returned it with these words :

" It is not I, Sir, to whom you ought to make this offer. I shall be only a few hours longer in this place ; after that, like yourself, I shall be a stranger in the wide world, having saved nothing from the shipwreck of life but my bare existence."

The stranger listened to this declaration without betraying any emotion ; and the count, anxious to remove any doubt from his mind, continued : " What I have said need not prevent you making any arrangement that pleases you with the inhabitants of the beach. If you can only get them to agree among themselves, you will easily settle the matter with them."

" And to whom, then," inquired the stranger, returning the draft to his pocket-book, " am I to make my proposals ?"

" Truly," replied the count, " if such a thing would at all suit your plans, the best course I could advise you to adopt would be to make yourself first master of this castle, which is to be sold to-morrow, when you have done that, a settlement with the villagers would be easily effected."

A momentary smile played around the lips of the stranger, who inquired, " Does the lord-superior of the Castle share the salvage of shipwrecked vessels with the villagers ? Or has he a right to some kind of tribute from those who enrich themselves on his territory ?"

There was a degree of self-interest in these questions which somewhat disappointed the count, who drily answered : " This rocky shore belongs to the government, which, for the benefit of unfortunate mariners, grants a little advantage to the people who fix their dwellings here, who without some inducement of the kind could not be prevailed upon to settle themselves so near the coast."

The stranger replaced his pocket-book, and taking his hat, said : " I am sorry to have intruded upon you at so important a moment. But I shall punish myself by deferring my visit

to my young benefactor till the arrangements are completed for your departure."

He bowed abruptly and stepped out of the room, leaving the count as much surprised at the manner of his departure as he had before been by his appearance. It now occurred to him that he had been inexcusably negligent in not inquiring after the health of the other stranger, whose life had been nigh despaired of a few hours ago. But the more he reflected on the conversation and conduct of the stranger, the more incomprehensible did his conduct appear to him. "What could be the meaning," thought he, "of such a proposal? If the sum he wishes to deposit is equal to his loss, what gain has he by such a bargain? And, if not, our people here will soon perceive it? And how does he think he will induce the villagers to relinquish real substantial possession for a piece of paper? He must have known all this himself too," continued the count, "but I perceive it,"—and as the thought crossed his mind, he paced with increased rapidity through the room—"I perceive it,—he has used these pretences merely to gain an introduction to me—some knowledge of my affairs. Did he hope to treat with me? Has he really a wish to purchase the Castle at the approaching sale of which Samuel has doubtless informed him? Yes, and his having been brought hither by the rogue of a Jew is almost a proof of it!"

He felt relieved when the countess entered the room, and requested him to accompany her to the upper apartments of the Castle, where she had arranged the furniture for the sale. Having followed her, the stranger was soon forgotten in the painful activity of the succeeding hours, and the day passed rapidly over the heads of the various members of the family, now actively engaged in making the final preparations for their departure.

MEANWHILE all was bustle and confusion in the village inn ; every room, entrance, and yard was filled with people talking over the events of the preceding night, and calculating their probable gains from the stranded goods. The proverb, that wealth is the mother of pride, was truly borne out on this occasion. Disputes waxed louder,—demands became more extravagant,—some calculated their gain to a penny-worth,—others neither knew nor wished to tell the value of their captures ; distrust, envy, anger, deceit—every evil and degrading passion was here brought into play. At last when all were out of humour and excited to a proper degree of jealousy towards their fellow-partakers in the spoil, the Jew came forward, and dropped a few hints regarding the nature of the proposal he understood to have been made by the ship-master to the count. He stipulated, however, that in the event of their coming to a bargain for themselves with the ship-master, he should have the sole management of the business.

“Money is always pleasant to handle. The smallest sum of it is often preferable to bales of merchandise, which you must sell before you can convert into any thing manageable. Any person capable of counting five upon his fingers may satisfy himself what a nice thing the cash is,—how interest heaps upon interest, till the chests are overflowing with wealth.”

“Aha !” shouted one of the fishermen ; “One’s fortune is also worth something. Whenever men begin to divide and to calculate, all goes for nothing at last ! Let him, I say, who has caught something keep it warm.”

“No ! No !” shouted another. “Where so many have their hands in the pie it soon vanishes altogether. What have we made by this business ? No great matter of a God-send this after all ! None of us, I trow, will grow very rich by it !”

"That is just what I say," replied Samuel. "And then the trouble—the risk! A bird in the hand, friends, is worth two in the bush!"

"Hear me, comrades!" shouted old Natango. "We will follow the Jew's advice; but only on the condition that the money shall be given to the count, if he will apply it to save his estate and remain with us."

"Yes! Yes!" shouted several voices. "We will agree to that. Let the count take the money, and quiet his creditors with it. If he stays with us he will soon be worth double as much, and then we shall all be gainers."

"What are you dreaming of?" exclaimed the Jew. "Do you not see? There the gentlemen have come already from the town to seize gardens, and fields, and castle, and every thing! There they are just driving into the Castle-yard! That chaise with the black and bay horses is the lawyer's; red Jacob and the rich tanner are with them. To them the whole estate is forfeited; and it must either be redeemed wholly, or not at all! What could we do with a little sum? It is worth nothing just now; for you see, my friends, it would not go far enough,—not far enough by any means. It must come to a public roup; there is no help for that; you cannot stop it."

"Well, and let it be so," replied Natango; "but we will ourselves speak to the ship-master. So bring us to him; or tell him to come down to us."

The Jew assured them that this was quite wrong. The man was engaged, he said, with his young companion. Besides, nobody knew what to make of him; he was said to be rich; but then he spoke only in monosyllables, and seemed to care nothing for any thing or any body."

While the innkeeper was thus engaged sketching such a portrait of the English stranger as he thought would best deter the villagers from applying to him personally, the gentlemen from the town entered the house, and his attention being occupied by them, Natango quickly formed his

ly. "He will not allow that nice young gentleman to talk with us!"

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THE next day dawned. The count arose, and having dressed himself quickly, strode with hasty steps through his apartment.

"Quiet! quiet!" exclaimed he two or three times, placing his hand upon his throbbing heart. "It can't be otherwise." He approached Alexander's bed,—the child was sleeping tranquilly, but he heard Constantine—from whose eyes the light of the dreaded morning had chased all sleep away—sobbing deeply in the adjoining closet.

Overcome by his feelings the count stepped to the window, where he saw Louisa and her mother employed in watering the flower-beds. While thus engaged, he observed Louisa throw herself all at once into her mother's arms, and both of them burst into tears.

"O God, O God!" exclaimed one of them. "What shall support us in these painful moments?" At the same moment the count heard heavy footsteps treading through the apartment above him. It was the auctioneer and his clerk who had begun thus early their preparations for the sale.

"Come along, you sleepy-head," exclaimed the count, struggling to conceal his real feelings,—*"come along; let us mix with the rest of the people, and we will soon forget our own cares in the throng of the business!"*

He took his son by the arm and led him into the crowd already assembled; all fell respectfully back as they approached, and a tear trembled in many an eye then turned upon them. When within a few steps of the entrance to

the hall, Olga rushed towards them, weeping bitterly, and exclaiming: "No, I cannot bear it! I cannot witness it! There is the Jew beginning to take down our family-pictures from the wall!"

"Father!" cried Constantine, looking inquiringly up to him.

"No!" replied the count firmly. "Come on!"

They entered the drawing-room, and saw the auctioneer's rough hands turning about a portrait which represented a very beautiful lady.

"Gentlemen," began the count, walking hastily up, "I beg—these pictures, they can be of little value to you—they are only valuable as family portraits."—

"I beg your pardon, sir," interrupted the attorney, with a sneer, placing himself between the count and the picture. "Nothing can be excepted from the sale—and least of all a work of Art like this, which will certainly find a purchaser. It is from an Italian pencil, I perceive: *Pinxit, Firenze, 1654*. That lace veil, the white satin gown, the crimson velvet of the chair—all are exquisitely handled. You are surely too good a connoisseur, sir, not to know the value of such a piece of painting as this!"

The count drew back indignantly, saying aloud: "It is the portrait of my grandmother,—it was painted in Italy, but I little thought it would come to this,—with it a thousand remembrances——" He would have added more but his voice failed.

"It is a pretty thing," said the tanner, applying a nail to try the quality of the gilding, and measuring the square contents of the canvass with his eye. "But the misfortune is, it is too large for any of my rooms, otherwise it would have formed a nice ornament indeed."

"What value do you put upon the picture?" inquired Constantine, approaching it with glowing cheeks and eyes suffused with tears.

"My son," said the father in a warning voice.

"I ask," repeated Constantine more impetuously, "what value do you put upon this picture?"

"Why—" replied the attorney, beckoning on red Jacob, who seemed to be looking on with indifference, "what might be the worth of it, think you?"

They whispered together for a few moments; at last the lawyer spoke to the effect that they could not now put any value upon it,—it was a picture to be seen and estimated by connoisseurs only, and they would set it aside till such an opportunity for selling it occurred.

"Well," said the boy, "then it will surely be mine."

"My son," said the count, with some emotion, "and how——"

"I can work, papa," interrupted Constantine. "Do you not remember that our master once told me I could copy music very well, and that it sells well. Now, I promise you, I will copy music night and day till this picture is mine."

At this moment a deep, but pleasant voice spake from behind in a foreign accent. "I give the highest price for that picture, and subscribe to every condition to get it into my possession." The count turned round, and recognised in the person of the speaker the master of the wrecked vessel; Constantine stamped with his foot on the ground in a paroxysm of indignation, while the lawyer bowed obsequiously to the supposed wealthy stranger, and the picture being placed aside, the latter stepped back, and again mingled with the crowd.

The count remained leaning against a pillar, with his arms crossed, calmly contemplating the proceedings of the auctioneer, and only now and then dropping an observation, when his interest seemed to require it.

The attorney opened the sale, by stating, that in consequence of the embarrassment of the present proprietor, the estate, with its whole pertinents and prerogatives, was about to be exposed to public roup. He concluded by intimating

that it was now at the option of the creditors either to expose the whole in one or in separate lots.

This observation excited considerable discussion among the creditors and spectators, in the course of which many impertinent observations were made, and considerable confusion excited. The lawyers got embarrassed amid the multiplicity of proposals, and hesitated how to proceed. At last Samuel raised his voice : " And are all these flocks, and woods, and meadows, and gardens, and this fine Castle, with its beautiful furniture, to be thrown away !" cried he. " Is there nobody present who will venture an offer to the extent of one-third, at least, of their estimated value ?"

At the first sound of the Jew's voice a keen and loud contest arose. One maintained that the Castle must prove a burden to whoever should purchase it,—that the plantations were little better than so much money thrown away,—and that the fields and meadows would barely cover their purchase. Others were of a different opinion; but the general impression produced by the discussion was highly unfavourable to the sale. Disgusted with all that he had heard and witnessed, the count quitted the apartment, and retired into the garden.

On entering it he was surprised to observe the countess walking at the distant end of one of the alleys with the elder stranger, and apparently engaged in close conversation.

" Can he be seeking any more explanation regarding the picture ?" thought the count. " And does he expect to make money by the purchase ?"

The thought pained him deeply, and the agitation of mind it produced was so strong, that he retired behind a hedge to avoid their observation, as the countess and stranger approached. Constantine, attracted by the novelty of the scene, had remained in the sale-room, behind his father; so that the latter felt no restraint to his giving way to the transport of grief which now overcame him. He threw him-



self down at the foot of an aged oak, and covered his face with his handkerchief; but at the same moment the stranger's voice reached his ear. "And was it possible," said the foreigner to the countess,—“were you so insulated from help? Could none of your relatives,—none of your neighbours assist you?”

The stranger seemed about to take the countess by the hand, with an expression of sympathy, but Constantine suddenly came running down the alley, and threw himself into the arms of his mother, exclaiming: “He has got it! That villain Samuel has got it! Our dear, dear Castle,—to-day he will take possession of it!”

“Just Heavens!” exclaimed the countess, turning pale as death, and sinking down on the neck of her son. “Oh this is too much! too much!” The count, unable any longer to restrain himself, started up and came forward, exclaiming: “What! The Jew in the Castle of my ancestors! Perhaps making an inn of it!”

“It is not possible!” sighed the countess. “*He!* It is incredible,—impossible!”

The stranger had slipped away unobserved at the first words of the boy.

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MEANWHILE the garden filled with people. Among others Natango, Michael, and Waide with, presented themselves respectfully before their old master, and the voice of the first of these faithful villagers faltered as he spoke: “Ah, Sir, for Heaven's sake do not deny our request,—do not leave us,—times may yet come round,—and we are come to make you a proposal!”

"My friends," said the count, "you afflict me still more. You know any proposal is now too late,—all is fixed and cannot be revoked. The moment is a trying one, but we must bear up under its sorrows. Farewell! May God bless you all!"

He was turning to withdraw, when Michael laid his hand upon his arms: "You are too hasty, master," said he. "You will not allow us to explain ourselves. Hear what we have got to say. You know the stranded goods are ours. Well, the foreign merchant offers us a sum for them, and we mean to accept his offer, and put the cash into your hands. With it you will be able to pay off the most impatient of your creditors, and as for the rest, good Heavens, there will surely be christian men amongst them! Thus the Castle will yet be saved."

"It is already sold," said the countess, interposing to save her husband's feelings. "Samuel has purchased the whole."

"O, my good lady, that is all humbuggery!" interrupted Waidewith. "How is such a beggarly rascal as he, think you, to get the money? He thinks, my lady, that he will be able to wheedle us out of the draft; but he has reckoned without his host for once; I too, methinks, have a word to say in the matter,—for the stranger is still owing me the salvage-fees of his own life! But where is he? I was told I would find him in the garden."

"The stranger!" interrupted Alexander. "Why I saw him this very moment set off in a carriage with the young Englishman. Don't you see them? Look, they greet us with their hats!"

"Adieu, adieu!" exclaimed the boy, while Louisa mounted upon a bench, gazed wistfully after the whirling clouds of dust.

"What!" exclaimed Michael. "Off, without having settled with us!"

"The deuce he is!" answered Waidewith. "And with-

out ever thinking of me ! The old rogue of a Jew has surely got the papers from him ! But wait a little !”

“Let him go, let him go !” exclaimed the count. “My friends, do not thus embitter our last moments of being together ! See there they are already coming with the contract of sale for my signature ! I will spare them the way.”

He hastened forward to meet them, followed by his wife and children. When the latter joined him, he was standing in the avenue holding a large sheet of paper in his hands, over which he threw a hurried glance. Opposite to him the lawyers stood in close and low conversation with one another.

The countess, well-divining what a mixture of contending emotions were now passing in the breast of her husband, gently stepped up, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, glanced over the deed, as if in token of her willingness to share in the grief which its perusal inspired. While thus engaged the name of Constantine met her eye, and another glance turned her feelings into a new channel.

“Merciful God !” she exclaimed. “Do I not dream ? My child ! my child ! We part not yet ! You—you—” She could add no more, but sunk senseless into the arms of her children. On recovering from her faint, one of the lawyers was proceeding to read the deed.

“We have here,” said he, unfolding the paper, “an act of purchase, and another of donation, both executed by Edward Stanley, and setting forth, that, whereas the said Edward Stanley has become proprietor of the whole estate and lands of P——, being the last and highest offerer for the same as exposed to public roup this day, and having paid the full purchase-money, leaving it to the count to make allocation of the same in satisfaction of the most urgent debts, he, the said purchaser, hereby makes over the whole in perpetual donation, bequest, and gift, to the young count, Constantine P——, as a proof of his gratitude towards the said Constantine, for having saved his life on a recent occasion,

with and under the express condition that the father of the aforesaid Constantine shall enjoy the full life-rent of the said estate, and act as administrator thereof during the whole period of his natural life. It is likewise to be remembered that the creditors ranking on this estate, having brought the same to a public sale, are only entitled to their proportion of the proceeds, and that the count Constantine, succeeding to it now, not by inheritance, but by free and special donation, comes under no obligation whatsoever to his father's creditors.

Here the attorney paused and looked round him for a moment, as if waiting to offer any additional explanation; but no question being put he proceeded. "The present act further provides and declares, that you, Natango, shall be paid a sum of money equivalent to the full value of the stranded goods, and that the goods themselves shall be divided among the gallant seamen who assisted you on the night of the storm which wrecked the English vessel on our coast. As for the Jew, Samuel, he is hereby entitled to be paid two crowns, ready money, with and under the express condition that he instantly quit the village, and never more come into these parts."

When the lawyer had finished his exposition, all present seemed lost in an ecstasy of delight and happiness; none remembered the exact terms of the deed, but all felt that affairs had taken a marvellous and transporting turn; the children hung round their astonished parents,—the domestics and villagers crowded around them,—shouts of exultation rent the air,—and the living tide of joy bore back the count and countess towards the castle of their ancestors, where a hundred hands were instantly employed in effacing all traces of the preceding transactions of the day, and restoring every room to its original, and well-known appearance.

For awhile the family were lost in a trance of wonder and happiness; at last they awoke to the full consciousness of the mighty change which had been wrought on their pro-

spects, and poured out their hearts in grateful prayer to the Almighty disposer of all events. But where was he,—the generous stranger, whose bounty had effected so mighty a revolution?

Constantine, without expressing his intentions, mounted his pony, and rode off to try and discover any traces of the strangers in the neighbouring village; but he soon returned without having obtained any tidings respecting them,—no person had seen them,—no person knew any thing about them.

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A YEAR had elapsed since these events, and no trace of the strangers had been discovered, when Louisa one day read in the newspapers, that Sir Alfred Montrose had been named British consul at B——, where his father had formerly resided in that capacity.

She handed the paper without any remark to her mamma; but it was with difficulty she concealed her agitation from her father and brothers who were in the room. When left alone with her single confidant, she flung herself into her arms, exclaiming: "And was I not right, mamma? It draws him again to our country!"

"Louisa, my beloved child," replied the countess, "do not buoy yourself up with such foolish expectations. What connexion do you imagine can exist between a lucrative employment and the remembrance of an infant playmate?"

"Nay, mamma, I am sure you think not as you speak now; though you will not confess it!" replied Louisa.

"And if *my* imagination also should be deceiving us," replied the countess, "I think, my dear, there is the more need of our trying to exercise cool reason."

Thus the matter rested for the present. But one day a servant entered the room where Louisa and her mother were sitting, and startled them both by announcing the arrival of Sir Alfred Montrose, and the next moment, a tall young man, in the bloom of manhood, entered the room, and having made his obeisance to the ladies, playfully took Louisa by the hand, and began to recount the adventures of their early and associated years. Sir Alfred was of a lively and frank disposition; he soon gained upon the affections and confidence of the count and every member of his family,—his visits to the Castle became more and more frequent,—and as the reader has already anticipated, in a few months Louisa was his bride.

“What a pity,” said the countess one day, while shaping some household articles for the young couple,—“what a pity it is, we have no longer any of that fine linen which Louisa spun and wove so beautifully.” Alfred affected ignorance of the matter, and the countess explained, whereupon Sir Alfred vowed he would follow his rival, Stanley’s nephew, to the ends of the earth, to rescue such a relic from his hands. The jest was taken in good part by all. Sir Alfred dropt no hint of any further acquaintance with the matter than what had now been told him for the first time.

The evening preceeding that of the wedding, besides the beautiful *Corbeille de nocces* presented by her lover, Louisa also received another basket from an unknown quarter. All seemed surprised at the gift, and looked on with interest while Louisa hurriedly broke it open. But what was her astonishment and consternation when she found it to contain the very linens she had sent to the inn on the morning after the shipwreck, neatly folded up, under a heap of flowers, with a scroll of paper bearing these words:

‘ Mark of changeless love the token  
In these snowy threads unbroken.’

Louisa read the motto and grew pale,—her mother looked embarrassed,—the count looked grave,—and, to increase the dilemma, at this critical juncture, the door of the room was thrown open, and the long wished-for Edward Stanley entered at the very moment when his absence would have been most desirable.

Gratitude, however, instantly checked every other feeling, and Stanley was quickly surrounded by the whole family, who overwhelmed him with the expressions of their joy and thanks.

Stanley attempted for awhile to look grave. "I like not such comedies!" he cried. "But there is the man who is to blame for it all," he added, pointing to young Montrose. "'Twas he, Louisa, whom the storm cast upon your coast. He is Edward Stanley's nephew!"

Innumerable questions and explanations now followed each other. No one had recognised in the now blooming Alfred the pale and sickly shipwrecked youth.

"Now, Alfred, what sorrow would you not have spared me," began Louisa, "if you had at the moment——"

"Nay, I approved of his conduct," interrupted the uncle. "I commend him for the mastery he then exercised over his feelings. My nephew would not have it said, that he owed the hand of count P——'s daughter to a feeling of gratitude towards me. And is it not better now?"

All agreed that it was; and the following day Sir Alfred Montrose led his beautiful bride to the altar.

A STORY OF

NUMBER NIP

BY THE BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

IN an inn, near the entrance of one of the valleys of the Giant Mountains, several peasants met together one evening, and after having made themselves merry over trencher and flagon, began to tease a young bashful looking lad, who had taken his station behind the stove, and looked like a travelling scholar. The youth had been observed to betray some symptoms of fear, when, by chance, the name of the whimsical Number Nip fell out in the discourse of the peasants, and the merry rustics took a malicious pleasure in heightening his alarm by telling story after story of the far famed Lord of the Mountain.

The young stranger made several ineffectual attempts to change the subject of conversation. At last one of the peasants, willing to display his wit, thus addressed him: "Now, my young lily-faced master, as you look somewhat like a travelling scholar, methinks it would be but wise and fitting in you to draw some good moral from all our stories; and, I suppose, one is quite as good as another to you in this respect."

"Oh," replied the student, "I would willingly comply with what you suggest; but I am only afraid, that, were I to try to turn every thing you tell me to such good account, you might find some cause of blame in me; and I am very timid."

The peasants laughed aloud at so modest a speech, but promised to listen to all that he might say without taking

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offence, and to pay his reckoning for him besides, if he should be able to deduce some profitable moral from every story that they might tell him of Number Nip. So one of the company thus began :

“Once upon a time a certain man took his way up the Giant Mountain with the special design of meeting with Number Nip, and begging from the Spirit the gift of a little magical book which should teach him how to rule the weather according as it pleased him, how to transform himself into any shape, how to bewitch his neighbour’s cattle, and, in short, how to perform a great many very strange and surprising tricks. Well, after looking about him for a long time, he at last perceived Number Nip, in the form of a little, old, decrepit man, seated in the mouth of a cave, who gave him such a little book as he described, and the impudent varlet took his way homewards again in great joy. But on the following morning, when he opened the little book, thinking to do some strange cantrip with it, lo and behold, every trace of the wonderful lines and figures which Number Nip had shown him in it the day before had vanished, and instead of a nicely written book, he had nothing but a parcel of worthless green leaves in his hand, with no other trace of figures or writing upon them than the shapeless lines and strokes which the hand of Nature has drawn upon the leaves of every tree and bush and shrub !”

The peasants were highly pleased with this story, and thought the novice in necromancy well-punished for his daring ; but at last they asked the student to treat them with the moral of the story, and he, after a little reflection, began to recite the following strophe in a low voice :

“He who famous deeds would do,  
First must humbly listen to  
School-dame Nature’s teaching, and  
Read the books which she has penn’d ;—  
Sealed these books to vulgar eyes,  
Open only to the wise.

He who can read a flower aright  
Will surely soar to wisdom's height;  
But he who nought therein can see,  
A rustic clown for aye will be."

"Sirrah, I think you are mocking us!" exclaimed the peasant who had told the story, in great wrath.

"Yes, yes," murmured another, "the fellow is taking his sport off us. I am sure none of us could ever read what was written on the leaf of a tree; and therefore are we to understand that we are all blockheads?"

"Now, you see, my respected friends," replied the student, "you see how instantly you begin to quarrel with me! Would that I had remained silent; but I trusted to your promise!"

The rustics, thus reminded of their pledge, promised to observe it, and another of them proceeded thus:

"Now, my good master student, I will tell you a story about one of your own sort of folks, for it is but fit that we should have our joke in turn at your expense. One of your scholar-kind of people was one day crossing the mountain; he wore a sword dangling at his side, and carried a guitar in his hand, and ever as he stalked along, he shouted some of his love songs into the blue air."

"Nay, then he was a great deal bolder than I am," interrupted the youth.

"I think so too, sir," replied the peasant. "But as my gentleman marched onwards, what think you befell him? A young spark, whom he took for a student like himself, comes up to him, and, after talking all sorts of learned stuff, takes his guitar, pretending that he was going to teach him a very pretty song. But no sooner has he got hold of the instrument than up he jumps with it, faster than any squirrel, into a very high tree, and there he sits among the green branches, and sings and plays away quite at his ease! At first this nimble-footed magician chose such merry and pleasant songs, that the poor fellow at the foot of the tree stood and lis-

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tened as if to a nightingale; but all at once he changed both time and tune and song, and began to bawl out such scurvy rhymes that his companion at the foot of the tree called out to him, in great wrath, to descend and restore his guitar, which was never intended for such a blockhead's hands. But the fellow in the tree became more outrageous than ever, and began to make such provoking songs about the poor scholar and his sweetheart, that my gentleman unable any longer to contain himself, drew his sword, and leaped a yard high in the air, calling on the scoundrel musician to come down and defend his life. Thereupon an ugly visage grinned down upon him from the tree, and at the same moment the guitar fell at his feet with a crash as if it had been shivered into a thousand pieces. The poor scholar swooned away when he beheld the hideous visage above him; but when he recovered and found his guitar lying unhurt at his side, he concluded that he had met with Number Nip himself; and from that hour he has never set foot again on the Giant Mountains."

"Faith, I can well believe that!" exclaimed one of the group, highly delighted with the story of the unlucky minstrel.—"And I think that fellow would sing as little as possible all his lifetime afterwards!" remarked another.—"Nay, for that very reason," began a third, "I half suspect we have got the unfortunate minstrel in proper person behind the stove there!"

"Do you really think so?" said the student, looking very thoughtful and pensive. "But I am still owing you the moral, my good friends. Give attention, it runs somewhat thus:

"Let the youth to whom belong  
The envied arts of verse and song,  
Shunning jest and idle word  
Use his gifts to praise the Lord.  
But should he in some evil hour  
Pervert the heaven-descended power—

Sure the minstrel's hand is free  
And the strain may changed be,  
While the chords unbroken still  
Wake to music at his will !  
Has thy babbling tongue revealed  
Secrets thou shouldst have concealed,—  
Erring minstrel, let this be  
A lasting lesson unto thee,  
And henceforth more discreet and wise,  
Veil thy love's charms from vulgar eyes."

"Indeed!" exclaimed one of the peasants. "If that is not meant for us, nothing in the world is! 'Vulgar eyes!' Well, well, I see through your learning, master student, and warn you once for all to let us alone with your quizzing."

"Never mind, man!" shouted another of the group. "I say, never mind. If he knows Greek, surely we are no blockheads!"

This observation kept down the rising wrath of the rest, and the assurances and protestations of the student that he meant nothing personal to such honourable gentlemen, completely mollified their resentment, and it was resolved to carry on the jest.

"A man of high rank," began one of the company, "becoming dissatisfied with one of his acquaintances, resolved to send him a very insulting and threatening letter. But somehow or other—nobody can tell how—Number Nip took hold of the pen with which he was writing, and so guided it, that he wrote just the very contrary of what he meant to express. Thus, for example, instead of writing, 'Thou art a perjured rascal, unworthy to loose the shoe-ties of an honourable man like me,' he actually wrote, 'I am a perjured rascal, unworthy to loose the shoe-ties of an honourable man like thee.' Consequently instead of a letter of insult and provocation, as was meant, the nobleman's enemy received a pitiful and humble confession from him,

and so the poor man of quality was laughed and sneered at by every body for a long time afterwards."

The company were highly pleased with this story, and some of them jeeringly besought the student to tell them all that such a funny letter might contain; for—they added with affected humility—they were such poor ignorant creatures that none of them had great skill in the mysteries of letter-writing.

"Listen to me, gentlemen," began the student. "I shall, with your leave, propound you something on my side, and, for once at least, the moral shall be a brief one. Here it is in two words:

You with the torch, let your neighbour alone;  
Lest in singeing his fingers, you scorch your own.

Now, my worthies, would you desire to witness my trick? It needs no learned clerk's skill to understand it!"

"Go on! Go on!" shouted the half-tipsy peasants.

The student stepped round the company, and drew some signs in the air with his finger before the mouth of each individual while he recited the following singular verses

"The tongue and the cat  
Are sly to overreach;  
Fit couple they make,  
Slaying each after each,  
One with its teeth,  
And one with its speech.

The tongue and the cat  
Are not sly enough;  
There's a spell that has power  
To give both a rebuff!  
Come chatter, dear tongue,  
Your true tipsy stuff!"

The peasants were much amused at so great an increase of boldness in the student's demeanour; and attributing it to the influence of the liquor, they thought that if they could only get the fellow drunk they would have rare sport with him. So, when the youth had resumed his seat behind the stove, one of them presented him with a full bumper, saying :

"Now, courage, my hearty ! I must drink till I measure my length on the ground, or all will not be well with me."

"Do as you please," replied the student very calmly.

"Yes," responded the peasant, with assumed sternness, "you may do as you please,—quite as you please,—and if ever the very thought should cross my mind of preventing you, may I be soundly basted with your staff !"

"John," exclaimed his comrades, laughing aloud, "what are you saying !"

Hereupon one of them, who was esteemed the wisest of their number, began with an air of great gravity: "Leave my honest friend, John, in peace ! What is it that you are making such a fuss about ? Had such a thing happened to me, who, you well know, am the stupidest blockhead amongst you, you might well laugh at it ; but John is a wiser fellow, and you may well leave him to his own guidance."

The company stared upon one another: "Children," began another of the circle, "it is my grave belief you have bewitched this young student by sinful and wicked means."

"I thought so from the very beginning !" added a third; and all broke out into a furious burst of passion, exclaiming: "Nothing shall prevent the student from beating each and all of us till he leave not a sound bone in our bodies ! We have used him vilely ! But wait a little ; we shall be repaid in our own coin."

Thus matters went on ; the peasants fully conscious that their lips gave utterance to the express contrary of what they meant, grew more and more incensed at each impotent attempt to speak their wrath, and were about to rush in

upon the magician who had so bewitched them, when suddenly the lights were extinguished, and the peasants could only discern the glaring eyes of an enormous owl which sat before them on the table. In their terror they made a simultaneous rush to the door; but outlet they could find none, while in their distress they kept shouting aloud in the most lamentable tone: "We are sorcerers! We are goblins! The student might have known this from the very beginning!"

Then the owl spoke to them in a grim voice: "Keep yourselves easy, my beloved friends; there is no occasion for alarm. Here I am, quite comfortable I assure you, and just as much the master as ever. Do you not know, my dears, that the owl is the bird of wisdom? Well, a student is just such a bird, and a very merry bird he is too, I assure ye, and there is no occasion for any great change amongst us. To be sure our situation is a little altered; just a trifle of a few hundred miles have we, my worthies, sunk down into the ground. But this should be a matter of no uneasiness to you, for I am Number Nip, and this is one of my palace halls. Don't you see the roof above you is solid gold, and the rafters are entire diamonds! Come set to work and enrich yourselves for life!"

Stimulated by conflicting terror and avarice, the peasants now began to climb up upon one another's shoulders to get at the diamonds. The innkeeper himself was foremost of the band; and in a short time, so dexterously had they used their knives, the sky with its sparkling stars appeared through the gap in the roof. The brilliance of the heavenly gems only excited their cupidity to a higher pitch,—one loaded himself with a huge rafter,—another groaned under the load of rushes and straw he had piled upon his own back,—and jealousy and anger had their full play amongst them, each one striving to appropriate to himself the largest portion of what appeared inestimable treasures.

When the first ray of the morning-sun shone upon them,

they found themselves standing on the roof of the inn, each one loaded with an immense weight of rafters and rushes ; and it may easily be conceived how silly they looked in such a situation,—the more especially as some of their neighbours, who were going a-field to the hay-making at an early hour, got their eyes upon them, and indulged in some hearty jokes at their expense.

It is said that from that time, the innkeeper and his companions, evinced great politeness towards all strangers, and treated travelling students with especial respect.

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THE

## SWAN OF THE FRAUENBERG

A GERMAN TRADITION.

WESTWARDS from Sondershausen, in the principality of Schwarzburg, there is a high mountain called the Frauenberg, which means, 'the Lady's Mountain.' Here stood in ancient times, the image of the goddess Techa,—the Diana of the Pagan Thuringians. In these dark ages many journeys were made by devotees to the top of the Frauenberg, then covered with dark and sacred groves in which they placed the richest of their spoils won in hunting, as an offering to the goddess. This ceremony was most commonly performed at that period of the year corresponding to the Christian Easter, and at such times the goddess received innumerable offerings. But when the pious Bonifacius had built a temple to the Holy Virgin on the very summit of this hill, the image of the Pagan goddess suddenly disappeared and that of the Mother of Jesus assumed its place, so that devotees still continued to ascend the hill for the purpose of presenting their varied offerings at the holy shrine.

Time's mouldering fingers have silently effaced every trace of the Christian and Pagan temples on the Frauenberg, and the last tree of the sacred grove has many centuries ago mouldered into the soil from whence it first drew nourishment ; but the memory of other times has not perished with their monuments, and the people of the surrounding country still assemble at Easter in great numbers upon the summit of the Frauenberg. They make it a duty to climb to the very

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top of the hill, whatever be the state of the weather; and they collect and carry down with them on their return a particular species of small snails which are only found on the Frauenberg.

There is, however, a very pleasing legend often told by the old women of the country to the children, when assembled on these occasions around a fine clear spring in the village of Techaburg at the foot of the mountain. It runs thus :

“Do you see this limpid stream? And do you know how it proceeds from the interior of the mountain? Well, I will tell you whence it comes. The mountain which stands there before us is hollow within. Don't you hear how it resounds when I stamp with my foot on the ground here? Now, children, within this hollow mountain there is a very large lake, and above it there is such a beautiful sky as you never beheld,—all studded with lovely stars, which glitter and shine most magnificently upon the lake below. And on the calm surface of this lake there has sailed since the beginning of the world, a silver-white Swan, who lives upon the light which flows from the ever-burning stars, and holds in his bill a splendid golden ring. When God created the world, he put this ring into the bill of the Swan to keep the world balanced; and whenever the ring shall fall from its bill, there will be an end of the world,—mark it, children, there will be an end of the world.”

This singularly wild tradition seems to have had its origin in a deceit of the monks, who, when Techaburg was besieged and taken by the Huns in 933, buried their treasures in the Frauenberg, and to prevent the people from digging them up, told them how dangerous it would be to do any thing which might frighten the Swan which sails on the lake within it, lest it should let the ring drop from its bill, and then there would be an end of the world.

# GOLDNER

A FAIRY TALE TOLD BY KORNER.

It may be two thousand years ago, or more, since a poor herdsman lived in a thick forest, where he had built a hut in which he dwelt with his wife and six children, all of whom were boys. There was a clear cool spring near the little hut, and a small garden; and when the father was in the fields with his cattle, the children would oftentimes carry a refreshing draught to him from the spring or some cherry-cheeked apples from the garden.

The parents had called the youngest of their children GOLDNER; for his hair was bright and shining like gold, and although he was the youngest, yet was he taller and stronger than any of his brothers. Whenever any of the children went abroad into the fields or the forest, Goldner went before them with a large stick in his hand. Without him none of the other children would venture to leave the neighbourhood of the hut, lest they should be carried off, or devoured by wild beasts, or some evil mischance peradventure should befall them; but under his guidance they would wander without fear through the thickest and gloomiest parts of the forest,—even though it were night-fall, and the moon had risen above the mountains.

One evening the boys, while returning home, had amused themselves long in the fields, and Goldner particularly had been so eager in the sport that his cheeks glowed like the crimson of the evening-sky.—“Let us go home,” said the

eldest, "for it seems to grow dark."—"Look, there is the moon," said the second; and all at once a clear light shone upon them, and they beheld a woman fair and radiant as the moon, seated on a mossy stone among the dark fir-trees. As the children gazed upon so beautiful a sight, they saw her twirling a crystal spindle, from which she spun a marvellous thread, which glittered brightly through the dark night; and ever as she spun, she nodded to Goldner, and sung these words:

"The snow-white Finch, and the gold Rose tree,  
And the Crown that lies hidden beneath the sea."

Perhaps she would have sung longer, and added other words than these, but her thread suddenly snapped in twain, whereupon she vanished like a light which is suddenly extinguished. It was now quite dark, and the children seized with terror hastened away in different directions, over rocks and cliffs, till they had all lost sight of one another.

Long Goldner wandered in the thick forest, but he neither found his brothers, nor could perceive his father's hut, or any trace of men; for all around him the trees of the forest grew close and thick together, and high mountains towered above his head to the very skies, while deep ravines crossed his path. But for a few bramble-berries which he picked here and there, poor Goldner would have died of hunger and exhaustion. But on the third day—some say that it was not until the sixth—the forest became clearer and clearer, and Goldner at last got out of it, and came to a beautiful green meadow.

The brave boy now felt his heart lightened, and began to breathe with delight the fresh air. There were a number of snares placed on the meadow, which belonged to a bird-catcher who dwelt near the spot, and who gained a livelihood by catching the beautiful singing-birds which came out of the forest, and selling them in the neighbouring town.

"It is just such a young spark as this I stand in need of,"

thought the bird-catcher to himself, when he first perceived the gallant boy standing alone on the green meadow, and gazing upwards on the wide blue sky as if he never could tire of the sight. So the bird-catcher thought he would play a trick on the young stranger, and drew his nets, whereupon poor Goldner was suddenly caught, and lay under the snare quite unable to comprehend what had happened to him.

"Thus we catch all foolish birds when they venture out of the forest," said the bird-catcher, laughing aloud. "Your crimson feathers just please me, brave boy, and methinks you are a sly one too, so be content to stay with me, and I shall teach you how to catch birds."

Goldner was very well-pleased with this proposal; for it seemed to him that one would lead a very merry life among the gay birds, and he could not hope soon to regain his father's hut.

"Come, let us see what you have learned," said the bird-catcher one day to the boy. So Goldner and he went out with the nets; and on his first trial Goldner caught a marvellous Finch that was as white as snow.

"Begone with your white Finch!" exclaimed the bird-catcher, when he beheld so rare a bird. "Begone, sirrah; for you must be in compact with the Evil One!" So he drove Goldner away from the meadow, and with many curses crushed the pretty white Finch beneath his feet.

Goldner knew not why the bird-catcher should have been so angry at his success; but he cheerfully took his way back into the forest, intending once more to seek his father's hut. Far he travelled through the thick and gloomy forest, among rocks and stones and decayed trees, till on the third day the forest became clearer and clearer, and on emerging from it, he found himself in a fine sunny garden, full of lovely flowers.

The boy had never before beheld so charming a sight, and long he stood and gazed on the beautiful plants and flowers. But when the gardener drew nigh and beheld Goldner

standing in the midst of a plot of sun-flowers, with his long golden locks glittering in the light of the sun, as radiant as the flowers with which he was surrounded, he thought to himself: "It is just such a stripling as this I stand in need of." So he hastily shut the gate of the garden, and Goldner was well-pleased to stay with him, for he thought he would lead such a pleasant life among the pretty flowers, especially as his hopes were now fainter of reaching his father's hut.

"Go," said the gardener one morning to Goldner,—"go and fetch me a wild rose-bush from the forest, that I may graft my garden-roses upon it." So Goldner went to the forest, and soon returned with a marvellous bush of gold-coloured Roses, which looked as beautiful as if every flower and bud had been wrought by the most skilful goldsmith to ornament the table of a king.

"Begone with your golden Roses!" exclaimed the gardener, when he saw so rare a plant. "Some evil thing befriends thee, thou vile one!" And with these words he pushed the wandering boy out of the garden, and trampled the beautiful Roses under his feet.

Goldner again took his way cheerfully back into the forest, and resolved once more to seek the way to his father's hut. On the third day of his wanderings the forest became clearer and clearer, and Goldner on getting out of it beheld the blue sea spreading out before him into the infinite distance. The sun shone upon the liquid mirror, which glowed like burnished gold; and there were beautifully adorned ships, with gay pendants and silken sails, gliding majestically over the surface of the waters. Goldner was ravished with so brave a sight, and having stepped into an elegant pinnace which lay moored to the shore, he gazed and gazed more delightedly on the wide waters and the azure sky.

"It is just such a lad as this we are in need of," said the sailors, pulling hastily off. And Goldner was well-pleased with the change, for it seemed to him that he would lead a glorious life upon the merry waves.

The fishermen threw their nets repeatedly, but caught nothing. "Let us try, my boy, what luck you have," said an old fisherman to Goldner. So the boy threw the net with unpractised hands into the sea, and on drawing it up again—behold, he had caught a fine Crown of pure gold!

"Hail!" exclaimed the old fisherman, casting himself at Goldner's feet. "Hail! We greet thee as our king!" Then they told the astonished boy, how that, many hundred years ago, the aged king who then reigned in that country had cast his Crown into the sea before he died, and had commanded that his throne should remain unfilled and covered with the emblems of mourning, till the mortal whom fate should favour should succeed in fishing the regal diadem again from the deep.

"Hail! Hail! We hail thee our king!" shouted all the fishermen, as they placed the Crown upon Goldner's head. And when the news had spread with the rapidity of lightning over the sea and far into the country, the surface of the waters was instantly covered with beautiful boats, and ships adorned with garlands, whose crews all greeted with joyful shouts the ship which bore king Goldner, who stood on the lofty prow, with the glittering Crown on his head, and gazed serenely upon that day's sun as it sunk beneath the verge of ocean.

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# LORELEY

## A RHINE LEGEND.

From yon rock's topmost height,  
Where sleeps the fair moonshine,  
Looks down a ladye bright  
On the dark flowing Rhine.

She looketh down and over,  
She looketh far and wide,  
Where'er the white sails hover :  
Youth turn thine eyes aside !

Fair though her smiles be to thee,  
Beware the spell she flings ;  
She smiles but to undo thee,  
With Syren heart she sings !

She looketh on the river  
As if she look'd on thee ;  
Heed not the false deceiver,  
Be deaf, be blind, and flee !

For thus she looks on strangers all  
With witching eyes and bright,  
While her streaming locks around her fall  
In a dance of golden light.

That light it doth resemble  
The deep wave's deadly gleam :—  
As deep and icy. Tremble  
To trust the treacherous stream !



An aged huntsman sat on a mossy stone, by the cave of Goar, close to the banks of the Rhine, and sung these verses to the gentle murmur of the river, whose waves bore a small boat in which a youth was seated. The frail bark had nearly reached the Bank—a dangerous whirlpool in that part of the river, which calls forth all the art of the helmsman to avoid being carried down in it—but the beautiful youth, heedless, or unconscious of his danger, kept his eyes steadily fixed on the summit of a high rock, whence a lovely female form looked down, and seemed to smile sweetly upon him.

The old huntsman raised his voice when he beheld the young man's peril, but he heard not the warning; his lute, his oar, and his cross-bow had all dropt unnoticed into the stream, and nought remained to the entranced youth but his cap and swan-plume, which was fastened by a ribbon to his neck, while the increasing rush and roar of the waters rendered his situation more perilous, and the voice of the huntsman less audible. It was the lovely maiden, who sat on the top of the rock, that engrossed the youth's whole thought and sense; she seemed to gather glittering pebbles from the rock, and ever and anon to cast them merrily down into the water, where they vanished in the shining foam. The youth thought that the beautiful maiden was smiling upon him, and he sat motionless, with his arms stretched out towards her, gazing upon her as on a star, till his little skiff was borne upon the sharp rocks, and the whirlpool threw its gigantic arms around the youth, and drew him to its breast. But the lovely Loreley only looked down upon the scene as if it pleased her, and smiling like a child from under her beautiful long hair, threw down fresh pebbles into the boiling whirlpool.

The huntsman raised his bugle-horn, and blew so wildly on it, that his hounds began to howl around him, and some fishermen, who were occupied at a distance catching salmon, rowed towards him; but the youth was sunk beyond recovery, deep, deep in the whirlpool. Then the huntsman

said to the fishers: "Did you see how the witch up yonder rejoiced over the destruction of this poor youth,—how she bent her ear, and listened to the roar of the waves whilst they sucked him in and hissed over him as if they mocked his silly love?" But a young fisherman answered: "Is the maiden who sits up there on the Ley\* to blame if an imprudent boy should gaze on her with those eyes which he never should have turned away from the waters? She did not send the whirlpool to meet him; he himself rushed into his own grave!" Then the fishermen told the huntsman, how sometimes in the still evenings the beautiful fairy had appeared to them, sitting quite close on the banks of the river; and how she had beckoned them with friendly smiles to go hither and thither with their nets; and how they always drew their nets up abundantly filled with fishes, when they followed her directions. "But if you venture to approach her,"—said they—"and who would not desire to do so, she is so beautiful,—she gets angry and vanishes like a mist. Whether she rises up into the air, or plunges down into the deep, nobody can tell; and nobody knows who and what she is."

Shaking his head, the old huntsman went away in the darkling evening to the other side, towards Bacharach. Close to this town stood Stahleek,—a castle where the Pfalzgraf† resided. Many tales had been told at the castle, of the marvellous lady, who sometimes in the twilight, or

\* On the Rhine, a slate-rock is called a *Ley*: for instance, the Eppeler Ley.

† The title of Pfalzgraf, (*Comes palatinus*) comes from *Pfalz palatium*, or *palace*, which was the name given to the castles of the German emperors, in which they dwelt alternately in ancient times. The Pfalzgraf was a judge who held courts of justice in these castles and the surrounding districts. When this practice ceased, the title of Pfalzgraf remained attached to certain districts, particularly near the Rhine.

when the moon shone, would appear on the rock ; but none of the Pfalzgraf's household had ever seen her ; and he often warned them not to let themselves be led away by vain curiosity, remarking, that he whom God preserved from all intercourse with such phantoms of hell, should rejoice in his mercy, and entertain no wish that it were otherwise.

But the son of the Pfalzgraf, a beautiful youth, whom it seemed as if the spring had chosen for its harbinger, and who changed all into spring wherever he looked and smiled, had often turned his eyes wistfully towards the place from which came the wonderful tales of Loreley. Yet he dared not go thither, for his father and mother had become aware of his feelings,—having been told by his playfellows what a picture he had drawn of the fairy, and how all his thoughts and wishes were directed towards her. Whatever came to his knowledge regarding her was never forgotten again, but stood for ever in transparent beauty before his imagination, which would sometimes picture her seated high upon the rock, surrounded by party-coloured snakes, and green lizards, which crept about among the glittering stones ; and ants, which came in long troops, as if they were carrying gifts to her ; while the full moon showered down red gold into her lap. Sometimes when all around the banks and the river was veiled in twilight, he thought he saw Loreley standing there in the rosy solitude, singing her monotonous song, while beneath her the Rhine flowed on with lonely murmurings, and the timid birds, awaking from time to time, flew up into the air, and the late evening glow still hovered above the tops of the mountains.

The same evening on which the huntsman came to Stahleck, Hagbert—for such was the name of the son of the Pfalzgraf—was seated with his sister, Wana, on the declivity of the neighbouring Kühlberg, opposite the Voigtsberg, upon whose sunny sides the costly vine prospers. They saw the boats passing over the water, and many beautiful spots reflected on the river like the looks of love, and of longing.

Many a tale they had told to one another, and now the brother and sister sat holding each other's hand in silence. Wana was Hagbert's confident, and she knew wherefore he sighed, and breathed so ardently towards the distant vapour under whose golden and blue veil the mountains seemed to heave like a bosom in which many a sweet and many a painful secret is concealed. All around was silent, the trees moved as if they were lulling one another to sleep, the odorous pinks and violets near the rock shut their eyes, the little brooks alone continued to beat and murmur like the veins of life in a dream; behind the darkling trees and bushes, the tops of the gilded forest shot up, and a shower of red sparkles seemed to fall upon the grass, and to inflame it; suddenly the moon rose behind the mountains, and all at once every thing seemed to burn in clear and enchanted light. "There is Loreley!" called Hagbert. "She smiles to us; do you hear how she calls?" It was only a bird screaming through the red moonlight night. But Wana drew her brother up from his seat, and said trembling: "It is time, my brother, that you bring me home to my mother; let us not again be seated here so late and alone on the declivity; for the charm draws you down, down,—and I tremble for you and for myself."

At the castle they were talking of what had lately been said of the beautiful Loreley, when Wana, in the hand of her brother, and a little afraid of the reproof of her mother, entered the hall where her parents were seated together, as was their custom at night-time. The youth listened in silence to every word which was spoken. "If she is a witch, this wild Loreley," exclaimed Ruthard, a knight of the Palatine; "she must be thrown into the fire, were she even as beautiful as the evening star yonder."—Then Hagbert sighed, and leaning on his father's chair, bent over his neck and said: "Let me catch her father! I do not fear! If she is a witch, I will bring her to you; but if there can be found no guilt in her, and if she does not willingly do harm to any

one, you will give her to me, and she shall be my own love!" Hereat all who were present laughed aloud; but the Pfalzgraf answered: "People say Loreley is a cunning fisher; she spreads out a glittering wily net; but as for you, my son, you are a young inexperienced little fish, and had better keep at a distance from her! Curiosity and the forbidden fruit often excite youth to wish for a thing which they throw away as soon as it is in their possession. If even the ghostly lady should be no monster, she is most probably a mermaid, and man shall hold no communion with such creatures; God has placed them in another house of nature, and their enmity visibly appears as soon as man approaches that which nature has designed should remain at a distance from him."—"There are plenty of tales told," replied Ruthard, "from which it seems that such intercourse has brought harm and perdition over both; and it seems to me no guilt to kill such a creature, who tries to ensnare men with syren love."—"One may quietly pass by," said the countess; "for the water-nymph is said to be a creature without reason; but man ought not to follow blind instinct, if he does not wish to do so."—"I shall not lend you my cross-bow, Ruthard," exclaimed Hagbert, "if your speeches are meant for the poor fair Loreley!"—"We have talked enough," interrupted the Palatine, desiring the priest to say the evening prayers. But Hagbert slept uneasily the whole night; it seemed certain to him, that they would attack Loreley,—and he fancied he saw the arrow in her breast, and her blood flowing like a coral string down the dark rock into the deep Rhine.

One of the following days, several strangers came to visit the castle, and Hagbert and his hunting companions conducted the merry sportsmen through ravines covered with vines into the green foliage of the forest of beeches; but the Pfalzgraf had secretly ordered Ruthard to pay attention to Hagbert, lest his curiosity should lead him after more witching game. Nevertheless, it so happened that Hagbert

got out of sight of his companion, and suddenly disappeared. He yet heard the bugle-horns calling him back, but the sounds came from a great distance, and Hagbert's heart beat violently, like the young eagle's when he no longer hears the wings of the old one around him. Without thinking of what he intended to do, he hastened on as quickly as he could; sometimes it seemed to him as if he truly intended to catch the mermaid, and thus accomplish the will of his father; and sometimes he fancied himself called upon to protect her, as if he had long ago seen her and loved her. He now stepped down a ravine—it was at the bending of the river, where it turns into the silent rocky solitude—the turrets of Oberwesel, and the watch-towers of Schönberg glittered behind him,—the last light of day, like a dying flame, played around their tops,—whilst over the mountains the first rosy beams of moonlight appeared, like as on that evening when Hagbert and Wana looked down from the Kùhlberg.

But from beyond a wonderful sound was heard, incessantly repeated—which those who deeply listened to did not perceive was always the same note—and sweet tunes seemed to float in the air around him, like the distant and enchanting call of love. Hagbert looked around, and when he saw nothing, he thought how that bird could be called which sings sweeter than a nightingale? Some young people from Oberwesel were now close by him; the water sparkled beneath their oars around the boat, and Hagbert heard them say: “That is Loreley!” He then cried to them: “I am the son of the Pfalzgraf, and would like to be rowed a little in the light of the moon, will you ferry me over?” With these words he sprung into the boat with his bow and his arrow, his locks streaming loosely in the wind around his temples and his neck. “Now row me over to the rock, where Loreley sings,” exclaimed he; “pull off,—show me the fair Loreley!”

The young men rowed on, and soon showed him the

rock whence the sweet voice resounded. There stood the maiden, gleaming all silver white in the light of the moon ; and twining a wreath of water-flowers and reeds, which she had gathered in the Rhine, in her golden hair, while ever as her hands moved she kept singing : " Loreley—Loreley—Loreley !"

" Row me thither, row me thither !" exclaimed Hagbert ; but the helmsman kept at a distance and said : " It would be the death of you." Then Hagbert replied : " Well, be thou my death, or I catch thee alive, my lovely maiden, and never shall I part with thee again, nor thou with me ! What, do you delay ?" called he again to the young man. " Do you not know, my father has sent me to catch the mermaid ? Therefore I came with my bow and arrows." The rowers bent to their oars, and the old steep rock soon threw its shadow over the boat ; but again the boatmen paused, and warned the rash youth of his danger.

The fair Loreley had opened her bright eyes,—her long luxurious ringlets fell undulating down her shoulders, as if longing to leap with her into the waters to entangle the youth,—she remained standing at the edge, her song was silenced, and she looked as if partially revealed from a dim mist. The young men now called on Hagbert to place his arrow on the string, as the witch was just standing fair for a mark, but he took off his weapons and threw them into the Rhine, calling out : " Be not afraid, lovely maid, no harm shall be done to you ; but mine you must be, and I am yours for ever." At these words those who held the oars shuddered, and began to be afraid lest they also should lose their senses like the son of the Pfalzgraf, and so all of them find their death on the spot. Therefore they held off the rock as much as they could, and bent their oars stoutly against the waters. But Hagbert endeavouring to spring over to the edge of the rock, missed his step and sunk down into the waters, and after him, with a sweet and mournful scream plunged the Syren into the flood, as if a silvery

beam from the rock had suddenly glittered over the stream. But the young men fled away, and only thought of saving their own lives. "What shall we do?" they exclaimed; "shall we tell the Palatine that his son found his death in the Rhine? And if we conceal it, a still worse suspicion falls upon us, for it cannot remain secret; so let us just say that he hired and forced us to bring him hither, pretending that his father had sent him to kill the mermaid; and that she bewitched him when he was taking up his weapon,—which is all the truth."

When Hagbert opened his eyes, it seemed to him as if he had awoke in the midst of winter, and as if blue and green pieces of ice stood like giants around him; but a gentle spring-breeze blew through the crevice of the rock, and sweetly fanned his cold cheeks. What the boy thought was cold ice was quartz and transparent crystal, and the breeze was Loreley's breath which played around him like the sighing wave. Forests of rushes and other aquatic plants rustled around the cave, and through the crystal walls resounded incessantly sweet sounds, as if the waves were sighing their love to one another.

In this deep world Hagbert found himself alone with the beautiful mermaid; but he could not feel comforted here in the midst of those frightful wonders; and soon he longed almost more impatiently than he had formerly done to throw himself into the water, to see again the light of the day, as if it was only there that he could rejoice in the sight of the beautiful fairy, and exchange love for love. He said to her, when she threw around him her silver-white arms, and when her ringlets floated around him like the waves of the stream: "Only where the sun of Heaven shines upon us can I rejoice in your sight!" So she took his hand, and led him along a narrow rocky path; it grew darker and darker around him, and waving flowers seemed to shoot down from an immeasurable height into the lonely depth: "The hills and vales are still glumbe-  
ring," said Loreley; "but the sky

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does not shut his eyes for so long a time, do you see how they glance down upon us?" And again the wild floods rushed around Hagbert. "Let not your foot glide," said Loreley; "come sit down here close by my side, till the sun rises."

A white cliff glittered in pale light before Hagbert, but it seemed to be assailed by agitated waters, which heaved to and fro among huge mountain-like forms, and threatened also the spot where he stood in the silent night, "Where are we?" inquired Hagbert, and felt, not without a shudder, Loreley's arms surrounding him: "We are in the midst of the Rhine," said the maid. "These are the ancient children of the giants, the mountains, we are seated on the toe of one of them, and it is so long that he stretches it out like an angle for the ships which so merrily go up and down the Rhine! He draws them down at the stone yonder; and yonder where I look to, up the river, the wrecks appear again, but no living being ever re-appears there, they have all been swallowed—swallowed."

At the opposite side a small light now appeared,—it was a lamp before an altar in the church of St Clement on the opposite shore. The feeble glimmer glided slowly through the country, throwing here and there a beam, and Hagbert thought he could discern the Mauserthurm quite near, and before, and behind him upon the heights, he saw some well-known castles. "Do you know," said Loreley, as if she had perceived his distrusting fears, "I have been leading you up the stream, the waters were carrying you down,—there my kinsmen would never have let you out again from the crystal castle; but you shall remain mine; for you I left the beautiful castle,—all my longing was for you!" "Loreley," exclaimed Hagbert, and as he glanced on her countenance, her flowing ringlets in the night-breeze looked again so beautiful, with the light from beyond the river falling upon them,—“they say you rejoice there above, upon yon rock, when your wild river draws a man down.”

Loreley sighed, and said : " It may be so, dear youth,—I did not know better ; I thought it must give pleasure to all, to sport with us, and to get fresh and cool in our resounding transparent world." " They also say," replied Hagbert, " that you allure the children of men with your sweet song." " I do not care at all for the children of men," said Loreley, peevishly, " for my pleasure I sang,—for my pleasure I gazed,—I called none, and looked for none ; if any one thought that I called for him, it sometimes amused me, and I had my sport with them without thinking of it. But now, alas, all is changed,—no sport will any more rejoice me ; it is you I have chosen, it is you whom I will draw down into the deep,—you whom I will follow through the world, for I am yours and you are mine ! When you approached with bow and arrow, I felt as if I wished to be a roe, and to have your arrow in my heart, and to fly before you till I had drawn you to the highest top of the rock, where you should have been alone with me."

From near and far now flamed up the first morning light over the white rocks ; their tops glittered in the first dawning of the morning, whilst below them the two lovers were still seated. Hagbert held the beautiful maid in his arms ; she leaned her head upon his breast, but when the cocks began to crow at the shore, she started up, and said : " I must go ; there where you have found me, you will find me again at evening-time, do not forget !" She then threw a stone into the water, which became troubled, boiled, and gushed up, and a small boat appeared working its way to the surface. " Leap into it," exclaimed Loreley ; " one of the boards was broken in sinking, take it up and make use of it for an oar, and row to the shore ! Farewell, Hagbert !" With these words she plunged down, and Hagbert, now in the boat, saw her no longer. But below him there sounded a murmuring voice : " Loreley, Loreley !" till it seemed as if tears at last stifled the longing sound.

The frail boat carried Hagbert with as much security

over the dangerous spot, as if a careless playful child had been intrusted to its care, and he reached the shore to the right, where castle Ehtenfels glittered in the morning glow over the merry vines. In the morning beam, Hagbert awoke gradually from the dreams of the night; he was astonished, and knew not how he felt; doubt and sweet mystery, desire and horror, struggled in him; Loreley's countenance appeared before him, such as it had smiled upon him in the light of the lamp from the church, and it seemed to him as if he should have placed her in the full glare of that light, and all fear would have fled; then he thought again, how the crowing of the cock had frightened her away, and he felt as if a ghost had been seated near him in the horrors of the night, and wondered that his adventure had not cost him his life.

He went to the nearest cottage of a vine-dresser, and begged for a warm drink. His clothes were damp, and he left them in the cottage, and put on the jacket of one of the boys. He knew not whether if he should return to Stahleek, he might hope, as his life had been miraculously preserved, that the anger of his father would be softened,—and then he hoped to obtain the interest of his mother and sister for the fair Loreley, and that they might intercede for her with his father; again, amidst his secret shuddering, the wish awoke in him to fly to the maid of the rock, and to live for her alone, and again fear overcame his longings. Thus he spent a part of the morning musing upon the shore, till at last he be-thought himself it would be best to go straight to Stanleek, otherwise the maid might come into danger before he could prevent it. He felt more and more anxious the nearer he approached the castle of his father. He mounted the steps in the rock, which led a nearer way to a small gate, but in seizing the knocker, he perceived he had lost a little ring which he always wore on his left hand, and he thought the mermaid might have taken it secretly from his finger, to bind him for ever to her.

Night came on. The Pfalzgraf, informed of the death of his son, sent Ruthard with a troop of soldiers to catch Loreley, dead or alive; Ruthard had begged hard to be intrusted with this commission. Loreley stood on the top of the rock, when the fierce looking men came down the dark flood. She gazed up the river wondering that Hagbert did not come; and called aloud as she was wont: "Loreley! Loreley!" Then Ruthard cried mockingly to her: "We bring to thee the greetings of your love Hagbert; he sends by us a kiss to his bride, with which he weds thee: come down to us to get it, or tell us how to come up to thee without flying! O, thou fair and wild Loreley, here is new booty for thee! Dost thou not choose to catch it as thou hast caught Hagbert?"

Loreley lifted her snow-white hand, she pointed with her finger here and there, and showed them how they might climb up the rock; for she thought that they came in peace, and that they surely brought to her Hagbert's greetings. Many of them warned the rash Ruthard, but he laughed at their fears, and two of his savage menials climbed up the rock with him. "Bind her!" called he out, when they had gained the rock. "What do you intend?" exclaimed Loreley. "Thou must die,—down with thee to the Rhine, thou witch!" said Ruthard. "Thou must die, Syren that thou art, who hast killed the beautiful Hagbert!"

"Hagbert!" exclaimed Loreley in a melting voice. "Come hither Hagbert! I am no witch, I am Hagbert's love,—his true love!" "Phantom!" cried Ruthard, "Hagbert lies in the river!" "He is at Stahleek," said Loreley, wringing her snow-white hands, and embracing Ruthard's knee. "O, let me not die! Hagbert, Hagbert, come hither!"

The hearts of all those who had remained below were moved by her beauty and her accents, so that one cried to the savage knight: "Have patience, Ruthard; I will ride to Stahleek and see whether the mermaid has spoken the

truth: if the son of the Pfalzgraf is at the castle,—if she has saved his life, she shall be free!" But Ruthard laughed in mockery, and said: "Will you not also bring a priest that he may convert the witch? Although Hagbert were yet living Loreley must die for having seduced him." But Loreley looked with new courage upon the man as he flew away in full speed upon his foaming horse, and said: "Do you wish to throw me into the Rhine? That I can do better myself! Here before your eyes I will leap into it!" But Ruthard got her fettered, and a heavy stone was brought, whilst the cruel knight shook his glittering sword above her swan-white neck.

A swift boat now came through the waves bearing to the edge of the rock the friendly soldier who had ridden to Stahleek. "Loreley," called he up to her, "give back the little ring you have taken from the Palatine's son, and your life shall be saved,—thus the Palatine spoke." "I have no ring of his," said Loreley, lamenting; "he had none on his hand to give me! Hagbert, alas Hagbert! Why dost thou not come? Drag me to him in chains and he will loose them!"

"Do you see, she will not yield up the ring!" replied Ruthard, spitefully. Then Loreley wept, like the imploring deer, when the harsh savage huntsman stands before it. And many of those who stood below wept with her, for Ruthard had no mercy, he granted her no respite, he hung the heavy stone at her neck, and the murderers approached; but Loreley looked on them, and said: "My love has betrayed me; no one shall ever see me more!" Once more she glanced up the river, and leaned over, as if she wished to see castle Stahleek; she then stepped to the edge of the rock and leapt down.

As if changed into stone, Ruthard, and his two blood-thirsty companions gazed after her. They could not find the way down again, and thus they died a miserable death. But Hagbert was inconsolable, when he learned the news of Loreley.

The following day a man from Oberwesel brought a net of large fine fish to the castle, and when they were about to prepare them in the kitchen, they found under the tongue of one of them the ring which the youth had lost, and which, doubtless, had fallen from his finger when the flood drew him down.

Hagbert often rowed up and down the Rhine; but Loreley's lovely form, and her fair countenance, he never saw again. Yet her voice was often heard,—she sang no longer, but she answered when called to, and then it seemed as if she wept, and sighed deeply, and would have said had she spoken: 'Why do you throw away your words upon me, and invite me to play as I formerly did? It is no longer Hagbert's voice, I have lost him! lost!'

When Hagbert called to her, she answered his words like an echo; but he could not bear the sound. Once he pressed his sister Wana to his breast, who mournfully stood beside him,—threw the ring into the Rhine,—and listened through the sound of the oars towards the rock,—but his sister kept him back, when he longed to fling himself down into the wild river.

From the day on which he threw the rich ring into the Rhine, near the rock which still bears the name of the mermaid, Hagbert declined in health, as if something was gnawing at his heart; and like the sound of the bugle-horn at the Loreley, his young life died away in the longings of love.

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# MY GRANDMOTHER

A TALE BY KLUSEN.

THE long-dreaded tidings of my good grandmother's decease had arrived; and as her nearest of kin, and only heir, I had been summoned to appear personally before the judge, and enter upon the management of my new inheritance. Official business, however, detained me for several months in a distant part of the country; at last I left the capital with its cares of office behind me, and found myself, after several days travelling, seated at the *table d' hote* of Binsenwerder waiting for the arrival of fresh post-horses.

Opposite me sat a little, dry, yellow-faced gentleman, who, nevertheless, seemed to have a capital appetite, with which he at the same time contrived to conjoin no small portion of garrulity. I soon discovered from the conversation which he kept up with the landlord and the rest of the company that he was a citizen of Klarenburg,—the very town in which my late respected grandmother had spent the latter half of her life, and which he had just left that morning. In the flow of the stranger's eloquence the conversation soon turned upon my deceased relative. Many of the persons present appeared to have known her; and it was a grateful feeling to me to hear her praises fall from so many unprejudiced lips. He of the yellow visage, however—who appeared from his conversation, to hold the office of Recorder in the little town just mentioned—did not approve of the terms of the good old woman's will, though he protested that with

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the exception of this unhappily irremediable step, her whole life had been highly creditable and praise-worthy. From farther explanations, furnished by the loquacious Recorder, it appeared, that while my grandmother had most liberally aided the funds of the various hospitals and benevolent institutions in Klarenburg, she had most inconsiderately passed over the merits of that highly deserving body of men, the civic rulers of the place. Not a groschen had she destined for the worshipful town-council, under whose magisterial protection she had passed the latter years of her life in so much peace and comfort: although many of them—and she must have known the fact—were needy enough. “I had flattered myself,” continued the garrulous Recorder, “that I at least, would have got a few of the old lady’s louis d’ or, seeing I had written all my ten fingers stiff upon her will, her legacies, and her codicils. They would have come in excellent time just now while on the route for Carlsbad,\* whither my physician sends me to recover the tone of my stomach, which has got a little out of order from my long association with dusty old deeds, and such mouldy stuff. But there was not a word to this effect in all the windings and turnings of the old lady’s will; we got our fees, and that was all; with the exception of what was due to me in strict justice, I never fingered a groschen of her property.”

“But tell me now, Mr Sander,” began the host, “is it really true that old Mrs Milbirn left all the money that people say? As you were employed in making the will, you must of course know all about it.”

“Is it really true!” ejaculated Mr Sander, seemingly amazed that such a thing could be questioned; “why, my dear sir, there was not a landed proprietor, or even a considerable farmer in the whole country round about, for a distance of forty miles, who did not hold some six thousand or

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\* A celebrated watering-place in Bohemia.



eight thousand crowns of the woman's money ; every householder in Klarenburg was her debtor in less or more. There was the smelting furnace—a very mint in itself ; and Herzfelde, which she bought some twenty-eight years ago for a mere trifle, is now worth, at least, four times what she paid for it ; from her nursery-grounds she drew, at least, three thousand crowns clear rental per annum ; her merinoes are esteemed the finest in the whole province ; and if you want to see good cattle go to Herzfelde.”

“ Now ! And all that—” began the host in a strain of admiration.

“ All that !” interrupted the eloquent Recorder, “ aye, all that is inherited by her only grandson, who resides in the capital, where he holds the office and enjoys the emoluments of a councillor.”

During this conversation, I kept tracing figures with my fork upon my plate, without daring to raise my eyes for a single moment ; for I felt the blood mounting to my cheeks, and I was quite sure that my identity with the said lucky heir would be detected by the whole company as soon as they should fix their looks upon me. Luckily, however, all eyes were turned upon the speaker, and I, as a stranger, and one utterly uninterested in the conversation, was allowed to maintain silence.

“ Oh how anxiously all our young women are looking out for the councillor's arrival !” continued the man of parchments. “ Report says he is a nice young fellow,—of an easy temper, great flow of spirits, and unmarried. Now with all this income in his pocket, you may easily fancy what a figure he will make amongst us. If he has not already lost his heart in the capital, he must lose it here ; there is no help for that ; whether he is agreeable to the thing or not, it must be so. Gadzooks, there will be glorious sport on the occasion ! Poor young things, there are some fine girls among them too,—I question if he could find the match of some of them in the capital itself ! And it's all in their eye ;

wherever you go nothing is talked of at Klarenburg but the rich young councillor; every one is teasing another about him, and every one is dreadfully afraid lest she should not prove the fortunate one. He is expected one of these days, and the dress-makers and milliners have been at work already for weeks, for every one is wanting to show herself to the best possible advantage, and aunts and mothers have been racking their inventions from morn to noon, and noon to night, and night to morn, planning how best to entrap this rare young goldfinch for a daughter or niece. I cannot tell you how much amusement all this has afforded me! Not long ago I overheard the following reproof administered to a nice looking young woman: 'But dear me, Augusta, how can you stoop so odiously! Depend upon it if the councillor comes, and you look so humpbacked as you are doing just now, he will never turn his eye upon you!'—Again: 'Oh, Frederica, you shock me! These toes of yours—can't you turn them out! Do you think that if the councillor should chance to see you waddling that way like a duck, he would ever look at you again?'—It was only yesterday I heard our captain of militia's wife calling out to her daughter: 'Susan, Susan, how many hundred times must I reprove you for that horrid custom you have fallen into of squinting! Why, do you think that the young gentleman when he comes, will not instantly turn his back upon you, when he sees you ogling his hand with one eye, and his foot with the other at the same moment?'—It is currently reported that the young heir speaks French remarkably well: so there is such a *parlezvous*, and chattering in every house from morning to night, as makes your ears tingle all the time you are within hearing. Some again have heard that the councillor is a great proficient in music, and so you cannot walk from one end of a street to another without having your ears stunned with such a rattling of pianos, thrumming of guitars, and twanging of harps, and screaming of songs, French, German, and Italian, as would

make you fancy the whole town of Klarenburg had been turned into an immense musical academy. Another account represents this great man as passionately fond of dancing; so the poor dancing-masters are to be seen hurrying from house to house *sans intermission* the whole day; and there is such a waltzing, and reeling, and quadrilling,—such cotillions, and cavatinas, and gavottes, as astound your very senses the moment you step into a genteel house where there are any young women. It is not many days ago since the fat Miss Hildegard slipt her foot in one of these capriccios, and came down all her length upon the floor, by all the world like a sack full of potatoes!”

At this piece of news the whole company burst out into shouts of laughter, and, to avoid detection, I tried to laugh heartily myself, but in secret I began to grow mortally afraid of the consequences which might attend my appearance at Klarenburg.

Encouraged by the approbation of his audience, the Recorder resumed: “People put themselves to an enormous deal of expense on account of this young heir. The commissioner of Excise is preparing a concert, in which it is intended his daughter, Seraphina, shall sing two bravura songs. More than six rehearsals have already taken place; but poor papa appears each time in deeper distress, for Miss Seraphina is constantly out of tune like a cracked fiddle; her shake is never full enough, and her cadence is the most lamentable thing in the world, though papa keeps whispering to her all the time to collect and reserve her breath for the trying moment. Twice has poor dear Seraphina sung herself as hoarse as a crow; but the father knows the full amount of the inheritance, and remains inexorably determined to carry through the concert.—Then as for the director of the Tobacco-monopoly, he is to give a ball, such as has never been witnessed before in this part of the country. Eighteen cousins and nieces,—fine girls all of them, and really beautiful as angels,—are to appear at this ball in the dress of Virgi-

nian maidens, each of them carrying a tobacco-plant in her hand instead of a lily ; and then his own daughter—Nina by name—a girl as beautiful as Venus herself, is to enter in the dress of a rich tobacco-planter's daughter, and to dance a *so-la*, at the conclusion of which, she is to step up to the dear young visitor, and offer him a pinch of genuine Spanish snuff from a mother of pearl shell.—But the dowager, Mrs President, is to surpass them all. Her old lover, the colonel of engineers, is to get up a grand display of fire-works in her gardens ; the cyphers of the illustrious stranger are to be displayed in blue coloured illumination ; and at the close of the exhibition, when the *bouquet* is fired, and while amid the roar and hiss of a thousand squibs and sky-rockets, every body is blinded and confounded, the beautiful Carita, the youngest daughter of the hostess, is to appear to descend, from the dark sky in an ingenious contrivance, surrounded by a magical halo, and under the form of a Psyche, is to present her bridegroom *in spe* with a glittering diploma of immortality !”

“ I will not go to Klarenburg,” muttered I secretly to myself, while my cheeks burned as if one of the colonel's rockets had passed near it.

“ And the best part of the joke,” began the inveterate talker, “ I warrant you will be, that the dear young councillor will have none of all the beauties whom the provident papas and mammas are preparing to set before him in such engaging attitudes !”

“ And why not ?” inquired half-a-dozen voices, with some earnestness. “ How know you that ?” said they, drawing their chairs closer to the speaker,—a motion which I unconsciously imitated.

“ Why,” continued this man of universal acquaintance with men, women, and measures ; “ the thing I confess to you, my friends, is not quite clear to myself ; but what I have heard whispered is this. Old Mrs Milbirn has bequeathed a legacy of fifty thousand crowns to the poor-funds of

the town, but has added the condition, that if her nephew choose the girl she has intended for him, he shall enjoy the interest of the fifty thousand crowns ; if he does not consent to this arrangement the interest passes at once to the poor's funds."

"Well, and this girl?" eagerly asked several of the auditors.

"Aye, there is the puzzle!" continued Mr Sander, in a low voice. "The old lady has not thought fit to name her in her codicil ; but Mrs General Waldmark, who was the intimate friend of the daughter of the testatrix—the mother, you know, of the young man—is said to have in a sealed paper the name of the girl, with the express injunction, that this paper she shall open in the presence of her grandson and two witnesses, who are to be the President of the Chancery, and the Director of the Poor's funds. It is impossible, I say, to guess at present whom she has designed for her grandson's bride ; but it is generally believed that the choice has fallen on one of her adjutants."

"Adjutants!" exclaimed several voices.

"Yes," rejoined the Recorder, "such was the extraordinary title she gave to the seven girls who alternately resided with her. Whether she meant by the number *seven* to imitate the seven electors of the empire,—or the seven wise men of Greece,—or the seven wonders of the world,—or, as they were women—the seven deadly sins, I cannot tell. Certain it is, that the old lady attached unusual importance to the number *seven*. Her daughter, the mother of her heir, was called JOHANNA, a name consisting of seven letters ; she died at the age of thirty-five ; the old lady had declared she herself would not live beyond the age of eighty-four, and she has kept her word ; when she died her grandson was twenty-eight ;—all those numbers, you see, are divisible by seven. She used to explain, with great erudition, that every period of seven Sabbatic years contained eighty-four months ; and every week of seven days, amounted to eighty-four Chaldean

hours ; and for that reason, as she explained, she never kept any of her adjutants more than eighty-four months beside her, and when she took them, they were exactly fourteen years and seven months of age. None of them, however, ever lived the eighty-four months with her ; her society, and the instructions which she was perpetually tendering to them, were always so edifying, that long before the term of mystical months had expired, they had in each case provided themselves with good husbands. The duty of the adjutants was to keep her company, to read to her, to keep the household accounts, and to conduct her correspondence under her own direction ; the old lady always chose the prettiest girls for this employment, without regard to rank or birth ; but as she conducted a correspondence in French, English, and Italian, a knowledge of all these three languages was indispensable ; and she further required a competent and lady-like acquaintance with music, fancy-work, and dancing. The girls led a glorious life under her roof ; she always kept the best company, and she took care to provide her adjutants with elegant dresses, and every thing necessary to their comfort. She stood godmother to the eldest children of those that got married ; and the rest she handsomely provided for by legacies."

" Well, and whom of the fair adjutants would you recommend to the young heir ?" inquired the host with a smirk.

" Which one ?" replied Mr Sander, pouring the remainder of his bottle into his glass. " Why none other than my own niece, the daughter of my brother, lieutenant in the fourth militia. Gladly would I see her married to him, and the rich nephew would just suit his uncle's views of things. Charlotte, I say, sir, is a darling girl ; she has a pair of eyes black as any sloes ; her cheeks rival the peach in softness and beauty of tint and hue ; in waltzing she has not her match in all the countryside ; she can chatter French so glibly that my very hair sometimes stands on end with wonderment at her. And she writes like a writing-master himself."

"Why methinks," began a nice looking young man, "had I heard such a description before I passed through Klarenburg, I would have made better use of my eyes while riding through it the other day. Indeed one is almost tempted to take a ride back to try to pick up this paragon of all excellencies! Surely that happiest of mortals, the rich young heir, will choose your fair niece for himself,—but there are still, how many do you say, remaining of these adjutants? Six do you say? Why one might still have a chance!"

"To be sure there are," said the reporter.

Here I called for another half-bottle of wine, for I needed some cordial to assist me while listening to the anticipated review of my grandmother's fair adjutants.

"*In primo*," began Mr Sander, placing his forefinger on the thumb of his left hand, "there is Miss Adelaide Struhlenthal. That girl comes upon you like a clap of thunder and lightning! Eighteen years of age,—tall and straight as a pine-tree,—belonging to one of the most honourable families in town,—blameless in reputation,—an only child, and her father the proprietor of two very fine estates, a little principality of themselves.—*In secundo*, there is Prokofjefna Tschimaduno, a Russian. Her mother, the only daughter of our afternoon preacher, married a Russian colonel, who had been wounded in the battle of Austerlitz, and easily conquered the heart of the minister's daughter. Six months after his marriage he set out for his own country, and up to this moment has never returned, as he promised, to carry home his wife and child. Prokofjefna has got one of those pretty little, turned-up, *a la Roxolane* noses; she is about sixteen years of age, and presents you altogether with a very witching miniature figure. Fortune she has none, of course; but Mrs Milbirn has provided her with a handsome legacy.—*In tertio*, there is Julia, the youngest daughter of my most honoured chief and patron, the first councillor. She is one of those sort of beauties who look quite fascinating at a distance. When you observe her more closely, you discover

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some traces of small pox,—but they do not signify a whit,—the girl is quite above them,—she has something grand in her manner,—looks like an empress,—every where takes or rather receives precedence; and then for her knowledge, why she is fit for a professorship; she is said to be very reserved, but those who know her well, say her manners are only the natural result of her constant self-possession; she is aware that she knows more than most people around her do, but she does not boast of it, only she has not learned the art of stooping to a level with those whose minds are not so richly stored. Papa has saved a great deal of money, which will make her and another very comfortable.—*In quarto*——”

Here the coachman came in to tell his passengers—among whom was our reporter—that the horses were put in, and if they wished to reach the next stage before night, no time was to be lost. So we instantly rose from table; but at the same moment I had formed my plan, and slipping into the adjoining room, I invited Mr Sander to follow me for a moment.

I now told the Recorder very privately, that I happened to be the intimate friend of the rich heir of whom he had just been speaking,—that important business had prevented him from coming himself to take possession of his grandmother's property, but that he had given me a full power of attorney to act in his name,—that I was very solicitous to fulfil the will of the deceased to its very letter, and above all to implement in name of her grandson every engagement into which she might have entered, and at the same time acknowledge any small obligation which death had prevented her from recompensing in her usual genteel manner,—that consequently I could not overlook the claims which he himself had on account of the extraordinary trouble he had been put to in arranging her settlement and codicil.—

Here I slipped ten louis d'ors into the Recorder's hand, and by an act of such unexpected generosity almost threw him into a catalepsy.



"My dearest, my most honoured sir," he began, on recovering his speech. "Oh that I had clapped the broad seal of our town-council upon my accursed mouth before I left Klarenburg! What nonsense I have been talking! What must you think of me, my dear sir! But by my great oath *de fidei administratione*, which I swore in council thirty years ago, I do solemnly vouch, avow, and declare, that in all I have said with regard to the matters of your honourable friend, I was animated by the very best intentions towards him; nor do I remember of a single word detrimental to or prejudicial to the memory of the late Mrs Milbirt, or by any interpretation offensive to your honourable friend, having escaped my lips. But you know what happens when men sit after dinner. The whole fault I am sure lies with the wine we have had to-day; which by the bye, our Jew of a landlord must surely have mixed up with some pestiferous ingredient, for scarcely had I begun with my second bottle, when I distinctly felt my poor tongue—which my oath and almost inveterate silence has kept tied up almost for years—run off at full speed like a horse frightened by a sudden explosion of gunpowder. Well, I will certainly take warning from this event, and use that unruly member a little more cautiously, though I should seal up my mouth like a very catacomb. But, good heavens! how could I know,—how could I ever imagine that amongst the strangers round the table yonder, there should happen to be the very praxy of our dear councillor himself!"

It was now my turn to quiet the alarm and soothe the feelings of the poor Recorder, who betwixt the wine he had drunk, and the handful of louis d'ors which he still held, and the consciousness of the mistake which he had committed, to say the least, looked very odd. I assured him I felt very grateful to my good fortune for having made his valuable acquaintance at so early a stage of my proceedings,—that his very accurate and extensive information would prove of infinite service to me,—and concluded by informing him that my

principal object in soliciting a private interview with him was to obtain a description of the three remaining adjutants, and particularly to ascertain if possible which of the girls Mrs Milbirt's preference had destined for the hand of her grandson.

"And though you were to hang me up by the legs, my dear sir," replied the Recorder, placing both his hands upon his breast in token of the sincerity with which he now spoke, "I could not give you any information on that point! Nay it was nothing more than a conjecture of my own that the-favoured young lady might be one of the seven adjutants. At all events I am quite sure Mrs Milbirt did not mean to put the smallest restraint upon your friend, for she directed that the paper containing the name of the girl to whom she gave a preference should not be opened till after her grandson had betrothed the lady who should please himself: so that my dear sir, if you would fulfil the intentions of the deceased, in the spirit of the old lady herself, you will not repeat one word of this stupid business to your friend. It was certainly his kinswoman's wish that he should know nothing about it, and be left quite free in the matter of choosing a wife. With regard to the fair adjutants I can give you all the information you desire. I know them all perfectly well, and these matters you know are much more satisfactorily discussed in a private *tete a tete* sort of way than at a *table d' hote*. What I shall now tell you about the young ladies in sober truth,—you may rely——"

"To the point!" exclaimed I with some hastiness of manner; for if I had not interrupted the knave, he would never have been done with his assurances of honesty, candour, and every thing else which he was most conscious he wanted.

"Well then," began he at last, "you want a description of the adjutants. If I am not mistaken I have already discussed four of them: Miss Strahlenthal,—the pretty little Russ Prokofjefna,—Miss Julia,—and my own niece, my brother's daughter, Charlotte Sander, consequently I have only to

speaking of the remaining three. But by the way, let me tell you,—not that the girl is my niece, my brother-german's daughter, my near relative,—but you really should get a sight of her,—ascertain yourself what sort of a girl she is,—and then you will allow, that if your friend, the councillor, has eyes in his head at all, he would choose her in preference to any girl in Germany. For my own part, I am but a poor Recorder, and neither hope to get married, nor care for womankind; but that girl forces admiration even from such a withered chip as myself,—she has something so very genteel, —something so lady-like, so noble about her,—she looks as if she were born to be the wife of a councillor,—and besides all that, I can further assure you, she was that dear old woman, Mrs Milbourn's greatest favourite. 'Mr Sander,' she has said to me a hundred times, 'Mr Sander, your niece, Charlotte, is a treasure of a girl,—a real jewel,—he who gets her for a wife may well think himself a happy man.' And as for my brother, poor man, he has got twelve children to support on a militia lieutenant's pay. So you may guess how much he stands in need of a rich son-in-law."

At this moment we were interrupted by the sudden appearance of the waiter, announcing that the coach was just about to start, and could not wait a moment longer.

Mr Sander rushed out of the room at this intelligence, leaving me aghast at his precipitation. I instantly resolved, however, that Charlotte Sander I would not marry, and so-laced myself with the thought that my ten louis d'ors would be well-spent if the information I had now received should prove the means of delivering me from a father and mother-in-law, eleven brothers and sisters-in-law, and an insufferable bore of an uncle-in-law. So this was one at any rate struck off the list.

I had called hastily after my loquacious friend to beware not to reveal my name and mission to any one; but notwithstanding his nod of acquiescence, I clearly perceived that his fellow-travellers were already acquainted with the Recorder's

secret, for every eye was turned up with a look of curiosity to my window as the vehicle drove past.

I felt now disposed to hug myself on the felicitous idea which had occurred to me, of appearing at Klarenburg under an assumed character. I would thus, I thought, be able to escape all the hideous concerts, balls, fireworks, and other atrocious designs which were forming against my peace and quietness. I would become acquainted with the ground before I ventured to do battle upon it. I would have an opportunity of personally observing the real or pretended merits, not only of the seven adjutants, but of every pretty girl in the town; and though doubtless there would be a good deal of assumed complaisance shown towards the intimate friend of the rich young councillor, yet there was reason to hope that I would at least see things under a less artificial colouring than they would have presented to the heir himself, against whom so many designs and complots were hatching.

I now called for pen and ink, and wrote a letter in my own name to the councillor Ruderick, the executor of my grandmother's testament, in which I excused my absence on account of unavoidable engagements, but begged to introduce my friend, the secretary, Straguw, whom I had fully authorised to transact all business for me, and to whom I desired he would communicate the tenor of my grandmother's testament. This lying epistle I concluded with another lie, to the effect that I would endeavour, in the event of my presence being judged indispensable, to follow my friend at as short a period thereafter as I could make at all convenient.

With this letter in my own pocket, I stepped into the post-chaise, and pursued my way to Klarenburg; but the nearer we approached the town the more did my heart quake and fail within me. Not that I was at all embarrassed at the prospect of my assumed incognito, for that I could easily throw off by the plan I had formed, which was: To move about for some days in my feigned character as the secretary

Straguw ; and after procuring all requisite information, to set out again ostensibly on my return home ; but to write to the councillor Ruderick again, intimating the non-existence of any such person as his acquaintance the pretended secretary, and explaining what my motives were in assuming the incognito as I had done ; after leaving the good citizens of Klarenburg a fortnight or three weeks to talk over the matter, I intended I should return again, when any culpability which might appear in my conduct, would, I expected, be easily forgiven me in my character as the rich heir. So far all was well, but the source of my anxiety was what I had heard about the adjutants.

“ Am I not an utter blockhead to give myself so much distress about them, as if they were the only women in my choice ! ” I exclaimed in strong passion, and thoroughly provoked and ashamed at my pusillanimity. “ Why, is there not in the capital ten thousand equally or more surpassingly beautiful daughters of Eve awaiting the choice of a young man, who to an honourable employment, adds an honourable heart, and above and beyond all, a deal of money ? And in the smaller towns and the country are there not fine young women springing up as thick as mushrooms wherever one turns his eye, to whom a residence in the capital would be an attraction strong almost as love itself ? Certainly the fear of not getting a wife to one’s mind is, in Germany at least, quite ridiculous ! Besides my good grandmother lays no farther restraint upon the perfect freedom of my actions than what is contained in her declaration, that in the event of my not marrying the girl of her choice, the interest of fifty thousand crowns shall go to the poor : And shall I defraud the lame, and the blind, and the houseless of their little pittance to swell my overgrown stores ? Never ! The sum I might thus save could never bring a blessing along with it ! And besides all this, old people are quite proverbial for their odd tastes, and Heaven only knows what sort of choice the old lady may have made for her grandson. An object may appear very different to

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the eyes of a young man in his twenty-eighth year, and to those of an old woman in her eighty-fourth; the girl of my grandmother's choice might appear to her the very *ne plus ultra* of perfection, and to me—whether justly or unjustly is not the question here—the least attractive of all human beings. And again, with the exception of some trifling love-adventure when at college, I have really never thought seriously of marriage at all; and had that stupid fellow of a Recorder not come out with his silly story about the seven girls, it is highly probable the matter of matrimony would never once have entered into my head during my stay at Klarenburg. I am quite sure that were I to confess the truth I am desirous of remaining a little longer an unfettered man; ten years hence there will be time to think of changing; and there will still be plenty young women to pick and choose a wife from.”

At these latter words of my soliloquy my spirits in spite of myself began to sink a little; for I calculated that I would then be thirty-eight years of age, and that were some fair object then to intertwine herself with my affections, I might have to encounter no small amount of dislike on her part to my years and appearance. I was now on the point of forswearing marriage altogether; but checked myself before the rash resolution found expression in words.

Amid thoughts such as these the steeples of Klarenburg caught my eye in the distance, and as the carriage approached the town, I felt a stifling sensation at my heart more and more oppressing my whole mental and bodily frame; the town itself looked gloomy and repulsive though tinged with the setting rays of an evening-sun; and I could not look upon the walls which contained within their circuit the being whom my departed relative had destined for my companion in life without emotions indefinite indeed but of an exquisitely painful nature,—my whole frame was convulsed with an agitation which I vainly strove to repress.

“Stop!” cried I to the postillion, while passing a very ele-

gant inn, in one of the neatest villages I had ever beheld, at about half-an-hour's drive from Klarenburg. "I am dying of thirst and must get a drink here; get for yourself whatever you please—beer or wine." There were a number of nicely painted chairs and tables placed before the door of the inn, among which stood or sat various groups of comfortable-looking personages, which led me to suppose that the village formed a favourite lounging-place for the citizens of Klarenburg. Perhaps I should have avoided another rencontre at present with a Klarenburger; but I could not remain a moment longer in the carriage, or enter the town in my present frame of mind.

The postillion nothing loth to avail himself of my injunction, bestowed great praises upon me while speaking to the ostler who brought hay for the horses. I overheard the fellow praising my liberality to my former postillion, and extolling me to the very skies for the humane considerations which had doubtless prevailed with me while never once urging him to increase the speed of his cattle in so sultry a day. He concluded his oration by drinking-off a large tumbler of wine to my health.

A little in front of the green before the inn was a railing, against which I now observed a thick, odd-looking figure leaning, smoking his pipe, and listening to the harangue of the postillion. I saw him turn towards me with a smile on his countenance, and I was quite sure that the party, who were seated round a table near him, and which I supposed were his family, were making me the subject of their conversation, for ever and anon they raised their looks towards the quarter where I stood, and then they turned round and broke out into a general titter. I was now in a most painful dilemma; I was sure that my incognito had been already seen through, and so all my fine laid-plans were thus blown in the air before ever I had set foot on the intended scene of action. And yet how could this be possible I asked myself. I had never been here before,—I had not been above a few

months in the capital itself, where it was possible the little cherry-cheeked man might have met with me,—and surely if I had ever had the slightest acquaintance with such an odd punch-like figure, I never could have forgotten it,—I had long resided in a distant quarter of the kingdom, my university studies had been completed in a foreign country, and between my leaving college and entering upon official life, I had been travelling abroad, yet amid all these wanderings I had never met with such a Burgundy-flushed face, and consequently I could not be known to the man.

I now ordered some *Kalte Schale* \* to be brought me, and sat down at a table in the open air, with my back to the little man and his family. Before me were scattered various groupes of both sexes, and I now perceived that Mr Sander's eulogium on the ladies of Klarenburg was not greatly overcharged, for in truth, wherever I turned my eyes they encountered some very pretty, and in one or two instances, decidedly lovely faces, so that in a short time the place, in which I concluded so much elegance and beauty dwelt, lost the gloom and appalling aspect with which my imagination had invested it, and I began to think that a residence at Klarenburg must be absolutely pleasing to any rational young man, whose spirit had not been altogether soured by disappointment, or preyed upon by morbid melancholy. The romantic situation of the little village itself contributed also to cheer up my mind. The enclosure in the centre was neatly ornamented with flowering shrubs and a variety of foreign plants, and seven fountains; all the cottages were new and built with great taste; a little flower-plot was before every house, and vines and creeping plants adorned the door-ways; such of the industrious inhabitants as had finished their daily

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\* A favourite refreshment in a warm day, in some parts of Germany. It consists of a tankard of wine or beer, with a slice of toast, seasoned with a little sugar and a lemon.



tasks in the fields were now seated in the open air before their own doors, the women spinning and chatting gaily, and the men sharpening their scythes or repairing their different implements of husbandry. Every where nothing met my eye but comfort and neatness; but I remarked that all wore a piece of crape or a black ribbon around their hats and bonnets.

"What is the meaning of this," I inquired at the young and pretty hostess who now presented herself with the goblet of *Kalte Schale*, and whose cap bore the general emblem of mourning,—“is this the universal fashion here,—are you all in mourning?”

“Ah, sir,” replied the hostess, casting down her eyes to the ground, “the lady of the manor, Mrs Milbira, died only six months ago, and she was so kind to us, and we were all so warmly attached to her,—none of us told another what we meant to do, but on the evening of the same day on which she died, every person in the village appeared in mourning, as you now see them. Alas, we shall never have such another kind mistress!” The good woman would have said more—but her heart was full and choked her utterance, and she returned towards the inn wiping the tears from her eyes.

I rose from my seat, leaving the cup untasted before me, and leant my forehead on the railing to conceal my agitation from the rest of the company, for the simple words of the young woman had deeply affected me. The feeling that I now stood on my own grounds, and within sight of a whole village simultaneously evincing their respect in so simple a manner for the memory of my noble-minded relative, powerfully touched me. I had never before visited the spot on which I now stood,—and yet I felt at once as if I had lived all my days there, and as if all these good simple people had been my own relatives. I could have indulged much longer in this delicious melancholy, but the presence of third parties forbade,

On turning round towards the company on the green, I observed the little man's family-circle closely engaged in earnest conversation; observing my eyes watching them they started from each other in some confusion, and I distinctly heard an elderly lady—whom I presumed to be the mother of the group—exclaim: "I could wager it is he!"—"We shall soon find that out," added the supposed father of the group, steering across the road, with his long Dutch pipe in his mouth, straight towards my postillion.

Notwithstanding the solemnity of the feelings in which I had so recently been indulging, I could not help bursting out in a very hearty laugh when I observed the anxiety of the busy bustling old gentleman to search out the important truth respecting, as I presumed, my name and mission, from the lad at the horses; it was clear from the gestures of the latter that he knew nothing at all about me,—and, after a vacillating movement to right and left, the old gentleman wheeled directly in front of me, and bore down straight upon the object of his curiosity. I never beheld a more grotesque figure than that which now came waddling up to me; his face—which together with head and hat, might have been estimated at nearly four-fifths of the whole figure—bore a great resemblance to the full moon when glowing dusky red through the vapours of evening; his two ears—which were of portentous length—were joined to each other by his mouth; his nose was of dimensions proportionable to the face to which it belonged, but then it looked as if it had been crushed flat by the fall of a beer-tun upon it; his little peering eyes were almost concealed from observation by his distended cheeks, and overhanging eye-brows; and then the upper parts of this outrageously odd figure were enveloped in a huge grey and white coat of some light summer-stuff, while its legs were incased in white dimity-trowsers and Wellington boots.

"I beg pardon, sir," growled the little figure as it rolled alongside of me,—“but I believe you are from the capital.”

I bowed assent, biting my lips cruelly to subdue a rising

laugh, as I surveyed the comical figure of the querist in all its amplitude of breadth.

"May I make bold to ask," continued the droll-looking creature, "whether you have met with a young gentleman on your road, who is posting down here from the capital, and is every moment expected by us?"

"No, sir," I replied, with a somewhat stiffer bow, clearly perceiving that the young gentleman so anxiously expected was no other than my honourable self. My querist, probably, had made his calculation that I would interrogate him a little in return respecting the name and appearance of the young gentleman of whom he spoke; but this I did not do for prudential and very obvious reasons.

My friend, however, was not to be put off with two little monosyllables however direct to the point. He now proceeded to inform me, that this was the third evening he and his family had taken a ride out to Herzfelde, in the hope of meeting with the grandson and heir of the late Mrs Milbirn, —a gentleman in whom they all felt a very deep interest,—looking upon him almost as one of their own family so to speak, on account of the great intimacy on which they had always lived with his worthy grandmother. "Perhaps," added the hateful little man, enlarging his great mouth still farther by a hideous attempt at a smile, in which operation his little eyes almost sunk out of sight,—“perhaps you are acquainted with our dear young friend, councillor Blum, and can inform me when I shall really enjoy the felicity of meeting with one whom we have all so tenderly loved, though yet known by name and report only to us?"

I now felt myself fairly caught,—it was impossible for me to deny acquaintance with the person whose proxy I was about to declare myself,—I therefore frankly informed my querist, that I had the happiness to be well-acquainted with councillor Blum,—nay, the happiness to be his very intimate friend, and that it was in my power to say, that unless some very unforeseen accident occurred, the councillor

might be expected at Klarenburg in a few weeks, perhaps days.

The little fat man on receiving this information made a movement very like a frog when about to take a leap, and rushing up to me—though not without shattering his pipe into a hundred pieces against the railing—got hold of both my hands,—expressed his delight in meeting with the intimate friend of dear Mrs Milbirt's dear grandson,—led me up to the group which I had rightly judged to be his own family,—pressed me to join their circle,—desired Dinah, one of his daughters, to attend to me,—waddled away to fetch my goblet of *Kalte Schale*,—introduced himself, on his return, as Mr Zwicker, one of the officers of excise,—poured out a torrent of words in eulogy of their dear, and ever to be lamented friend, Mrs Milbirt,—and finally concluded his harangue, by inviting me in the most pressing manner, to live with him during my stay at Klarenburg, and to consider myself entirely at home in his house.

I declined the officious little man's kindness politely but peremptorily, remembering the Recorder's narrative, and being quite satisfied in my own mind what the secret motives were which prompted such an overflow of kindness in the present instance. Mr Zwicker, however, was not to be so easily repulsed. "I could never forgive myself," he screamed out, "if I allowed the intimate friend of dear Mr Blum to lodge any where in Klarenburg except under my roof. His dear old grandmother—I am not ashamed to confess it, for when I first entered on office, I had not a penny in my pocket, and even after my promotion had, heaven knows, enough to do to get through with my family of eleven children—but dear Mrs Milbirt, as soon as she heard of my difficulties, sent my children to school at her own expense, sent my wife a weekly cart-load of viands from her own farm, and regularly as Christmas came round equipped the whole of my children in fine new dresses, and supplied them with every thing which they needed to cope in appearance with their

schoolfellows. She got me appointed superintendent of our large fire-engine, and I assure you it is no sinecure of an office, but then one hundred crowns are a very comfortable addition to one's income, and besides I get twenty more when my engine is first on the spot when a fire happens,—and fortunately of late we have had a good many fires, so that I now get on pretty comfortably. But poor, dear Mrs Milbarn, we miss her sadly, she was always so kind to the children at Christmas; and Bernhardine there was such a favourite of hers,—she used to spend a great deal of her time at Mrs Milbarn's house,—and the old lady was at great trouble and expense superintending her education, which I flatter myself will not be found to have been lost upon her, poor thing, by the husband whom Heaven may send her. But, my dear friend," added the loquacious little man, rising from his chair and speaking in a low voice to me, "between us, I will confess to *you*, I have a little favourite scheme of my own with regard to my Dinah. Tell me now, just as a friend, are you aware whether the councillor is already engaged to any one?"

"You mean——" I began, with almost apparent confusion.

"I mean nothing," continued he, lowering his voice into a scarcely audible growl. "I would only say, that if our dear friend, the councillor, has not already made his election in the capital, or elsewhere, I could give you the assurance that his dear grandmother would rejoice in the other world if he—now, my dear sir, you are his friend, you will see Dinah frequently, and have an opportunity of judging for yourself. I know she has many admirers, and some just on the eve of making proposals, but he who gets first to the mill grinds his corn first, and this is the reason why I have endeavoured to place myself in your friend's way before he enters Klarenburg. If he should once get a glance of my Dinah, I do not think he will ever bestow a look upon another young woman hereabouts; then he must live with us,

we claim his company, you know, on account of the debt of gratitude we owe dear Mrs Milbarn,—and I am sure all the town will be dying of envy to think that we should have caught him for ourselves.”

The postillion's information that all was ready sounded most gratefully in my ears, while this insufferable bore of an exciseman was alternately amusing and disgusting me with his gross and vulgar selfishness and shallow cunning. Mr Zwicker assured me he was ready to set out with his family also; but insisted on Bernhardine accompanying me in the chaise, in order to point out his house to the postillion. My rejection of this proposal almost threw him into a passion, and he began to reproach Bernhardine for not seconding his proposal herself; but the poor girl could not be persuaded to open her lips, and only expressed by her looks her wish that I would comply with her father's request. At last, on my taking him aside and representing to him, that if I were now to occupy his house there would not be accommodation for my friend the councillor when he arrived, the bore of a fellow desisted from pressing my acceptance of his offer, and recommended me to take up my quarters at the Golden Ox, as the best inn in Klarenburg. I observed that the postillion had recommended the Blue Angel, whereupon the exciseman grew more warm in his praise of the Golden Ox, abusing the landlord of the Blue Angel for a low worthless character, who never failed to fleece all strangers smartly that placed themselves under his roof, and whose daughter was such an insufferable flirt as rendered it quite impossible for any young man aspiring to keep company with the genteel society of the place to live at the Blue Angel.

During this harangue I observed the odious creature—whom I now began to hate almost beyond endurance—cast several significant glances at Bernhardine, who either for awhile did not understand, or pretended not to know their meaning; but at last when his countenance had assumed a quite furious expression, the poor girl timidly rose, and col-

lected together a few plumbs and pieces of cake and sugar, the fragments of their repast, which she deposited in her reticule, while her father placed himself before her to conceal so shabby a proceeding from the waiter. Probably the old fellow read the disgust I felt at witnessing this mean transaction in my countenance; for he immediately launched out into an harangue in praise of Bernhardine's economical spirit, assuring me that she therein only imitated her worthy patroness, Mrs Milbirn, who would have rescued a half-burnt match from the fire rather than have wasted it unnecessarily.

Disgusted beyond measure by all that I had heard or witnessed for the last half-hour, I threw myself abruptly into my carriage, and Bernhardine was scored out of the list of women one might marry. For had she possessed a thousand charms, with such a father-in-law, to think of marrying was impossible. I had already erased Charlotte, Adelaide, Prokofjefna, and Julia from the list, on the faith of what I had heard from Sander; so here were five out of the way, and for the other two, my firm resolution was to make no inquiries about them.

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"DRIVE on!" cried I to the postillion, with a sort of feeling that the sooner I reached Klarenburg the sooner I would get out of a place which had altogether become unendurable in imagination to me. "Drive on, that we may see the Golden Ox in his glory before it is dark!"

"What! Is it to the Golden Ox you want to go, sir?" exclaimed the postillion in a tone of disappointment. "Why I cannot say how a gentleman like you chooses to think;

but sure enough, I never drive any travellers to the Golden Ox but a few Bohemian merchants at fair-time, when I am driving the post-waggon. I believe every body would stare at me for a fool, and one who does not know his business, were I to drive a gentleman like you to the Golden Ox. The whole concern is a ruckle of old walls, and but for a dozen of old fellows who meet there every evening to drink their bottle and have a hand at cards, the landlord of the Ox would have been in prison for debt long ago. But the Blue Angel is quite a different thing. Counts and princes go there, and every thing is to be got at it which money can purchase. Old Weinlich knows how to manage an inn; and then he has got a daughter,—but what a girl! I knew her when she was not the height of my jack-boot, but now she is tall and slim, and straight as a taper,—and there's not a nicer girl in Klarenburg. Why, upon my honour, I have known travellers go half-a-dozen miles out of their way to see old Weinlich's daughter, and will you, a fine-looking young gentleman like you, go to the Golden Ox?"

"Well then drive to the Blue Angel!" exclaimed I, quite indignant at being thus made the ball of two rogues, each of whom I firmly believed had some selfish interest in so strenuously advocating the merits of the two rival establishments.

When we turned into the street in which my postillion's favourite inn was situated, I immediately beheld the Blue Angel, standing between two large lamps, and bearing his own name upon a scroll in his hand; but on stepping from the carriage, a real and living angel stood waiting to receive me with a silver candlestick in her hand, between two other waiters each of whom also bore a light. She however had no need of a scroll with her name on it, for one glance at her mild blue eyes and fresh youthful form was sufficient to inform me that the picture of beauty and innocence which now stood before me could be no other than the fair Florentine whose praises had been spread abroad by so many travellers.



Florentine received me not like a stranger, but as an old acquaintance; she was sorry I had felt it necessary to travel in so warm a day, and begged to know whether it was my pleasure to join the supper-table to which they had just sat down.

Surprised at the polished manner of the pretty girl, I offered her my arm, and while leading her into the dining-room whispered a good many fine speeches into her ear, to which she listened in such a manner as convinced me she had heard the same things often and much better told from others.

The landlord and landlady rose respectfully from their seats on my entrance, and a glance from Florentine directed the waiter to set a chair for me at her side.

Seated beside so charming a girl, who helped me herself to every thing I wanted, and talked of a thousand matters with equal ease and elegance, while her father and mother attended to the rest of their guests, I soon lost all appetite, but blessed my good fortune, as I gazed on the beautiful creature at my side, that I had not gone to the Golden Ox.

We talked of the capital, and I was flattering myself that I had painted the pleasures of life there in very attractive colours, but my eloquence seemed to be lost upon Florentine who spoke with raptures of a country life. I hinted that she might, perhaps, have drawn her notion of rural life from novels only; but she shook her lovely golden ringlets, and sighed as she remarked that she had spent the happiest days of her existence in the country. She had had, she said, the good fortune to have become acquainted with a very amiable person, Mrs Milbiri—the dear girl would have said more, but her rising feelings stifled her voice, and thus I had found out the sixth of the seven.

After the lapse of a few moments Florentine resumed the conversation, and soon spoke with such elegance and such affection of my dear departed grandmother, that I almost forgot, in the enthusiasm of my feelings, the part I was

enacting, while I filled out a glass, and proposed 'the memory of Mrs Milbirt.'

"Did you know Mrs Mil——" the word was checked in its utterance; for the thought flashed across her mind that the stranger now at her side might be the identical Mr Blum whose arrival she of course knew was hourly expected.

"By name only," I replied with affected unconcern. "She has a grandson in the city, who is an intimate friend of mine."

"You speak of Mr Blum!" said she with some surprise, her features revealing more than she meant they should, while she pressed me with inquiries regarding my friend,—how old he was,—how he looked,—what character he bore, and various other queries to which I found it somewhat difficult promptly to reply.

"It is said," she remarked, with an expression which betrayed to me the deep interest she felt in what might be my answer,—“it is said the young gentleman will soon be here, and that he is to bring his wife along with him——”

"His wife!" echoed I, laughing; but here we were interrupted by the waiter's announcing a post-chaise, upon which Florentine, apparently as much disappointed as myself, rose and hastened out of the room.

The girl's cunning amused me not a little; but she had flattered my vanity in the course of our colloquy, and I amused myself during her absence with building castles in the air. I now clearly understood what had been Mr Zwicker's motives in so earnestly advising me not to go to the Blue Angel. Dinny—as he called her—was not to be thought of one moment longer, after beholding Florentine. But what had become of the Angel? Was she receiving the new guests with the same sweet smiles which she bestowed upon me? The thought was a very vexatious one, and I began to get excessively peevish. The waiter meanwhile entered with the dessert, but my anxiety could brook Florentine's absence no longer; I rose from my seat and proceeded towards the

door; fortunately however for me Florentine made her appearance at the instant, and after having whispered to her father that she had shown the two new-comers—who appeared to be Englishmen—to No. 7, she sat down beside me at the table, and resumed the conversation.

“Not married then! Then surely he must be engaged at least; the ladies of the capital would never allow such a prize to escape them!”

Here the house-bell again rung, and we were a second time interrupted by the appearance of the waiter, announcing a new arrival. But Florentine before she left the room gave me such a significant look as assured me she would be soon back again; so I kept my seat quietly for this time, only lamenting that such a pretty and intelligent girl as Florentine was, should be subjected to such a menial employment as receiving strangers at the bar of an inn, and asking myself whether it would not be an act of real charity to remove so innocent a mind from the contamination of such a sphere of life. I soon however began to wonder at the length of time she staid away; my impatience became almost visible, and it was with difficulty I refrained from again rising and proceeding in search of her. She must be removed from this place, I thought to myself; to leave such a girl in the hands of such imprudent and mercenary parents was an outrageous inhumanity; not an hour longer ought she to remain in her present situation. Once already had I approached the door while forming a thousand schemes for Florentine's deliverance, but had possessed sufficient command of myself to turn back again,—the door now opened, and Florentine entered leaning—oh sight insupportable!—on the arm of a major of hussars. I was ready to die with vexation when she sat down beside me and ordered a chair on her other side for the major, with whom she continued laughing and chatting in the easiest manner imaginable, without paying any more attention to me than if I had not been in the room. I was about to erase her from the list of seven; and yet I felt

my heart torn by Florentine's behaviour. She seemed to have met with an old and very familiar acquaintance; for they spoke of the last ball which they had both been at in a neighbouring watering-place,—and he called her the queen of the day, and reproached her for having only danced three times with him; adding, that a duel had nearly been fought about her, and that all the girls in the company had almost died of vexation at witnessing the homage which was paid to her surpassing charms.

All this flattery the girl seemed to drink in greedily; I could no longer endure the sight, but rose to retire to my room. As I walked towards the door, my eye rested once more upon Florentine, and her beauty seemed to encrease upon my ardent gaze.

"I understand from my daughter," said the host, now addressing me, and rising from table with all the company, "that you are a friend of Mr Blum's. We hope to see him here soon; and would have great pleasure in receiving the gentleman into our house. His grandmother was a good friend of ours; pray write to him that the best room in the house,—No. 3, my own daughter's at present—is at his service."

I was so much out of temper with Florentine's behaviour that I could not help shedding a little of my spleen on the occasion. I told him that I had come to his house on the express recommendation of my friend Blum, who must have heard a good deal about it; but that nevertheless I was glad he had not come in person to-day.

"Glad that he has not come to-day!" repeated the host of the Blue Angel, with some astonishment, and beginning to suspect that all was not right from the tone in which I had spoken: "What has happened, sir? What do you mean by these words?"

"I mean, sir," said I, "that his expectations may fall short on Miss Florentine's side at least."

At these words mine host looked utterly astonished.

"For instance, sir," I continued, "I am quite sure my friend would have been very highly dissatisfied at seeing Miss Florentine employed in receiving all the strangers who arrive at the Blue Angel. He has very strict ideas on this subject,—perhaps too much so, but at all events, he would consider it quite improper to employ a young lady in such a manner."

"He is perhaps very right, sir," replied mine host. "His grandmother thought so too; and I had great difficulty in satisfying the old lady about it."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, yes," continued the host of the Blue Angel, "it is all well enough for people like you and Mrs Milbirt, who have plenty money, and are independent of the world, to rail against us poor folks for want of prudence; but confess now, sir, were you not very well-pleased when a pretty girl bade you welcome to the Blue Angel?"

"Displeased! Certainly not, sir; it is all very well in itself, very agreeable I grant you,—but then, sir,—"

"Every thing depends on first impressions in our line of business," interrupted mine host, taking the word out of my mouth. "When a stranger gentleman comes to an inn, and finds nobody at all caring for him, or perhaps every body looking cross, why look you now, would he not rather seek his lodgings in the poorest tavern in the village so that he might meet with something like a smiling welcome? As long as my wife was young and pretty, she used to receive the company; but my daughter must now fill her shoes in that."

"But perhaps," said I, quite provoked at such mercenary reasoning,—“perhaps, her future husband might not altogether approve of your system?”

"When Florentine has got a husband," said the father, with an air which almost convinced me I was in his eye for a son-in-law at the moment, "she may do as her husband pleases; but till then she must obey me."

"Very well," replied I with an air of great discontent, and walking towards the door. On turning round, before quitting the apartment, I perceived Florentine still seated at table with several of the younger part of the company round her who were drinking Cardinal.\* "Oh, if the girl were not so provokingly pretty!" sighed I to myself, as I followed Lewis, one of the most active of the waiters, to my room up stairs.

"This is a fine house," began I to Lewis, wishing to engage the fellow in conversation, with the design of pumping something out of him. "There must be twenty rooms at least on each side of this passage."

"Twenty!" rejoined Lewis, with a triumphant air, "la, sir, there are thirty-six! And one needs good legs I assure you, sir, to attend to them all through the day; before evening one is quite knocked up."

"Thirty-six rooms!" I echoed as if I had never heard of an inn with such extensive accommodation. "And are all these rooms for strangers?"

"Every one of them," answered the indefatigable Lewis, "except No. 1, where master and his wife sleep, and No. 2, which is Miss Florentine's apartment."

"And No. 3—" I began, anxiously expecting to hear that it was reserved for Mr Blum.

"No. 3, is presently occupied by the major of hussars, who came late yesterday evening," replied the fellow, opening the door of the room immediately opposite to it, on the other side of the lobby.

I now paced up and down my room quite out of temper. I had never been so much struck by any girl's appearance as by Florentine's; and now to witness her insufferable giddiness, her want of female dignity, her imprudence! And then

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\* A very pleasant beverage made of hock, bitter oranges, and sugar.

that fellow of a father,—he surely was the cause of it all; but Florentine must have been spoiled for all good already, it was needless to think more of the matter. Here I heard the sound of a light foot in the stair, and opening my door perceived that it was Florentine herself, who observing me, called out with her melodious voice, “Good night!”

“Good night!” Alas *I* knew how little I could anticipate an easy repose! And yet—what fools men are—two gentle silver-like tones had almost replaced Florentine in my esteem and love! I fancied there was something peculiar in the tone with which she had bid me good night; it was obvious she could not have been wholly engrossed with her flirtations with the young men, or she would not have observed that I left the room without bidding good night to the company; the girl on the whole must be better than I had been about rashly to conclude. At this moment I thought I heard her door open again; my curiosity was excited, and without knowing exactly what I should do, I stepped gently into the lobby; the lamp was extinguished, but I fancied I heard a whispering in No. 2, or 3. It occurred to me that there might be a communication between these apartments, and I felt myself irresistibly tempted to steal forward and endeavour to overhear what was passing. I was not mistaken; the major spoke aloud, Florentine in a low voice. “My love,” I heard the hussar say, “my only happiness, how I longed to be with you! But as for that rogue of a fellow Blum, I will break his neck; he shall never enter this apartment!”

I was about to give way to the passion which now wrought within me, and was extending my hand towards the door of No. 3, when my better reason prevailed, and I checked so imprudent a betrayal of my folly, by asking myself what right I had to interfere betwixt the two. My next feelings were almost of a grateful kind for having escaped the snare into which it appeared the major had been betrayed,—Florentine was no better than she should be, that was evident,

—and the major was a fool or worse for holding any intercourse with her. Occupied with such reflections, I reached my room, where I began bitterly to upbraid myself for not having followed the advice of my friend, Zwicker, and gone to the Golden Ox, where—even though it might be amongst Bohemian merchants—I would at least have enjoyed more peace of mind than here; the postillion too was a rogue, and yet perhaps he saved me from future misery by placing me in circumstances in which I obtained a full insight into Florentine's character. I now threw myself upon my bed, but—such weak-headed fools are men—the lovely Florentine still stood before me in my dreams. I remember to have been dreaming that celestial music floated around me, when Lewis, the waiter, entered my chamber, and dispelled the illusion by informing me, that the regiment which had been lying in garrison had just passed with its band, and that it was ten o'clock, and time for breakfast; he also presented me with a note, for which, he said, an answer had already been twice called for.

I hastily snatched the billet, and found it was from Mrs General Waldmark, my grandmother's intimate friend. Its purport was, that having casually learned from Mr Zwicker, that an intimate friend of Mr Blum's had arrived at Klarenburg, she requested the pleasure of a call from me as soon as possible.

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ON stepping out into the street with the intention of waiting upon Mrs Waldmark, the first sight which met my eyes was Mr Weinlich, the host of the Blue Angel, with his wife and two ladies in an open carriage, and Florentine with the



cursed major in a gig, going, as Lewis informed me, to take a drive in the country.—“Good morning!” cried the minx to me, with one of her bewitching smiles, as her gallant flourished his whip aloft, and the vehicles flew past, leaving me gazing after them in perfect rage.

“Well, well, women are still women, I perceive!” was the sage apothegm which hung upon my lips as I entered Mrs Waldmark’s house in miserable humour.

The house seemed a palace,—the staircases were adorned with vases of flowers,—magnificence and taste shone conspicuous wherever I turned my eyes,—and over the whole establishment a soothing silence and repose seemed to rest. An old valet de chambre received my name, and I heard him pass through a series of rooms before he announced it to his mistress. I had thus time to regain my self-possession, and to except my grandmother’s intimate friend from the sweeping censure I had just been passing on the sex. I then turned my thoughts upon Florentine, and was beginning to question the soundness of my judgment upon her, when an elegantly dressed maid made her appearance and invited me to enter a boudoir where she said her mistress would instantly join me.

The walls of this room were covered with family-pictures. What a modesty breathed in the features of the females,—all gravity,—all retirement,—all dignity,—truly the women of the present day, I could not help thinking to myself, were a degenerate race, when I gazed upon the staid beauties which hung around me! These were women, thought I, who deserved man’s love,—they led a life of virtuous retirement,—and never suffered themselves to be driven about in gigs by majors! What modesty, and yet what conscious dignity sat on the brow of that beauty in the apple-green gown! What a lovely and yet what a chaste countenance was hers of the white flowered negligée! How sweet, and yet how awfully prudent and wise was yonder mother of a family in her magnificent lace gown! What a mild angelic countenance did

that young beauty—"Heavens!" I exclaimed, recognising in the object of my admiration my own mother, as she must have appeared in the prime of youth. The frame of the beloved portrait was adorned with fresh sprigs of Forget me Not, and that brilliant species of everlasting Amaranth which our Gallic neighbours aptly enough designate by the splendid name *Immortelles*. The picture itself appeared to be smiling down upon me with an expression of mingled love and melancholy. Overcome by my emotion I stood before it with my hands crossed upon my breast, while tears flowed down my cheeks: "My mother, my dear, my beloved mother!" I exclaimed in a stifled voice, as I gazed intensely upon her imaged form, and a crowd of early associations rushed upon my mind.

At this moment a door opened, and I turned quickly round to wipe the tears from my eyes and conceal my emotion. But Mrs Waldmark was already in the room, and had begun to excuse her delay, when suddenly checking herself, and looking upon me with a scrutinizing but smiling countenance, she exclaimed: "Nay, Robert, you do not mean to jest with me! My dear Robert, I welcome you a thousand times! Here, before this picture, it is impossible for you to retain your disguise. The features are the same, and it seems to me as if my own dear Joanna now stood in living form before me."

It was impossible for me to affect concealment any longer; I durst not trifle with the dearest friend of my beloved mother. I seized her hand to raise it to my lips, when overcome by her feelings she pressed me with maternal affection to her bosom, and raising her eyes bathed in tears to the lovely picture, exclaimed: "Joanna, dear Joanna, oh could you now witness us! May thy maternal blessings descend from thine abode of peace upon thy son! Oh why should death have so early torn thee from this joy! Yes," she continued, turning her eyes again upon me, "'tis her very self,—every feature is my own Joanna's; and sons who so much resem-

ble their mothers are said to be of gentle dispositions, and to have good fortune in the world."

Our conversation gradually turned upon the objects of my visit. At first she disapproved of my incognito, but on my informing her of what had fallen from Sander at the inn, and of all the schemes which were laid to entrap me, she excused my artifice, and I, more occupied with the choice my good grandmother might have made for me, than with the whole inheritance, presently turned the conversation to the sealed paper. Mrs Waldmark started when I first mentioned this document, and complained of the imprudent dispositions of certain people who could not even keep secrets confided to them in their professional character. "But," continued she, perceiving that I was inclined to attach particular importance to the subject, "be not at all restrained in your own free choice. I cannot say with certainty whom your grandmother may have fixed upon, but this I can assure you, that she gave no express injunctions on the subject; she knew the human heart too well for that, and you are still free to choose whom you like best. As for the interest of the fifty thousand crowns it is too trifling a matter to be put in competition for a moment with your own choice in the matter of matrimony."

"It is certainly not my intention," said I, "to pay any consideration to the fifty thousand crowns, even though I should be quite satisfied with my grandmother's choice. I will not deprive the poor of her benefaction; but I am desirous, if possible, to fulfil her will to the utmost, seeing that it is to her I owe my whole fortune."

"It was not her intention to lay the least restraint upon you," replied Mrs Waldmark; "and I cannot tell you how greatly I am dissatisfied with that stupid fellow Sander. The whole matter was to have been kept a profound secret till after your betrothal; but as the matter has got abroad, and it is most probable your grandmother had some young lady belonging to this town in her eye, you must get ac-

quainted with them all. I will give a ball, and invite the whole circle of your grandmother's acquaintances. And now when I think of it I am glad you have come incongnito, otherwise we should have been tormented with schemes upon you. Well, in a week then, and by the bye it will just be your birth-day, I shall introduce you to the fair citizens of Klarenburg. There are several of them certainly who may make an impression on you; but do not give way to the feeling that you must make your election from among them. If your heart is not fairly captivated, return quietly home to the capital; just act as if you were totally unconscious of the matter of the sealed paper, and in doing so you may be sure that you are exactly fulfilling your grandmother's intentions."

The prospect of the ball did not lessen my anxiety. To have had an opportunity of reviewing the fair faces of Klarenburg by myself would have been excellent sport; but now I was to be under the eye of Mrs Waldmark, who, of course, would observe me so narrowly that I would not be able to act with any degree of freedom or ease of manners. However I spent the whole of the day with the good old lady, whose conversation was highly interesting to me.

On my return to the Blue Angel, Lewis told me that his master and party had not yet come home, and expressed some apprehension lest they should be overtaken by a storm which now seemed approaching. The loquacious waiter soon put me in possession of a great deal of information regarding his master and family; he informed me that Mr Weinlich possessed a small country-house, whither he frequently retired with a few particular friends, and spent a few hours very gaily,—news which, by the way, did not greatly contribute to mollify my resentment. On passing No. 2, and 3, in company with Lewis, the idea occurred to me that I ought to play a trick on my military rival, and accordingly I told him that I understood No. 3, was set apart for Mr Blum, and that I had just heard that my friend was to reach the Blue

Angel that evening. I therefore expected his room would be got ready.

Lewis had heard his master propose the arrangement, and therefore had little to say on the present occasion. However, he opened the door and desired me to look in and observe how gloomy it was, the windows opening only into the yard. I entered with a feeling of anxiety, expecting to observe a communication with No. 2; but I breathed more freely on perceiving that though there really was a door between the two rooms, yet the entrance from No. 3, was completely blocked up by a large press. However, jealousy is a dreadful passion, and will rest satisfied with nothing short of mathematical demonstration of the falsehood of what it has once believed or suspected to be true; the press, thought I, might easily have been lifted to the place which it now occupies in the morning; but when I tried to move it, I found that the strength of two men could not lift it. "Very good," said I, pretending to be inspecting the arrangements of the room with a view to my friend's comfort; "that press is very well placed, for it prevents the conversation being overheard in the adjoining room."

"O, sir," replied Lewis, "there is little danger of that, for there is just such another wardrobe in Miss Florentine's room; and you may speak as loud as you please, you never could be heard in the next room. But," he added, with some embarrassment, "I know not how the major will like to be put out of his room this very evening."

"It cannot be helped, however," replied I, with no small malignity of feeling. "I will pay for the room from this very day whether Mr Blum comes or not; but I know he is very particular, and if he should not get the very room which I mentioned in my letter to him, he is off,—and that would be no small thing out of your way, Lewis, for he has plenty money, and will be here, at least, once in the year, and is very liberal to the servants."

"Why, in that case," replied the disinterested Lewis,

"we must try to get the matter made out some way or other; but I am sure that the major's lady won't be pleased."

"The major's lady!" I exclaimed, "What then, is the major a married man?"

"To be sure is he!" rejoined Lewis. "His wife has been living here with her sister since Easter, for the benefit of medical advice; and the major visits her every fortnight. But she is a great deal better now, and is to go away with him in a few days. Did you not observe her this morning? She was in the first carriage with her sister."

I could now have whipped myself for a jealous fool and blockhead. It was with his own wife that I had heard the major conversing the previous evening, and Florentine's honour was still unimpeachable! I now told Lewis that after considering the matter, I was sure my friend would not be willing to occasion the major or his lady any uneasiness, and that the proposed alteration might be dispensed with for a night or two at least.

At this moment the two carriages returned from the country, and Florentine appeared seated now with her mother and the other ladies. She reproached me gently for not having joined the party, and altogether bore herself so modestly and yet so witchingly towards me that I was more deeply in love with her than ever!

Fatigued by the heat of her journey, Florentine did not appear at the supper-table, and I retired to my own room at an early hour, in a much more comfortable state of mind than on the preceding evening.

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I HAD not slept long before I was awakened by a tremendous thunder-storm, and as I lay listening to the terrific peals

which rattled after each other in quick succession, I heard the horns of the watchmen give the fire-signal, which was instantly answered from every steeple in the town, and the drums of the garrison. "Where is the fire?" cried I, springing to the window and throwing open the sash,—some people hurried past without noticing me, others called up they did not know. At last a large engine came thundering down the street, surrounded by several men with torches in their hands, and I perceived my little thick friend Zwicker perched upon the top of it with a directing-pipe in his left hand, and a torch in his right. He was attired in a night-gown of large flowered print, with a round white hat on his head, and as the machine rolled on he kept incessantly bawling out to the crowd to follow him, as I understood, to Herzfelde, my own pretty little village.

I was dressed in a few minutes, and rushing down stairs flung myself upon one of my landlord's horses and galloped off at full speed after the engine. Unfortunately Zwicker was right. I beheld Herzfelde, the prettiest village in the whole country, one mass of flames! But what a spectacle! The first dawn of morning rimmed the horizon in the background,—the heavy thunder-clouds stood in conglomerated masses on the opposite horizon,—the lightning still flashed out in the distance,—a few straggling stars here and there shed a faint twinkle through the fleeting clouds,—before us the flames rolled and roared incessantly, drowning the noise of the engines themselves,—all this, with the shrieks of the villagers as they beheld their property perishing in the devouring element, formed a scene of an awful and impressive kind, especially when contrasted with the serenity and happiness which I had so lately witnessed there.

In a few hours the dreadful element was overcome, but not before it had consumed twenty-three cottages, and the beautiful little inn which I had so much admired. It was now time, I thought, to quit my incognito; I resolved to assemble the poor people who had lost all their property by

the fire, and to announce to them that I was the heir of the late Mrs Milbirt, and now their landlord, and that I was resolved to do every thing in my power to mitigate their distress. Full of this idea I stepped forward to the centre of the village ; but a sight there met my eyes which completely engrossed my attention. It was one of the loveliest female forms I had ever beheld, with a countenance of angelic beauty and purity, engaged in distributing bread, wine and clothes among the unfortunate sufferers, who crowded around her and invoked heaven's blessings on the head of their benefactress. I heard this lovely being address words of comfort and encouragement to the weeping families ; she said that she was only fulfilling the common duty of humanity to them ; that her father would send them further supplies ; "and in a short time," she added, "your new master will be here, and report says that he inherits not only Mrs Milbirt's estates, but her largeness of heart and bountiful feelings. My father will speak to him for you ; and if he is what he is represented to be, you may depend on his sympathy and assistance. Therefore, be comforted, and place your trust in Providence, whose help is ever nearest when we most need it."

"Who is that ?" I inquired with great eagerness at the nearest by-stander, all my feelings having been excited by the united beauty and simplicity of the girl. The person to whom I addressed myself did not know her, but it appeared that he too had been touched by the girl's demeanour and words, for he drew his purse out of his pocket and proceeded to distribute its contents among the peasantry. The girl herself turned round and was moving away, after having exhausted all her stores, provisions, and money upon the sufferers : her beautiful eyes filled with tears, because, as I supposed, she had no more relief at hand for those whose wants were not yet supplied.

"I now pressed through the crowd and placed a purse full of gold in the hands of the benevolent angel. I wished to



have addressed a few words to her, but when she turned upon me her lovely eyes, and looked with astonishment into my face, I could only stand mute before her.

"Who is she?" I again eagerly inquired at an old woman who stood near me.

"That young lady, dear sir, is the daughter of the Inspector of Forests, Miss Joanna."

Joanna was again actively engaged distributing the fresh bounty which I had placed in her hands, when a young woman, in whom I immediately recognised the mistress of the inn, who had brought me the cup of *kalte schale*, burst through the crowd, calling on them for the love of heaven to save her child.

It appeared that in the first moments of alarm and confusion, her husband had left the house, and, as she for a time supposed, had taken his little daughter, who lay asleep in her cradle, with him; she had afterwards been told that her sister had carried away the child to her father's house in Klarenburg; but on going thither she indeed found her sister who had saved a good many articles of the furniture, but who knew nothing about the child. Distracted at this intelligence, the poor woman had hastened back to the village, and had been with difficulty prevented from throwing herself into the burning ruins in search of her child. Her frantic screams and agony were heart-rending as she embraced Joanna's feet, and implored her to use her influence in prevailing with some of the by-standers to attempt the rescue of her infant. "Who will try to save the child?" exclaimed Joanna, holding up the remainder of the gold in my purse, her beautiful eyes filled with tears. Twenty, thirty rushed forward; but none had the courage to plunge through the thick smoke and flames. Three times the unfortunate mother made the attempt, and thrice she was compelled to return with her clothes on fire. Meanwhile I had directed the engine-men to keep playing upon one spot, and I now crept through an opening myself, amid the tor-

rents of water, till I reached the spot which the poor woman described as likely to contain her infant, dead or alive. I had no sooner entered the apartment than I beheld a cradle standing untouched, as if preserved by a special interference of providence, amid burning embers, and within it lay the little sleeper all unconscious of the horrible fate which threatened it. I snatched up the infant in my arms, and bore it safely out from the centre of the smoking pile, amid the shouts of the spectators. Joanna received it from my arms, and placed it in the embraces of its mother.

I now threw myself on my horse, having been drenched by the engines, and hastened home. Far more praise had been bestowed upon my exploit than it deserved, for I could not conceal the truth from myself, that the desire of winning Joanna's esteem had a far greater share in exciting me to the action I had just performed, than any purer feeling. So deceitful are the foundations on which many a temple to Virtue is reared ! Joanna had not exchanged a single word with me, but the look of heavenly rapture with which she received the child from my arms, spoke far more forcibly than any words the anxiety she had felt on witnessing me rush into the flames, and her happiness at seeing me return uninjured with my precious charge.

In the afternoon I received a note from Mr Wilmar, the Inspector of Forests at Blumenwalde. After an introduction in which he gave great praise to my seemingly virtuous and heroic action, and apologised for being prevented by an attack of the gout from waiting on me to express personally his thanks and those of his daughter, he begged the honour of seeing me, if possible, that very evening, understanding that I was a friend of Mr Blum, and wishing to consult with me about the best means of procuring aid and shelter for the unhappy villagers who had lost their houses, that I might write to my friend about the matter.

I HAD often in the dreams of poets found the image of that domestic purity and bliss for which I longed, but never had I seen my ideal realized till I visited Blumenwalde. I was received like an old friend. Joanna had probably already succeeded in placing me very high in her father's regards, his welcome was so cordial; and he spoke of the distresses of the poor people with so much feeling that the old man instantly won my heart. We talked of the probable aid which must be given the unhappy cottagers at Herzfelde, and Joanna's whole countenance lightened up when I declared that I had Mr Blum's full authority to settle every matter in which he was interested, and that I should only anticipate his intention by instantly rebuilding the houses, and assisting the villagers by such loans as they needed.

"You see, papa," cried Joanna triumphantly, "I was not mistaken in the opinion I had formed of Mr Blum; he is just what I expected he would be!"

"And what did you expect him to be?" inquired I with a smile, hoping to hear a favourable opinion of myself fall from her coral lips.

The girl replied that "Mrs Milbirn had always spoken with a kind of pride of her grandson, and of his generous disposition. And then," she added, while a deep blush suffused her beautiful countenance, "I think he *must* be good, being your friend."

We walked into the garden, the old gentleman remaining within doors in consequence of his gout. Joanna now told me that she had lost her mother in early life, and gave me an account of the many happy days which she had spent with my grandmother, so that I instantly recognised in her the seventh adjutant, and almost exclaimed aloud in the joy of my heart, "It must be she my grandmother meant!" It was my first intention to return to Klarenburg that evening; but

I was so kindly entreated by the father and daughter to remain all night that I could not resist their invitation. I spent the following and two other days at Blumenwalde. The mornings were occupied at Hersfelde with the surveyors and plans for the new cottages,—the evenings in walking, music, and conversation, during which Joanna established her exclusive empire in my breast.

On the evening before my departure she seemed to me—so vain are men—in a melancholy mood. She said she had hoped I would have staid longer, and her father would miss me very much. When I assured her I hoped to return again very soon, she shook her head doubtfully, remarking that in the gay life of the capital I would soon forget my promise, and as she spoke thus she turned away from me, and it seemed to me that a tear shone in her dark blue eye. Enraptured at the discovery I confessed to her the feelings of my heart with all the eloquence which the inspiration of love could prompt; but what words could express my happiness when the lovely Joanna sunk trembling in my arms, and confirmed my fondest hopes by a silence more eloquent far than words.

Unable any longer to restrain my feelings I went to her father, and discovered to him my whole heart. I surprised him by the declaration, that I was not, as I had pretended, a friend of Mr Blum's, but Mrs Milbirt's nephew himself; but I begged him to keep the secret from his daughter, as I had formed a plan for agreeably surprising her.

Joanna here entered the room, and to change the conversation, her father inquired what she had done with her little jewel-box, saying that he had been looking for it in order to ascertain whether a broken chain had been mended, supposing that she would require some ornaments for to-morrow's ball.

Joanna tried to hide the embarrassment which this question occasioned her, by saying she did not mean to put on any of these ornaments, as they were not very fashionable,

though very dear to her as remembrances of her mother and Mrs Milbirt. "Old Isaac told me a different story," said the father with a faltering voice, as he laid his hand affectionately on the fair ringlets of his child; "it is he who has got the jewels which you exchanged for tears of joy and gratitude."

"Father—" interrupted Joanna, seeming to wish to hide from me the knowledge of what she had done.

It may easily be imagined that I got the jewels back that very evening, which I sent along with some strings of pearls and corals, and a comb set with seven brilliants—to keep to the number so highly venerated by my grandmother—with a choice of elegant ball-dresses to Blumenwalde, adding that I would myself come in the evening with a carriage to convey my lovely bride to the ball.

I then hastened to Mrs Waldmark, to whom I wished to communicate my secret, but I found the worthy lady so busy with arrangements for the evening's fête, that I could not gain her ear one moment. However, I communicated my secret to the old honest valet de chambre, whom I briefly instructed in his part.

The day lingered, but the hour of assembly arrived at last, and when I entered the ball-room, with the lovely Joanna leaning on my arm, who truly looked in her ornaments the queen of the ball, the honest valet called aloud: "Mr Blum and his bride, Miss Joanna Wilmar," while the orchestra struck up a merry air, and the whole company stood mute with astonishment, gazing on the beautiful creature at my side, who herself overwhelmed by so unexpected a disclosure of the whole secret, sunk almost fainting into the arms of her friend Mrs Waldmark.

"Robert," exclaimed the worthy matron, with joyful emotion, "how happy your choice makes me! This evening is one of the happiest of my life!" She would have said more, but Joanna was now surrounded by a circle of congratulating friends, and among those who crowded around me was the

little exciseman, who amidst his good wishes, told me in confidence that he had at first intended Dinny for me, but seeing I had fallen in love elsewhere, he had that very moment promised the girl to another." "Mr Wachtel," he added, "is a rich fish, and has been paying his addresses to the girl for more than a twelvemonth. I must call him to make you good friends with each other as you are now both in the same situation." The interview with Mr Wachtel over, I was called by Florentine to another part of the room, and introduced by her to her bridegroom, one of the young gentlemen I had seen at table with her in the inn, on the evening of my arrival at Klarenburg. In less than another quarter of an hour it was discovered that the four remaining adjutants were nothing behind their fellows in the affair of betrothal.

The first moments of surprise into which we were all thrown by the unexpected denouements over, Mrs Waldmark desired me to follow her into another room, where she introduced me to two gentlemen, one of whom was the executor of my grandmother's will the other the director of the establishment for the poor.

"It may be wrong, perhaps, Robert," said Mrs Waldmark, "to disturb you in a moment of pleasure, but you are aware of the existence of your grandmother's sealed packet, and the moment for opening it has arrived, as you have announced your betrothal. Here are the two witnesses, so let us proceed to examine the document."

The moment was not very pleasing to me. Not that I cared for the fate of the fifty thousand crowns, having made my choice and won Joanna,—but I would rather have been relieved that evening from all concern about business; however my mother's friend wished it and that was enough.

The packet was now produced and opened, after every one had satisfied himself that the seals were entire. The signature was next verified, and the contents read, which ran thus:

"The fifty thousand crowns mentioned in Article 65th of my testament, and now deposited at the Bank of Klarenburg, are to be disposed of by my grandson, Robert, in benevolent purposes. But if he should happen to marry the person among my acquaintances to whom I have already in my own thoughts wished to see him married as she is the prettiest, the gentlest, the most pious, and the best informed young lady I know, I declare it as my wish and intention, that he and his wife shall life-rent the said sum of fifty thousand crowns deposited as aforesaid. The young lady now in my view as a fitting wife for my grandson is called Joanna; she resembles my late beloved daughter, and is the only child of Mr Wilmar, Inspector of Forests at Blumenwalde. It is my belief that these two young people are destined for each other; and that they will live many happy years together, and see glad days upon earth, for they are both dutiful children, and are compassionate towards the poor and the afflicted; and it is in this belief that I place the means in their hands of gratifying their benevolent feelings. The good seed they shall sow will be more grateful to me hereafter than a monument of marble, which I hereby most earnestly decline."

"So she has chosen Joanna for me!" exclaimed I joyfully, and hastened back to the ball-room to call Joanna and her father to share my joy. When I had explained the matter to my bride, she said with deep emotion: "The last of my wishes is now fulfilled, in my knowledge that our union is attended by the blessing of her to whom we both owe so much. As for the money, Robert, I hope you will grant my first request, and dispose of a part of the interest in behalf of the sufferers at Herzfelde to whose misfortune it is that I owe the happiness of belonging to you."

Gladly did I comply with the request of my lovely bride,

and before I returned to the ball-room I made a promise, in presence of the witnesses and Mrs Waldmark, to employ the interest of my grandmother's special bequest entirely and for ever in benevolent purposes. Joanna shone that evening like a star of first magnitude among the seven lovely brides.

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# THE ILSENSTEIN

A GERMAN TRADITION.

WHEN the traveller has ascended for half-an-hour from the lovely and romantic valley of the Harz through which the Ilse flows, he comes in sight of a huge and naked spiracle of granite, which shoots up on the left side of the road to an enormous height, and the singular form of which cannot be beheld without wonder and admiration. On the right hand side of the road, and immediately opposite to this singular rock, rises a similar mass of granite though not to an equal elevation. The strata of these two rocks are so very similar in their arrangement that there can be little doubt they anciently formed one mass, which by some tremendous convulsion of Nature has been suddenly rent in twain, and thrown into the position it now exhibits to the eye of the admiring traveller. Popular tradition—which must always have its own account of every uncommon appearance in nature, as well as geologists themselves—relates the following story of the parted Ilsenstein :

The waters of the northern ocean had at one period overflowed the plains of Lower Saxony. To save themselves amid the fearful inundation, a youth and a maiden, who had for a long time tenderly loved each other, hastened from their abode in the lower grounds towards the Harz mountains, to save themselves on the heights or to perish together. The waters rose rapidly behind them, and approached the Brocken, but the two lovers hastened forward and upwards, and soon gained the top of an enormous rock from whence they

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beheld the whole surrounding country, far as the eye could stretch, covered with one vast rolling flood, which had swept every thing away in its course, and now assailed the lower part of the rock on which they sat.

When the waves dashed and foamed around the place of their retreat, and gradually rose higher and higher towards them, the lovers rose to fly yet farther upwards along an uncovered ridge which united the rock on which they stood with the huge Brocken; but suddenly the rock shook and groaned beneath them; for a moment it seemed to rise in the air, and in the next it split with a horrid crash exactly between them, while the unfortunate fugitives clasped each other more closely, till both were precipitated into the opening chasm.

The name of the maiden who thus perished was Ilse, and she has bequeathed it to the charming valley with its little rivulet and granite rock.

But the peasants tell you that Ilse still dwells in the Ilsenstein; and that every morning, as soon as the sun's rays strike upon her habitation, she issues from it and goes down to the Ilse, to bathe in its limpid waters. Few indeed have been favoured with a sight of the lovely maiden; but all who have been so fortunate affirm that she is of most surpassing beauty.

The peasants, with more vulgar fancy, also tell you that Ilse has great treasures concealed in her rock, and that she delights to bestow a part of them on honest and industrious labourers.

One morning, says one of their stories of Ilse, a poor charcoal-burner was seated upon the banks of the little stream, when the marvellous maiden returned from bathing. He greeted her respectfully as she past, and she beckoned to him with a sweet smile to follow her. When they had reached the Ilsenstein, she took the wallet which he bore from his shoulders, and having knocked three times on the rock with a white wand, it opened, and she entered, telling

the charcoal-burner to wait till she returned. After some time the marvellous maiden reappeared, and restored the wallet to the peasant, but earnestly desired him not to look into it till he had reached his own hut. This the poor man faithfully promised to do, but it felt so heavy upon his shoulders as he jogged home, and his curiosity became so great, that he could not refrain, while resting himself a moment on a little bridge by which he crossed the stream, from peeping into it. Enraged at finding nothing in the wallet but a parcel of acorns and pine-cones, the stupid man proceeded to empty his burden into the stream beneath. But what were his feelings on hearing the whole descend with a heavy metallic sound as it struck against the rocks! It was too late, however, to save more than a part; he hastily shut the wallet, and when he had reached his home, he found that he had still saved as much as bought a small farm and cottage whereon he spent the remainder of his days in peace and plenty.

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THE  
**ROSE OF JERICHO**  
OR  
**CHRISTMAS-EVE**

A TALE BY J. BAUMANN.

IN one of the wild valleys of Switzerland, upon the declivity of a rock, stood a little cottage, rudely constructed of trees and planks. Large flags of unhewn stone, of a weight sufficient to resist the violence of the wind, were piled up over the roof of the humble abode, and formed a covering not wholly impervious to the snow and rain. A few pine trees which happened to be springing on the spot, had been employed with the rudest art in the construction of this hut; the hatchet had indeed removed the branches which obstructed the interior of the dwelling, but on the outside they had been left as untouched by the hand of art as the rude rocks around them. A folding-door in the roof served the purpose of a chimney in fair weather; but when a storm swept through the valley, it was pulled down by means of a cord which remained suspended in the middle of the smoky apartment.

In a corner of the room stood a rude table, and at both sides a low bench fixed to the wall; a few logs placed before the stone stove served the children for seats. In a dark and smoky recess in the wall there was placed a crucifix, which was yearly adorned with a fresh crown of Alpine roses; near

the old wooden clock stood a long shelf on which the wooden spoons and forks were always carefully arranged after the inmates had concluded their frugal meal. A small door on the left opened into a little chamber which the peasant and his wife occupied as a sleeping apartment. Immediately opposite to the crucifix a picture of the Holy Virgin was hung; and in a dark black loft above it was placed a small pallet composed of moss and beechen leaves, into which the children crept at night. On the west side of the hut lay the stable for the goats and sheep; and near the door stood the kennel of the faithful dog, whose business it was to prevent the cattle from gaining access to the hut. Yearly, at the approach of winter, the chinks in the sides and roof of this rude abode were closely filled-up with moss, and a strong beam of wood fixed along the north side to strengthen it against the violence of the storms; the stable also was repaired, and received a double thatching of fir-branches. The dog too had his comforts attended to at this season, and now took up his abode under the stove; having no longer any out of door duties to perform.

In this hut lived the honest Kuoni with his wife and children. He had built it with his own hands, and therefore though to others it might appear dark and uncomfortable, yet to him it seemed cheerful and beautiful. Kuoni was not a proud man, yet he often thanked God for his good fortune, and comfortable circumstances, and felt himself rich almost to superfluity, when he recollected that he had seven goats and twelve sheep of his own. So true is it that where the blessing of Heaven rests, it needs not either wealth or abundance to convert any spot of ground, in the eyes of a grateful man, into a garden,—and any habitation, however uncouth, into a palace. Kuoni's brow was ever lofty and unruffled, and his heart warm and cheerful; and every morning he awoke with a 'hallowed be thy name,' on his grateful lips. How different is it with the thousands whose hearts cling to the perishing creatures of this earth, and are ever distracted by

its engrossing cares and crosses ! In their case we see how truly abundance may be converted into want, riches into poverty, and life itself, though blessed with all outward means of happiness, rendered dreary, useless, and unhappy. With each returning morning Kuoni felt his heart stirred within him by a sense of the mercies he had received from his Heavenly Father, but never by any of those carking cares, and sorrows, and disappointments, which rush in like a flood upon the waking thoughts of the worldling, and stifle all that is exalted and generous in his nature.

Kuoni was blessed with a virtuous wife, who had brought him seven children,—all strong, healthy, and shooting up under his eye into fair and vigorous youth. Where nature has her own unsophisticated way, there health, and vigour, and cheerfulness may with certainty be looked for. When our young Alpine dwellers returned to their cot in the evening, after having spent the day in climbing about the rocks, where the elder ones gathered winter-fodder for the sheep and goats, and had appeased their hunger with a full but simple meal, they retired to rest on their beechen-leaves without a care, and slept as comfortably and soundly as if an angel had been keeping watch over their repose ; and in winter it was pleasant to see the family all seated around the cheerful stove, weaving baskets of willow-work, which they annually carried to the fair, where every one was anxious to purchase one of honest Kuoni's baskets, which were always so neat and strong.

Kuoni possessed a great treasure in his dear little hut. It was a Rose of Jericho which is highly valued in many parts of Switzerland, on account of the prophetic properties which it is believed to possess on Christmas Eve. When the solemn evening has arrived, the simple housewife takes the preserved flower from the cupboard or box in which it is carefully deposited, puts it in a glass with some cold water, and places the whole upon the middle of the table. This is always a joyful sight for the children, who know that it will

be followed by a little feast, and that all are now about to receive their Christmas gift. True, they are such gifts as the pampered children of affluence would spurn at, but they are nevertheless treasures in the eyes of young mountaineers, more precious far to them than words can tell. They are the gifts of love and affection, to gratitude and reciprocal love. When the little feast is over, and all have thanked the good Giver of their mercies, with their hearts as well as their lips, the father of the family takes his Litany, and reads the beautiful passage, commencing: "Them who for us wast crucified, have mercy upon us!"

It is during the reading of the Litany that the flower is expected to bloom; and in proportion as it expands itself, and seems to drink in nourishment from the water and awake to natural life and vigour, is its augury deemed propitious. When the important moment had arrived, and the Rose began to bloom within the water, Kuoni returned thanks to Heaven for its goodness and mercies, and the mother carefully watched the motions of the little wondering group, who surrounded the table and gazed with sparkling eyes on the marvellous flower, lest any of them should upset the glass or begin to pull at the Rose itself. Then Kuoni addressed the children, and told them that even as the flower was now expanding itself amongst them, should their hearts expand towards God when they came before him; and that as God's merciful providence would again clothe their valley with the beauties of spring after the long winter had passed, so there awaited for the good a happier spring after the winter of human life was passed, in which they would bloom in immortal youth amongst the angels in Heaven.

While Kuoni spoke thus the younger listened to him in deep amazement, faintly comprehending the meaning of his words; but the elder children knew well the import of that lesson which their father wished to communicate to them, and rejoiced in the anticipation of the blessing of which he spoke. So readily does the young and unsophisticated

mind receive the impressions of serious and heavenly teaching.

The parents carefully observed towards which of their children the Rose put forth its strongest blossoming, for they believed that the omen was particularly auspicious to the individual thus pointed at; and without feeling that they loved the others the less on this account, they rejoiced in the good luck of the fortunate one.

Though the winter-storm might be howling loudly and the snow lying to a man's height in the valley, yet every Christmas Eve beheld not a few of Kuoni's neighbour shepherds assembled in his hut to witness the marvel of the blooming Rose, and mark what promise it gave for the coming year; after which they returned home and related to their friends what they had seen, and told them also of the blessings which they had heard Kuoni invoke for their herds and pastures; whereupon all joined in admiring the wonderful Rose, and praising their good and wise neighbour Kuoni.

It was Kuoni's custom every Christmas Eve to relate his history to the assembled group, and many of the neighbours came to hear this also; for they deemed the simple narrative an instructive lesson, and marvelled greatly at the dealings of Providence with their neighbour, and the goodness of his heavenly Father. It was thus that Kuoni related his artless story:

"Down yonder, on the borders of the lake, where the beautiful Stanzstadt lies, my father's cottage stood. It was a small and humble dwelling compared with the houses of the burgh-town; but it was always cheerful and comfortable. Our sole property consisted of a few sheep and goats; we were able also to keep a cow all the year round.\* Our cot-

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\* Cows, goats, and sheep, constitute the sole riches of the Swiss peasant; but few of the poorer class are able to keep a cow for their own use. Those who are so wealthy as to possess a cow, generally



tage had four large windows which looked towards the lake. But oh what a sight was that ! On the left towered the dark Pilatus, with his lofty peaks which seemed to hang over the lake ; on the right lay the village of Kutanacht in front of the sheltering heights of the Rigi. I was the eldest of three brothers, and lived with my grandfather whose cottage was also near the lake, and twice I accompanied him to Lucerne. My younger brothers herded the flock, and my father wrought to the rich people of Stanzstadt for daily wages. Thus we lived very happily, blessed and protected by God ; for we all enjoyed good health and spirits, and our cattle prospered and multiplied yearly. And ever when Christmas Eve came, our good neighbours and many of the people even from Stanzstadt, came to our cottage ; for all desired to behold the wonderful Rose of Jericho which my father received from his father, and he again from a learned monk, who had been at the holy city of Rome, where the pope lives. ‘ Kuoni,’ said my dear grandfather, one Christmas Eve, when the Rose delayed to put forth its leaves ; ‘ there is evil before us and need of thy prayers ;’ the great people laughed when they heard the old man talk thus ; but we and our neighbour friends beheld the token with reverence, and felt very sad ; though when the good old man came to me, and laid his hand on my head and said : ‘ Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,’ I felt less alarmed.

“ It was among the first days of winter when the snow began to fall and clothe the sides of the mountain down to the lake, that a pestilential disease came into our part of the country. Sorely did it afflict us all ; my parents were carried off in the course of a week, and my two little brothers

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send it to a neighbouring farmer, or the proprietor of a large dairy during the summer season, who allows the peasant a trifle, seldom exceeding twenty-five shillings, for the milk of the animal during the season, and restores it to its owner before the approach of winter

soon followed them. I was but slightly affected, and knew not of the evil which had befallen them; my grandfather too recovered after great sickness. It was a serene day when he arose for the first time from his sick-bed. O I shall never forget that day! I gazed from the windows of our hut—long and earnestly I gazed abroad, but could discover nobody moving about. We walked forth; the country was silent as if all living creatures had suddenly sunk into the earth. My grandfather leant on my shoulder, and the large round tears rolled down his venerable cheeks. We gazed towards the lake,—its waves seemed to beat against the shore with a hollow and mournful sound; we turned towards the well-known hut where my father and brethren dwelt,—but all there too was hushed and lifeless. No smoke rose curling above it; no voice came echoing from it; it was silent as if no human being dwelt there. The sheep browsed tranquilly at some distance; the cow lay under the shadow of a tree, and the goats gazed down from the rocks upon us; but no sound came from the well-known spot where my brothers used to disport themselves from morning till evening while watching the flock.

“Then my grandfather looked upon me and said: ‘Kuoni, thy father is no more; but ‘His name be hallowed and his will be done!’ They are all, all gone,—and thou, Kuoni, hast lost thy father and brethren, and I my children. Thou art now my only child, and I am thy only father.’ With these words the old man took me in his arms, and pressed me affectionately to his breast, while both of us wept bitterly in our sorrow.

“I was eighteen years of age, and understood pretty well the management of the house and flock. The old man too gathered strength again, and the few neighbours whom the pestilence had spared were very friendly and gave us all the assistance in their power. Two years we lived in this way, the third brought me a new trial, in the loss of my last dear relative, my beloved grandfather. He was ill, very ill, and

the mortal disease sat sore upon him, when one evening the old man thus addressed me : ‘ Kuoni, I am going to join thy parents and brothers : God calls me away from hence and cheerfully do I obey the call. But there is one thing lies near my heart which I must impart to thee before I go. Thou knowest the old Ruodi’s daughter, who lives at the other side, at Berg ; she knows thee also, and the girl is good and chaste, and will bring a hundred blessings upon thy house. I know that Ruodi will be friendly to thee. Promise me then, and give me thy hand upon it, Kuoni ; and then will I leave this world without regret.’ I gave him my hand and promise, and the good old man in a few minutes afterwards calmly yielded up his breath to Him who gave it, after exhorting me ever to put my trust and confidence in God above.

“ I was now alone,—all had gone before me to another world ; but the love I had for Bethy, the honest Ruodi’s daughter, supported me under my grief. Bethy was my love and only solace. But heaven had still reserved another and a severer trial than all the past for me. A bad man in the neighbouring parish, whose fields lay adjacent to mine,—a man whom no one liked,—produced an agreement by which both my father and grandfather made over to him all that property which I believed myself to have inherited from them. The neighbours also shook their heads at the story ; but he showed sign and seal for it, which he had obtained, God knows how. I went with him to law, but he was a rich man, and I was a poor one, and wealth got the ear of justice, so that I soon saw myself stript of house and herd. God have mercy upon him and pardon him !” In this benevolent and merciful ejaculation, which Kuoni always inserted in the course of his Christmas Eve narrative, the simple peasants used heartily to join, while they shrunk with abhorrence from the wickedness of the man for whom they prayed.

“ Nothing remained mine,” continued Kuoni, so soon as his feelings permitted him to resumed the narrative,—“ no-

thing remained mine of all my father's inheritance but the Rose of Jericho. I was banished from the dear cottage in which I drew the first breath of life. My little herd of goats all followed me to the gate at the end of their pasture-ground, and seemed to me to look mournfully at me as I departed. I went to Bethy and told her what had happened; she heard the whole story of my misfortunes, but was not a whit downcast at it. 'Kuoni,' said she, 'thou art yet an honest man, and thou art strong and healthy, do not therefore be downcast, man! My father has a piece of ground up yonder on the hill side; he will allow thee to build a house for thyself upon it; away and get a hut ready for thyself, and when it is built I will come and live with thee as thy wedded wife, and with Heaven's blessing upon us we will be as happy there as elsewhere, though the winter snow should lie longer around and the blast howl louder above us.' These words of Bethy restored me to myself; I threw my arms around her neck, and wept like a child. 'Bethy, thou art an angel!' I exclaimed; and as I embraced her and wept aloud her father entered, and beheld us both in our mingled love and sorrow, and gave us his blessing.

"I was now richer far and happier than the bad man who had robbed me of my property. It was in summer that I began to build my cottage up high on the Alps, and in harvest Bethy and I were married by the priest, and have dwelt here in happiness and peace ever since. Thus was fulfilled the prophecy of the Rose, and thus too my pious grandfather's blessing was fulfilled."

Such was the narrative which Kuoni used to relate after reading the Litany on Christmas Eve. Many years he dwelt in peace and contentment in his rude hut, and here he drew his last breath upon his own bed, full of years and patriarchal honours. His faithful Bethy followed him to the land of rest within two years. But the Rose of Jericho was handed down as a precious heir-loom from father to son for many generations; nor did it lose its marvellous virtues till

long after it had gladdened the eyes of Kuoni's descendents, by its marvellous blooming under the roof of that very cottage in which the monk first bestowed it upon Kuoni's grandfather, which, with the fields attached to it, were restored to Kuoni's children, upon the death of the man whose falsehood had stript their father of his paternal possession.

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# THORN ROSE

BY MM. GRIMM.

ONCE upon a time there lived a certain king and queen who used to say every day to each other : " Ah, when will Heaven bless us also with a child !" for they had no children of their own, though they greatly desired to possess them, and were much grieved when they thought how very probable it was that they would die childless and leave their crown to a stranger. But it came to pass that one day, whilst the queen was bathing, a little fish lifted up its head out of the water, and said to her : " Thy wish shall be granted, and thou shalt soon bring a daughter into the world." And what the fish had foretold soon came to pass ; for the queen soon presented the king, her husband, with a little princess, who was so beautiful that her father was never tired of gazing upon her, and he made a great feast in honour of her birth, to which he invited not only all his relations, and friends, and neighbours, but also all the fairies in his dominions, for he wished his daughter to have friends amongst them also. Now there were thirteen fairies in the land, but the king had only twelve golden dishes for them to eat out of ; so that he was obliged to omit one of them in his invitations. But all the twelve who were invited came, and, after the feast was over, presented the little princess with their wonderful gifts. One gave her virtue, another beauty, another riches, and so

on, till the princess had got presented to her all that was good and excellent in the world. But just when the last but one had given her blessing to the princess, the thirteenth fairy, who had been left out in the invitations, and was greatly incensed at such a mark of disrespect, presented herself in the palace, and cried aloud: "The king's daughter shall in her fifteenth year touch a spindle, and fall down dead!" But the twelfth fairy, who had not yet given her blessing, now came forward, and said, that though she could not prevent the wish of her spiteful sister from being fulfilled, yet she would use her power to soften the calamity which must overtake the young princess: "It shall not be death, but a hundred years sleep that shall overtake the king's daughter!" said the benevolent fairy.

The king, greatly alarmed on account of the fate which had been threatened against his beloved daughter; issued an order directing that all the spindles in his kingdom should be destroyed. In the meantime all the good wishes of the benevolent fairies were accomplished, and the princess grew up and became so beautiful, and good, and accomplished, that all who knew her greatly loved and admired her. But it happened that the king and queen were in a distant part of the country on the day that their daughter was to complete her fifteenth year, and she was left alone in the palace with no one who dared to check her motions. So she roamed about through all the rooms and chambers and passages of the stately building, till she came at last to an old tower. A narrow staircase led her up to a small door, in the lock of which appeared a golden key which she turned round, whereupon the little door sprang open, and the princess beheld an old woman, seated in a small room, and busily employed spinning flax. "Ho, ho, old grandmother, what are you doing here?" said the princess.—"I am spinning," said the old woman, nodding her head.—"Oh how prettily that thing moves!" said the maiden, stepping forward, and taking hold of the spindle; but no sooner had she touched it, than the

prediction of the evil fairy was accomplished, and the princess fell motionless to the ground.

But she was not dead ; she had only been cast into a deep sleep, as the twelfth fairy had declared ; and the king and the queen happening to come home to their palace just at this moment, they too fell asleep with all their courtiers and servants. The horses also fell asleep in their stables, and the dogs in the court, and the pigeons on the roof, and the flies on the wall,—aye, and the very fire, which had been blazing merrily on the hearth, ceased to flicker, and slept also,—and the spit ceased to turn round,—and the cook, who had just caught the kitchen-boy by the ear, and was about to chastise the urchin for some trick he had played her, fell asleep at the moment of raising her hand,—and the culprit fell asleep also,—and every thing which had motion fell into a deep slumber, and remained as still as if all life or activity had ceased.

A thorn-hedge began to spring up around the palace, and it grew, and it grew, till at last it had quite surrounded and hid the whole ; so that neither window, nor roof, nor chimney, could be seen through it. But there went forth a report through the land of the beautiful Thornrose—for so had the king's daughter been named—who lay asleep within the palace, and year after year came various kings' sons who tried to break through the thorny hedge, and push their way into the palace of the sleeping beauty, but this they were never able to do, for the dreadful thorns laid hold of them and held them fast, so that they all died a miserable death in the attempt. After many, many years, there came a king's son into that country, to whom an old man told the story of the thorn-hedge, and of the palace, and of the enchanted princess, called Thornrose, who lay asleep within it, surrounded by all her court. The old man told him also that he had often heard his grandfather talk about the princes who had come, and striven to force their way through the hedge, but had perished in the attempt to reach the palace.



But the young prince said: "That shall not terrify me, I will go and get a sight of the beautiful Thornrose!" And though the old man strove to dissuade him,—go he would in spite of every danger.

Now it happened that the very day on which this young prince arrived at the thorn-hedge, was the day on which the princess completed her sleep of one hundred years. And when the prince came to the spot which the old man had described, instead of a dreadful and impenetrable thicket, he beheld nothing but the most beautiful flowers and shrubs, through which he made his way with great ease, though they closed fast behind him, and seemed to deny any hope of return to the adventurer. When he came at last to the palace he found the horses and hounds asleep in the yard, and beheld the pigeons with their heads buried under their wings sitting motionless on the roof. And when he entered the palace, the flies were asleep upon the walls,—and the cook still held the kitchen-boy by the ears, but both were fast asleep,—and near them sat a servant maid, with a black hen in her hand ready to be plucked, but asleep also. He went on farther and beheld all the courtiers fast asleep in their places, and the king and queen asleep also. He went on farther, and all was so still throughout the vast palace, that he almost heard the beatings of his own heart; at last he came to the old tower, and opened the little trap-door of the room in which Thornrose lay fast asleep. There she lay all still and motionless, but so beautiful, that the young prince gazed on her for a long time in deep admiration, and then stooped down and kissed her passionately. But the moment that he touched her coral lips, Thornrose awoke, and opened her eyes, and smiled sweetly upon him. Then she arose, and the prince took her by the hand, and they went out together, and passed through the palace; and as they approached the courtiers awoke, and the king and queen awoke also, and all stared with astonishment upon each other. They went forth, and the horses neighed in the stables, and the hounds gam-

boled in the yard, and the pigeons unfolded their wings and flew into the fields, and the flies began to move, and the kitchen-fire blazed up again, and the spit began to do its duty; and the cook's fist descended upon the urchin's ear with such violence that he roared aloud; and the maid went on plucking the black hen; and there being nothing to prevent the marriage of the prince and the beautiful Thornrose, the wedding was soon afterwards celebrated, and they lived happily together all their days.\*

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\* The Grimms have here collected for us another of the thousand forms in which one of the most favourite fictions of oriental imagination has been long naturalized in the north. The Hessian version of the sleeping princess is less in unison with the German character, however, than the magic slumber of Brynhildd the wise and fair, or of our own Arthur's Gwyneth. The hawthorn-trap is not an uncommon agent in the exploits of northern necromancers; and there seems to be some connexion between the name of the sleeping princess, and the magic thorn, sleepy thorn, or wizard rod of Odin.

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A LEGEND OF

**T O M T H U M B**

BY MM. GRIMM.

A POOR woodcutter was one evening seated on the hearth-stone, warming his fingers at the fire, and near him sat his wife at her wheel. "Oh how hard it is," said he, "that we should have no children, but should be doomed to live here by our solitary selves, whilst our neighbours' houses are ringing from morning to night with their children's rompings and merriment!"—"Yes," answered his wife, with a deep sigh, "if I had only but one child, though it were no bigger than my thumb, I should be so happy with it,—I should love it so dearly!" Now it came to pass that the good woman's wish was fulfilled; and within seven months from that evening she presented her husband with a fine little healthy urchin of a son, though in good truth no bigger than his thumb. "Well, well," said the parents, "he is certainly not so large as some people's children are; but we have had our wish, and dearly shall we love our own little son." So they called him Tom Thumb; and well was Tommy fed by them in the hopes of seeing him grow bigger, but the little fellow seemed to put his meat into a bad skin as far as growth was concerned, for he was just as large the first hour after birth, as he was at the end of the year; and just as large then as he was at any after period of his life. However he was a nice, little, active fellow, with a pair of sharp eyes, and an uncommon share of good sense and mother-wit.

His father was one day making himself ready to go and cut faggots in the neighbouring wood, and happened to say: "I wish I had some one to drive the cart up to the wood."—"O father," cried Tom, "I will do that bravely; the cart shall be in the wood in time enough I assure you!" At this speech his father laughed aloud, and said: "Why, how could you do that, Tom? Such a little fellow as you could not reach the horse's bridal!"—"Never fear, father; my mother will yoke the horse, and I will get into his ear, and tell him what road he must take," answered Tom.—"Well, we will try you for once," replied his father. At the proper time Tom's mother harnessed the horse, and put her gallant son into his ear, where the little fellow fixed himself securely, and calling aloud to the animal, "up, up!" "heigh, heigh!" "woa, woa!" as he found it necessary, proceeded to join his father in the wood. The horse went just as well under Tom's guidance as ever it did in its life, and took the direct road for the wood. So as Tom was driving onwards, and calling out "gently, gently!" to his horse, two travellers came up. "That is strange enough!" exclaimed one of them. "There goes a cart, and we hear the carter speaking to the horse, but where is he?"—"That looks very strange indeed!" replied the other. "But let us follow the cart, and see where it goes." The cart went on towards the wood, and approached the place where the woodcutter was at work. When Tom saw his father he called out briskly from his elevated seat: "Here I am, father, with the cart; now take me down!" So his father took hold of the horse with his left hand, and carefully picked out Tom from the animal's ear with his right, and set him gently down upon a bunch of straw, while the two strangers gazed at them both in the utmost astonishment. At last one of them took the other aside, and proposed that they should endeavour to get the little fellow into their possession; and make a show of him in the great towns where they would undoubtedly make a fortune by the exhibition. The other assented to this propo-

sition. So they went to the woodman, and asked him if he would sell his little son to them, taking care to explain that he would be better off with them than he could be staying at home. But the father replied, "No! I will not sell my little Tom; my own heart's blood is dearer to me than all the gold in the world!" But Tom had no sooner heard of the gold, and understood the bargain which the strangers wished to make, than he crept up his father's coat, and elevating himself upon his shoulder, whispered into his ear: "Father, strike a bargain for me; I will soon get back again." When the woodcutter heard his son talk thus, he consented to sell him to the two strangers for a large purse of gold.—"Where will you be pleased to place yourself?" said one of them to Tom.—"Oh, just place me on the brim of your hat.—I shall have plenty room there, and will just walk about and see the country as we go along." They placed Tom as he directed them, and away he went with them, after having taken leave of his father. They journeyed onwards, till it began to grow dusky, when the little fellow called upon his bearer to take him down, for he wished it. So the man took off his hat gently, and set Tom down upon a piece of newly ploughed ground, where he ran up and down for some time, till discovering a mouse-hole, he suddenly slipped into it, exclaiming: "Good evening, my masters, I'm off with myself!" The disappointed purchasers hastened to intercept Tom's retreat, and thrust their sticks into the hole by which he had disappeared; but it was all in vain,—Tom crept the farther in, and only laughed at their efforts to recover him; and after a long and fruitless attempt, the men were compelled to resume their journey without him.

When Tom had satisfied himself that the coast was clear, he crept out of his hole, and began to pick his way with great caution in the dark over the ploughed ground: "Terribly dangerous walking this!" said he to himself. "Were I to fall from one of those great lumps of earth I should certainly break my neck!" However he very soon discovered

an empty snail-shell. "Good luck!" cried Tom. "I shall pass the night here bravely." So in he crept. In a few minutes, and just as Tom was falling asleep, he hears two men passing near where he lay, the one of whom says to the other: "And how do you think we will manage to lay our fingers upon the rich old parson's purse?"—"I'll tell you how you may do that!" cried Tom out of the shell.—"What was that?" cried one of the thieves in great alarm. "I am sure I heard some one speak just now!" The two thereupon stood still and listened, but Tom again exclaimed: "Take me with you, and I'll help you to steal the parson's purse."—"Where are you then?" said they.—"Look down and listen whence the sound comes," replied Tom. After much groping and listening one of them laid his fingers upon Tom, and lifted him up with great admiration. "You little manikin you, what help could you give us!" cried the thief.—"Why," answers Tom, "don't you see that I can creep in between the iron staunchels of the parson's window, and throw you out whatever you want!"—"A very good thought!" replied the thief. "Come along then, and let us see what you can do."—So when they came to the parson's house, Tom crept into the room, but had no sooner got in, than he called aloud: "Will you have all that's here?"—"Softly, softly," whispered the thieves, "you will awaken the people of the house." But Tom pretended not to hear them, and raising his voice to its utmost pitch, again bawled out: "What do you want me to take; will you have all that's here?" The cook, who lay in the next room, hearing some noise, began to bestir herself, and in the meantime the two thieves taking alarm run off to a little distance, but perceiving no alarm given, returned again, and whispered to Tom to throw them out some of the parson's money. "Hold your hands then," shouted Tom; "here it comes!" This last exclamation fairly awoke the cook, who sprung forward towards the door, shouting "murder! thieves!" while the robbers took to their heels, and fled as fast as if the wolf was be-

hind them, and Tom slipt off into the barn, where he found a nice little snug corner to finish his night's rest in. But the cook after groping all about the house, and assisting her search with a candle, became satisfied that she had only dreamt of the robbers, and so retired to rest and fell asleep again.

Tom in the meanwhile lay snug, and as he thought, quite safe among the hay in the barn. "In the morning, when it is light," said he to himself, "I will rise and take my way home." But alas, how deceitful are human expectations! Much and sore peril lay between Tom and his home, as we shall see in the sequel. It was the cook's duty to rise early in the morning and feed the cows. Well, after her night's adventure, she rose and proceeded as usual to the barn for an armful of hay; but as fate would have it she stumbled upon the very bundle in which Tom lay nestled, and the poor fellow did not awake or become at all conscious of his danger, till one of the cows had actually taken him up in a mouthful of hay, and was making his little body whisk about in its great mouth. "Good heavens," cried Tom, when he awoke, and found himself whirling about in such an odd manner, "how have I got into the mill!" But he soon found out where he was, and great was his alarm lest the monster should get him between her teeth,—for you know there would have been an end of poor Tom. However Tom escaped the danger of the mouth; but down he went into the dreadful pit of the stomach, where he thought himself almost in a worse predicament, for his quarters were quite dark, and how to get out he knew not, and besides, the cow stuffed itself so greedily with the hay, that the little room he had was becoming rapidly narrower, and threatened at last to close around and suffocate him altogether. In this terrible emergency Tom's presence of mind suggested an expedient which happily relieved him from the fear of immediate destruction. The maid was milking the cow at the moment, when Tom bawled up its throat: "Don't give me any more

hay! Don't give me any more hay!" At these words, the maid, who had never before heard a cow speak, overset her milk-pail in her fright, and bolted out of the stable. But her master thought she had lost her wits, when she told him that one of his cows had spoken to her. "Thou art surely mad, woman," said the priest, as he accompanied her again to the stable; but on their entry Tom again bawled out: "Don't give me any more hay! Don't give me any more hay!" So the priest himself was now alarmed, and believing that his cow was possessed, ordered her to be killed, which was immediately done, and the stomach, in which Tom lay, was thrown out to the dunghill. Tom now wrought hard to get out of the mess in which he lay, and at last, after much struggling, he succeeded so far as to get his little head extricated. But a new misfortune at this moment overtook him: a hungry wolf was passing, and eyeing the morsel, sprang upon it, and swallowed Tom and stomach and all at one gulp. Tom, however, had got accustomed to the thing, and was not at all alarmed at finding himself once more in a beast's belly, but began to chat away quite briskly to the wolf: "Now, my dear Mr Wolf," says he, "I can tell you where you might have a glorious belly-full."—"Where, pray?" inquired the wolf with great eagerness.—"Oh, just in such a house," replied Tom; "and you have only to crawl into the kitchen through the drain, and eat cakes, and ham, and beef, just as much as you can stuff into yourself."—It was Tom's own father's house that the cunning little fellow described to the wolf, who needed no second invitation, but hastened thither that very night, and stuffed himself to such a degree that he could not creep out again by the hole through which he had entered. This was just what Tom had foreseen would happen; and he now began to shout and scream as loud as he could in the wolf's belly: "Will you be quiet!" said the wolf. "You'll waken the people of the house."—"And what though I do?" replied Tom. "You have had your hour's sport; it is my turn now!" So he roared and shouted still



more furiously up the wolf's throat, till the noise awoke both his father and mother. When the two good people looked through a chink of their sleeping-room, and beheld the great wolf standing in the middle of the kitchen, they were not a little frightened; but the father armed himself with an axe, and the mother seized a scythe. "Stay you here," said the former, "till I knock the wolf down with my axe, and then you can rip up his belly with the scythe. But Tom when he heard this suggestion roared out: "No! No! Don't rip up his belly for I am within it myself,—the wolf has swallowed me!" Then the woodman cried: "Heaven be praised; we have got our own Tommy Thumb back again!" and having aimed a blow with his axe at the head of the fierce animal, he stretched it dead at his feet, and set Tom free by cutting up the wolf's belly with great care. "Ah," said the father, "what a great deal of distress we have had on your account."—"Yes," replied Tom, "I have travelled over all the world, I think, since I left you in the wood."—"Indeed, and where have you been?" said his father. "Been! Why I have been in a mouse's hole,—in a cow's stomach,—and a wolf's belly,—and now I am here again!"—"And we will not part with you again for all the gold and silver in the world!" exclaimed his parents, while they hugged and kissed him with the greatest fondness, and gave him plenty to eat and drink, and made him put on nice new clothes in place of his old ones which had been sadly torn and stained during his adventures.

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THE NIGHT ON  
THE MOUNTAIN

A TALE

BY FREDERICA LOHMANN.

IN one of those fertile valleys of Portugal, on which, though almost inaccessible on every side, and cut off seemingly by mountain-barriers from all intercourse with the surrounding world, nature has bestowed many of her fairest charms, a small cottage lay nestled beneath the shelter of the giant rocks, like the abode which the swallow rears for herself under the hospitable coign. Fig-trees and acacias, nut-trees and vines clothed the ridges of the sheltering mountains, which here diverged in two lines, leaving a lovely little valley between them. A little beyond the limits of the cultivated ground, they again converged, and towered together to the skies in rugged, but majestic beauty; so that chance alone, or a very accurate knowledge of the localities of the district, could guide the traveller to the little paradise which lay sheltered in their bosom. A brawling torrent, which leapt down from rock to rock on the adjacent heights, was composed into a gently murmuring stream as it flowed past the solitary cottage, and pursued its meandering course through the adjoining meadow, upon which a herd of sheep and goats—constituting the chief wealth of the proprietor of this humble dwelling—roamed at large.

The rural dwelling we have now described had been given

by the duke of Beja, a few years before the period of our story, to an old and faithful servant, as a reward for his long-trying fidelity, and a spot where declining old age might find a secure retreat from the turmoil and harassing cares of the great world. The establishment of the faithful adherent, in this picturesque and enviable solitude, consisted of his son and daughter, an aged domestic, and a young orphan boy, a Spaniard by nation whom the good old man had taken under his protection. The produce of the orchard and flock supported this little family in comfort if not in affluence. Their wants were few; but such as they were, they were daily supplied by an indulgent Providence.

Michael—for such was the orphan's name—soon rewarded his patron's kindness. Ever active and industrious, he seemed most happy when engaged in the service of his kind benefactor; and his natural talents, aided by a docile disposition, fitted him for almost every employment which presented itself in the little establishment. Under his care the young trees and vines, as well as the flock, prospered amazingly; and no labour was too protracted, no toil too severe for the grateful youth willingly to encounter in his patron's service.

There was one member, however, of the family, to whom the quiet occupations of the inhabitants of the lonely valley presented no attractions. Paolo, the son of the house, loved rather to chase the game over the surrounding mountains, then to saunter with pruning-knife or crook in the peaceful valley, which soon became all too narrow and confined for his ambitious mind. While yet very young he had been permitted to accompany the aged domestic to the nearest market-town, and the bustle of active life proved far more attractive to him than the tranquil and monotonous labours of the country. As he grew up and acquired ideas, his imagination occupied itself with schemes of more daring ambition; it delighted to follow the navigator across the trackless ocean, or the sons of commerce in their adventurous specu-

lations, or to dive into the secret intrigues and cabals of politicians.

Though Balthazar thus saw his old age deprived of all hope of comfort from his wayward and ambitious son, yet the grateful and affectionate orphan was worthy of his unshaken confidence and love, and might have cheered the declining years of his patron with a son's love, had not an evil fate poisoned this source likewise of domestic happiness. Michael and Paolo had manifested from their very earliest years the most inveterate dislike towards each other; their mutual hatred increased with their years, and the feeble strife of childhood soon gave place to the more dangerous feuds of youth, and finally to the deadly resentments of manhood. The old man had long marked with grief the estrangement of the two youths, and the truth could not be concealed even from a father's partial eye, that his own son was ever the first to begin a quarrel with the young Spaniard. Paolo could with the most cold-blooded malice avail himself of the slightest opportunity of injuring his younger companion; and an inflexible will, which already revealed itself in the boy with all the unshrinking resolution of manhood, had given him the complete mastery over his father and the old servant,—an advantage which he well knew how to employ to the prejudice of Michael. It was also unfortunate for the latter that his own character and dispositions were of such a cast as laid him open at all times to the circumventing malice of Paolo. Cheerful and unsuspecting, he was nevertheless subject to the most stormy bursts of passion, before which every nobler feeling was for the moment swept away. The mountain-torrent when opposed by cliffs and trees in its headlong descent affords a faint type of the fury with which Michael's passion would at times break forth from its unlocked fountains; the flame of the forest when fanned by the wings of the tempest burns not higher and fiercer than did the conflicting passions of love and revenge, of hatred and fear in Michael's bosom, when once excited by the conduct

of his malicious companion. Paolo's cooler temperament, and sagacious foresight, were the rocks against which the torrent of Michael's wrath chafed and spent itself in vain; his inflexible determination of purpose was the ever-fanning wind which awoke the sleeping embers of passion into higher and wider flame. For a few years the situation of the two boys afforded no other incentives to passion than such as grew up out of their contrarieties of temperament and opposition of interests. But national prejudices soon came to the aid of their other evil passions, and that antipathy to Spanish blood, for which the Portuguese are proverbial, lent a darker tone and colouring to Paolo's resentments. The youth, as we have already said, loved to mingle as far as circumstances would permit, with the busy world, and in his intercourse with his countrymen had fully imbibed at very early years all that antipathy which is felt and expressed by the vulgar of every nation towards foreigners. There were also circumstances in the situations of the two nations at this time which gave a more than ordinary degree of importance to every manifestation of this spirit of national animosity. Sebastian, the childless king of Portugal, had recently fallen on the bloody field of Alcassar, and his infirm and weak-minded successor could ill compete with the daring and ambitious Philip of Spain, whose designs were sufficiently known to excite in every Portuguese breast the most inveterate feelings of animosity and revenge. Such were the circumstances which, if any thing else had been required to nourish Paolo's malice, determined him to neglect no opportunity of insulting and oppressing the unfortunate Spanish orphan; while Michael, on the other hand, boldly avowed his national feelings, and courted rather than shrunk from inquiry into the allegiance he owed a foreign power. But there was one secret sustaining principle which enabled the youth to bear all that repetition of insult and studied cruelty with which Paolo strove to embitter his existence; he loved Petrona, the daughter of his patron, and was beloved by her in re-

turn. Paolo had no sooner discovered this attachment than he swore a solemn oath that the blood of a stranger—a Spaniard—should sooner flow in the light of the sun than mingle itself with that of his father's house.

The gentle Petrona loved the young Spanish orphan with all a sister's affection in their early years. They had shared the pastimes of childhood together, and afterwards learned to mingle their little joys and sorrows without reserve or concealment. And though Petrona had early discovered the impetuous temper of her companion, she loved him not the less on that account, and even clung to him with closer affection, afraid lest it might hurry him, when released from the gentle control which her presence ever exercised over him, into some rash act of revenge towards her tyrannical brother. Was it strange that the confiding companion of Michael's boyhood,—she who had roamed with him through the sunny meadows, and climbed the lofty mountains, and grown up by his side into a woman's stature, should have yielded the now goodly and gallant youth all the affection of a woman's love? She alone knew his worth, the constancy of his attachment, and the charm which could allay his wildest fits of passion; and she only longed for a fitting opportunity to break the secret of their sworn fidelity to her aged father. The old man, however, long affected not to notice the meaning looks and timid insinuations of his daughter; and when at last she told the secret of her love to him, and implored on her bended knees with faltering voice a father's blessing, his words were full of chiding, and blasted her fondest expectations, even before she could unfold the whole secret with which her bosom heaved.

"I know what you would wish to say, Petrona," interrupted the old man; "but you are a thoughtless girl, rushing blindly upon your own ruin. What, would you have me to unite the lamb with the lion! Or to plant my rose-bush in the bed of the torrent! No, no! Michael is no fit mate for my gentle dove."

"Father," replied Petrona, weeping, "you know not Michael's heart. No one knows it but myself. Would you be wroth with the flame because it burns the hand which would grasp it? While your daughter breathes she must love Michael; and to part us would be to send us to our graves!"

"And yet I must, foolish girl!" exclaimed Balthazar, writhing with mental agony. "By St Jago I *must*, however painful the effort be to me! I allowed my feelings to get the rule over my better judgment when I received the Spanish orphan into my family, because he was a partaker of our common humanity; but I dare not again yield my better reason to my weakness, and throw my darling child into the arms of one of my country's foes. The fiery Spaniard would soon render my Petrona's life unhappy; and sooner or later his feelings towards the brother would reck themselves upon the sister's head. You weep, Petrona, and you avoid the eye of your aged father; in this I only see too well how successfully the wily Spaniard has already exerted himself in corrupting my child's heart, and supplanting a father's love in her affections. Petrona, it is impossible that any union betwixt us and the enemies of Portugal can be blessed of Heaven!"

"Oh be not angry with Michael!" exclaimed Petrona, in all the anguish of a wounded spirit. "Your daughter will obey you to death, and never betray the secret which she carries in her bosom; but send not Michael away; do not force me to choose betwixt obedience and love,—I cannot, I cannot,—it would break my heart!"

The old man pressed his daughter to his bosom, and from a tear which shone in his eye, Petrona gathered an omen of hope. But days of grief and bitter anxiety now awaited her; Michael was wholly ungovernable when she communicated the saddening truth of her father's opposition to their wishes, and in the violence of his disappointment he declared that life would henceforth be insupportable to him, though Petrona strove to soothe his wild grief and render him more

accessible to reason, by representing to him the probability there was of her father yet countenancing their union. It was now the poor girl's constant care to watch the motions of her vindictive brother, and passionate lover, between whom, she foresaw, the slightest discord might instantly lead to deadly strife. But an event which happened shortly after relieved her from the chief source of apprehension:

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PAOLO's uncle, a wealthy merchant in Lisbon, had invited the young man to take a share in his business; and such an opportunity of seeing the great world and entering into its restless circle of contending passions was gladly embraced by the youth, who left his father's roof without shedding a tear, though he beheld his aged parent deeply moved by his departure. Michael felt himself breathe more freely when he had seen the adventurer, accompanied by the old domestic, disappear behind the hills over which their route lay to the great city, and Petrona secretly rejoiced in the absence of a brother whose presence endangered the life of one who was yet dearer to her than a brother. Quiet and harmony were now restored to the cottage, and even the feelings of the old man seemed to soften towards Michael, but he remained silent on the subject of Petrona's confession; and she, faithful to her promise, breathed not a wish of her heart.

About two leagues beyond the mountain-ridge which sheltered the little valley on the north, at the foot of another and more gigantic range of slate-rocks, whose bare sides were thinly sprinkled with a few boxen shrubs, stood a chapel dedicated to the Holy Virgin. The surrounding scenery was lonely and romantic, and the path which wound over



the mountain towards it from Balthazar's valley was so narrow that it seemed fit for the foot only of the mountain-goats. The little chapel was constantly adorned with fresh and withered garlands,—the simple offerings which the surrounding peasantry made to a wretched picture of the Holy Virgin that it contained. A little higher up, among the peaked rocks, an ancient ruin hung tottering over the little chapel. To this sanctuary Petrona went once a week to renew her votive garlands, and to pour out her bosom's grief before the saint. Even now that the brief but stormy winter had set in, Petrona did not cease to visit the chapel. She had twined the last lingering flowers of the season into a garland with which she set out to the chapel of the Virgin, whilst her father remained at home, listening to the narrative of the aged domestic, who had just returned from his journey to the capital; and Michael was with the flock, which he had driven considerably beyond the range of the valley, for the heat of the past summer had scorched the pasturage in the neighbourhood of the hut.

"The tranquillity which reigns here appears singular to me when I return from the bustle of the world," said the old Jacob. "Our valley is like an island in the midst of the wild sea. Formerly, when I used to accompany Paolo, I was much amused by the interest he took in what was passing around him; how eagerly he gazed on a ship getting under weigh; how anxiously he listened when they talked of the affairs of the great; and how rationally he would explain to me all the matters of discourse. Yes, yes, he will meet with many things now which will interest him! There are strange whispers abroad respecting Don Sebastian, our late king; he still lives, they say, and they expect him to return. Your son will hear that too in Lisbon, and will believe it more easily than you who shake your head; for he lives entirely in the busy world, and the blood mounts to his cheeks whenever that subject is spoken of."

"Better would it have been if he had rested satisfied with

his own quiet valley, Jacob!" replied Balthazar. "Would that he had never gone forth with you into the world; and that I had been less indulgent to his inclinations! Can I cease to remember that a stranger protects my property, while my own son has forsaken me?"

"Michael is not a stranger to you," replied the old servant. "You have made him your own child by good treatment. All does not depend upon the blood which flows in our veins, or the country which has given us birth. Heaven knows I love the three children as I love my own life; and no one more than another! Sir," continued the privileged domestic, in a lower voice, "allow me to speak frankly to you. It seems to me Petrona is no longer the girl she was; her cheeks are pale and her steps slow."

"So she has complained to you of the harshness of her father," murmured Balthazar; "and you, old fool, have become soft-hearted—as you always are—and fancy you understand matters better than the father! I well remember how your countenance used to be clouded for days when I refused any thing to the boys; but then it regarded only insignificant play-things,—now Petrona's happiness is at stake. Michael is a youth of violent temper, who in his passion may do what is not right either in the sight of God or man."

Balthazar seemed to expect an answer,—perhaps contradiction from old Jacob; but the latter preserved a sullen silence, and seemed to have his whole thoughts intent on the piece of net at which he was working. After a long silence, he paused in his work, and inquired after some young lemon-trees on the north side of the mountain. "I remember one of them, a pretty, little, vigorous stem, was beginning to grow sickly when I went away. The little thing had shot out all its branches beyond the protection of the mountain and seemed to defy the cold north wind. I bent it and again bent it into the sheltered corner; but since that time it has begun to fade and I am afraid it will be lost."

"You should have let it alone," answered Balthazar. "Na-

ture cannot be forced. That tree was accustomed to a northern exposure, and too tall for being bent."

"I had good intentions, sir," continued Jacob in the same tone of voice; "just as you have with Petrona. She too will fade because you wish to shelter her from fancied evil. Michael is good; and the maiden is his angel, who may soothe his violent spirit, but will never suffer from it. Consider what you are doing, sir; I believe your daughter has a heart which will sooner break than renounce its love."

Balthazar had not had time to answer these remarks when Michael entered, looking anxiously around him, and inquiring after Petrona.

"A storm approaches," said he, "more threatening than any I have ever beheld before. The heavy thunder-clouds rise beyond the valley, and hang like a dark mantle above the mountain over which her way leads. God grant she may perceive it; and not attempt returning! I go to meet her without a moment's delay. Do you Jacob drive in the flock, and you, father, pray for your daughter's safety. I know a shorter path up the mountain; perhaps I may meet her before the storm begins."

The trembling father hastened out of the hut, followed by Jacob. The sky immediately above them looked less threatening, but a dark dense cloud hung like a gloomy curtain over the distant mountain. Michael's rapid steps soon bore him from their sight; the youth had chosen a path which only a dauntless spirit fired by love would have dared to attempt, and the two aged men simultaneously made the sign of the cross, at the moment that his form vanished in the distance. A gloomy silence rested over the whole surrounding country,—not a leaf quivered on the branch which bore it,—the birds of heaven wheeled and returned in wide circles through the air,—the cattle came pressing upon each other around Jacob,—and every sentient being seemed impressed with a foreboding of the coming tempest. In a few minutes the dark clouds began to roll down from their sta-

tion above the mountain and overshadow the valley with their pitchy gloom,—the distant thunder approached nearer at each successive peal, and the adjacent rocks reverberated the sound in multiplied echoes, while the lightning-flash ever and anon pierced the lurid canopy of heaven and shed a fearful light on the threatening scene.

“Lost! Lost! they are lost!” exclaimed the unhappy father with the bitterness of despair. “Hark how the storm crashes through the valley! The stream has become a torrent, and sweeps every thing away in its resistless course; but it will be far wilder opposite the chapel, and the only footpath by which they can return leads along its banks,—there is no footing on the other side,—if the storm overtake them there they are lost!”

Jacob would fain have comforted his master if he could; but his own spirit began to droop, and the few words of consolation which escaped his lips were lost in the roaring of the storm. Evening came on, and the storm seemed to rage with increasing violence; the two old men remained buried in silent thought, each afraid to speak out his gloomy forebodings, till at last a peal of thunder, more terrific than all the preceding, shook the cottage to its foundations, and caused Balthazar to spring from his seat, exclaiming, “Bear witness, Jacob! Witness the vow which I make in this awful moment to the Holy Virgin! If she has protected my poor child while on the way to her shrine,—if these eyes shall again behold Petrona in life,—then I will never more oppose her love. I once pledged myself otherwise to Paolo, but it may not be; this awful hour releases me from an engagement so rashly entered into!”

The old man seemed to have removed a heavy burden from his heart by this vow, and calmly and silently he now waited the issue of events. It seemed too as if the Virgin had accepted his vow; for the roar of the tempest subsided, the dark clouds which had obscured the whole heaven began to roll away, the light of the declining day broke out in

the west, the thunder came in fainter and fainter peals, and the small birds once more unfolded their wings and flew up into the clear air. Jacob had stepped out to look around him, and now beheld two forms approaching in the distance, in whom he soon recognised the objects of his most anxious solicitude; his first impulse was to hasten to meet them, but a second thought checked his steps, and he carried the happy tidings to the disconsolate father.

Petrona entered and flung herself with unreserved love into the arms of her overjoyed parent, who could only deep her in silent gratitude to his heart. "My child, my beloved child!" he at last exclaimed. "We thought you lost. My imagination saw you struggling with the violence of the tempest,—saw the fatal flash descend,—saw, oh merciful God! your foot slip on the very edge of the abyss."

"The danger was indeed extreme," answered Petrona. "When I had left the chapel and was proceeding homewards through the valley, I met the stream coming down like a flood, foaming, and chafing, and bearing all down before it. I could not advance, and in a moment I found it equally impossible to return. I stood alone upon a steep rock, terrified by the storm and dazzled by the lightning, and had given myself up for lost, when Michael appeared—" here the maiden turned a look of inexpressible tenderness upon the youth. "He called to me," she continued, "and bade me take courage, and then he began to climb up the rocks by a path so dreadful that I durst not look at him; but I prayed to the Holy Virgin in the agony of death, and while I was yet praying Michael stood at my side. We then went down together, and Michael carried me in his arms over all the dangerous places where I could not step myself; and now here we are, father, restored to you in safety, praised be heaven and the Holy Virgin!"

"And you shall henceforth travel the journey of life together," said Balthazar, in a voice trembling with emotion. "Yes, take her Michael,—she has made choice of you, and

you have proved yourself worthy of her love. Be kind to her, my son, for her gentle heart is only fitted for the endearments of domestic love."

What had just passed seemed like a beautiful dream to the enraptured lovers; and many days had glided over their heads before they could persuade themselves that their bliss was not a delusion. Petrona first looked steadily towards the future; her gentle bosom harboured no suspicions, and her silent sorrow had instantly given place to anticipation of unmingled felicity. But Michael's mind long wavered betwixt fear and hope,—now yielding to the one, now to the other. He had already suffered so much,—his keenest feelings had been so long exposed to the torture of suspense, that it was not easy for him to realise all the certainty of waking bliss,—the sunshine of happiness began to gild the thronging images of the future, but ever and anon there came a shadow across his spirit which forbade him to trust to what he saw. Paolo was the source of these fears,—his name suggested those dark forebodings which forced themselves on his unwilling mind.

"And what if I am yet destined to lose you?" he would say to Petrona with bewildered looks. "Do you think I could survive the loss? No, he who has once enjoyed the heavenly felicity of calling you his own, can only renounce you with his life!"

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THE wedding-day was fixed. It was to be in the spring,—a season which commenced in the sunny clime of Petrona's country with the first month of the year. Balthazar had

written to his son, intimating what was about to take place and inviting him to be present on the happy occasion ; but the faithful Jacob knew the feelings of both the father and the son too well to believe that the invitation was given with the wish of its being accepted. Michael of course anticipated his presence with dread, and Balthazar himself shrunk from the prospect of meeting with his son under the present circumstances ; he knew the inflexible temper of the youth ; and he could not dare to hope that time and other pursuits had softened his implacable feelings towards the Spanish orphan.

But the day drew nigh, and arrangements had been made for uniting the two lovers in wedlock in the chapel of the Holy Virgin. A few days before the wedding, Balthazar went to ask some relations, who were living at a distance, to honour the little festival with their presence, and in the meantime Petrona and Michael employed themselves in adorning the cottage with flowers, and preparing every thing for the occasion. On the evening of Balthazar's departure, while the two lovers were seated together before the door, conversing with each other and with the faithful Jacob, a boy presented himself with an open billet in his hand which he said he had been charged to deliver to Balthazar, adding that it was from his son, Senor Paolo, who had arrived that morning at an inn in the neighbourhood.

Jacob took the billet from the boy, and informed him that his master was not at home, nor was he expected to return till the following evening. "In the meantime," added he, "the note is quite safe with us, and none of us have learning enough to read it. But will not Senor Paolo come to the wedding?"

"He looks less fit for a feast than a funeral," replied the boy. "Were I to meet him to-night on my way home through the valley, I might easily fancy him, with his pale countenance, to be the ghost of the Moorish prince that people say is sometimes seen stalking about near the

chapel. But the sun is going fast down; I must away lest night overtake me before I get clear of the ravine."

With these words the light-heeled messenger turned round and tripped swiftly away, while Michael gazed long and intensely after him, and seemed struggling to repress some strong emotion which shook his frame. "Give me the note, Jacob," he at last spoke; my dark forebodings now prove true. I fear—but give me the note."

"You cannot read it," replied the faithful domestic. "What could you make of such a scroll as that though you were to stare your eyes out? Take it, but keep it carefully. Who knows what the poor fellow may have got to say to his father."

Michael examined the billet with a keen eye, but in doing so his brow became contracted,—the blood rushed to his cheeks, and the hand which held the note trembled violently. "What ails you?" exclaimed Petrona, gazing with apprehension upon her lover.

"Hear what he has written!" cried Michael in a tone of despair. "Ah, I know but too well how to decypher these black signs; they are my death-warrant! What I always dreaded is now about to be fulfilled; Petrona I must be torn from thee!"

With these words the youth clasped his terrified bride to his bosom, as if he were taking his last embrace, and sobbed aloud in the violence of his grief. At last he tore himself from her, and read the note aloud. It was in these words:

"I arrived here this morning, and might even now be with you, but important business detains me. Father, I adjure you by all that is sacred to delay giving Petrona's hand to that proud fiery Spaniard till I arrive. You have not yet forgotten the promise which you made to me. They have taken you by surprise, and abused your weakness. Adopt any pretext for delaying



the wedding two or three days. By the memory of my deceased mother I implore this favour."

"What do you now think of him?" continued Michael. "Had I not much reason to dread him? But he shall not succeed,—I swear by the stars of heaven he shall not! His blood or mine shall flow in the light of the sun, ere he thwart me in this; and be this the first step I take to defeat his malice!"

With these words he tore the billet into a hundred fragments, which the evening-breeze soon swept away, amid the unheeded exclamations of the astonished domestic.

Petrona strove to calm the agitated feelings of the maddened youth. She represented to him that no other person than himself could ever command her heart; and her arguments, with the silver tones of her voice, at last succeeded in bringing him to better reason. Throwing himself into her arms, he exclaimed: "Yes, thou art still my good angel! Before thee the evil spirits which would tempt me to rush upon my destruction flee away! It has ever been thus; and heaven will not now tear us from each other. For what would become of me without my Petrona. Go now to rest, you have calmed my mind and inspired me with good resolutions; to-morrow I will go and reason with your brother myself; I will restrain every feeling but that of love, and ask him whether he could desire to see us unhappy for ever."

"O do not so!" exclaimed Petrona. "My heart forebodes no good of your meeting. My brother is stern to his purpose; and your passions are easily inflamed."

"Nay, fear nothing," replied Michael. "Your good angel will accompany me. But I *must* know whether there can be peace betwixt us. Be comforted, my love, I shall be home again before your father returns."

Petrona spent a sleepless night upon her couch; but Mi-

chael sat alone under the olive-trees before the house, till the rays of the rising sun gilded the top of the mountains, when he arose and prepared himself for his journey. Without confessing to himself the reason why he took the precaution, he now concealed a short gun under his mantle, and thus armed hastened with rapid steps through the solitary ravine. The fresh morning-breeze came playing around his throbbing temples, but it allayed not the fever which burned within; a thousand strong emotions chased each other in bitter conflict across his troubled bosom, and already he felt as if at eternal enmity with the brother of his bride. It was noon when he reached the inn where he expected to find Paolo. A young woman, with a child in her arms, was seated under a trellis of vines in front of the house, who rose up to welcome Michael as he approached, for she had often met with him at the rural festivals of the neighbourhood. But her cheerful salute was coldly returned by the youth, who declined her kind invitation to rest himself in the shade, and abruptly inquired after Paolo.

"He is gone," said the young woman. "He left us not many hours ago, and took the road by which you have just come. Perhaps he may still be walking about the neighbourhood, for he told the boy Giuseppe that if any person should inquire for him at the inn, he should conduct him to our Lady's chapel, where he intended to be this evening.

"Then I shall find him there," answered Michael. "I must see him before he enters his father's house, wherever and whenever that may be,—in the chapel or the ravine,—under the light of heaven, or amid the darkness of the night,—he must confront me, and answer my question!"

"Poor youth," replied the hostess, "your heart seems ill at ease, and I am afraid there is too great reason for your apprehensions. The brother of your bride comes not hither with friendly intentions, and though the bridal day is near, the bridal knot is not yet tied. Paolo has vowed to interrupt your merry-making, and it will not be easy to drive him

from his purpose. Try it, however; your bride is well worthy of a seven years' service, even as Rachel of old."

"I will dare and do whatever man can accomplish for the sake of her I love," said Michael. "Petrona is mine; and no power on earth shall tear her from me! I must dispel those phantoms of terror which have already embittered so much of my existence. To-day this weapon,"—here he raised his gun in his hand,—“shall settle our dispute; to-morrow we are reconciled as brothers, or one of us fills a bloody grave!”

In vain the alarmed hostess strove to soothe the irritated feelings of the young man; he turned hastily round, and she accompanied him a little way for the purpose of exhorting him to peace, but he preserved a gloomy silence, and on parting his rapid steps soon bore him beyond her sight.

In a short time he reached the chapel, where he found three children employed adorning the walls and altar with fresh garlands, who unconsciously told him that these were preparations for a wedding which was just expected to take place. It was his own, and he sat silently down upon the steps of the altar, not daring to raise his eyes to the Holy Image, for he felt that thoughts of blood and revenge lay betwixt him and heaven. While struggling with his feelings the soft sweet voice of a child fell upon his ear,—it was one of the little garland-dressers who was inviting him to join them in a prayer for the happiness of the young couple, and when he looked up he saw the other two silently kneeling upon the floor, and lifting up their little hands with the expression of homage towards the Holy Virgin. Michael's heart was touched by the scene, and its evil purposes vanished before better feelings; he knelt down beside his little friends, and prayed fervently for Petrona, and for himself, and for—Paolo; long he prayed, and when he arose he felt his bosom relieved of a great burden; but the children had already left the sanctuary, and only the shadow of the surrounding trees moved upon the whitened walls, and the soft

whispering of the evening-breeze amid their leaves, interrupted the deep silence.

Paolo came not; long Michael listened to catch the sound of approaching footsteps, but in vain; hour after hour had passed away, and still he was alone in the solitary chapel. He resolved to wait one hour longer; but he now felt grateful to heaven for having thus had time to reflect on all the circumstances connected with his situation, and arrive at calmer thoughts and purposes of friendlier import towards the brother of his bride. He now stepped out of the chapel, and discharged the deadly shot into the air, which was reverberated in a thousand echoes from the mountains. The hour had elapsed, yet still Paolo came not, and the shadows of night began to cover surrounding objects; Michael paused and turned, and listened, but all was silent around him, and with reluctant steps he left the chapel and proceeded homewards.

On approaching the cottage he trembled to think of meeting Paolo there; but only Petrona and Jacob came to meet him. His bride looked anxiously into his countenance, and hesitated to demand the truth from his lips.

"Have you seen my brother?" she at last inquired in faltering accents.

"I found him not," was the answer. "I had thought to have met him here. Is he not here?"

"No person is here but ourselves," said Jacob peevishly. "We have spent the whole day in the greatest anxiety. Had I known your intentions I never would have allowed you to set out to meet Paolo. You and he are no fit companions for each other without the presence of a temperate friend. But, by St Cyprian, what do I see? A gun—weapons against your brother!"

"Nay be not alarmed about the matter," replied Michael. "Evil spirits indeed tempted me to provide myself with this weapon before I set out; but the shot it contained was long since fired harmless into the air. Man is weak;

and Paolo's unkindness had fired my blood ; but all is right again."

"Your countenance answers not to your words," said Jacob. "Your looks are bewildered, and you are pale as death."

"I have had no sleep the last night ; and mind and body are afflicted, I confess. But no more of this ; has your father returned, Petrona ?"

"No, though we are every moment expecting him. Alas, Michael, the evening is gloomy, will the morning be less so ? You are sad, and unwell I fear."

"The morning ! Yea, and will to-morrow be our wedding-day, Petrona ? I do fear the misfortunes I have so long dreaded are now about to overtake us when just arrived in sight of our fairest hopes. But you can do much to quiet my apprehensions ; speak not of Paolo's letter to your father, lest my happiness should be delayed. If you are not mine to-morrow, mine you never will be."

Petrona looked doubtfully upon her lover, and tears filled her eyes. She felt unable to refuse his request, and yet something whispered to her she did not well in concealing Paolo's letter from his father. Jacob too was with difficulty persuaded to conceal his knowledge of it from his master.

Late in the evening Balthazar returned home. He seemed happy in being once more in the bosom of his family ; and relieved at not finding Paolo arrived before him. Perhaps he dreaded any interview with his spoiled child, until the happiness of the young couple was completed, and the father's indulgence justified in the daughter's comfort.

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THE rosy blush of morning tinged the summits of the mountains when Jacob arose and opened the door of the cottage. His first care was to strew the court with flowers, and to hang fresh garlands between the olive-trees which overshadowed the roof. He then spread out a repast of cakes, milk, fruits, and the deep red juice of Oporto's grape, in the inner room, after which he proceeded to stake off a clear space for the dancers on the turf before the door. The sun had risen above the hills, and his gladsome rays already shone upon these preparations for the rustic fete, while the cool breeze of morning bore the mingled perfumes of a thousand flowers and blossoms across the valley, when a strain of light music, intermingled with happy voices approached the cottage. It was a band of youthful minstrels bearing lutes, and cymbals, and flutes, and harps, whose dark features bespoke them the natives of a southern clime, and who, free as the little birds which warbled their matin-notes among the branches overhead, came tripping lightly along the green sward, and filled the air with their melody. They were succeeded by bands of men and women, and young people of all ages, who appeared descending from the adjacent heights, and directing their steps towards one point of meeting. They were arrayed in their holiday clothes; the young men wore brown jackets, red waistcoats, floating scarfs, brown stockings, and neatly plaited sandals, and a small flat cap, or a silk net, confined their sable-locks,—the maidens were arrayed in short scarlet petticoats and dark-coloured boddices, with white hats. As each successive group drew nigh the cottage, it was saluted by the merry minstrels, and when all seemed collected Jacob led forth the young couple to receive the congratulations of their friends. The looks of the young men rested admiringly on the beautiful bride, who was arrayed in the same costume which the other maidens wore,

—her only distinction being a long floating veil, and a bridal wreath entwined with her hair. Michael appeared at her side, but his fine and expressive countenance was overshadowed by a cloud which even the happiness of those moments could not dispel. He cast his eyes around upon the assembled group with restless anxiety, and thought that in every stranger he beheld the lineaments of one whom he most dreaded to meet upon earth. Thus agitated, the moments seemed to him as hours which elapsed before his appearance with Petrona before the altar; the songs in praise of happy love and honourable marriage fell unheeded upon his abstracted senses; and even gratitude itself seemed to have forsaken his bosom while his friends were crowding around him with their bridal gifts. At last the procession was arranged. Balthazar attended by all the older guests walked first; then came the bridegroom escorted by the young men, followed by the bride and her maiden companions; a few of the minstrels preceded the troop, the rest brought up the rear, and awoke the mountain-echoes by their responsive shouts and music as the procession winded its way along the mountain-side. Soon the dark and narrow ravine opened before the troop, with the little chapel in the distance; and as they proceeded onwards the brawling of the mountain torrent increased till it drowned the voices of the merry-makers. But where the ravine began to widen, the roar of the torrent subsided into a gentle murmur, and the chime of the chapel-bell reached their ears as they moved along beneath the hoary branches of some ancient trees which overshadowed the road; here the scene was gloomy and silent, and the festal troop felt its influence upon their souls,—no sound interrupted the deep stillness, save the rustle of the passing footsteps, or the light whirring of some startled bird as it flew over their heads towards the impending cliffs; the sun's rays had not yet dried the dew which lay in this deep vale, and a single ray of light shone upon the chapel, while the full blaze of morning gilded the lofty ruins above it.

When the wedding procession had reached the chapel, all took their places around the building, and the venerable priest placed himself in front of the altar, where a few tapers blended their flickering rays with the light of day. Michael's heart throbbed strongly as he kneeled down at the side of his bride before the man of God, whose sacred hands were about to tie that indissoluble knot which was to link him for ever to the being whom he adored; yet he felt as if his trial was now over,—the bitterness of uncertain hope removed,—and a gleam of triumph began to lighten his brow as the first words of the solemn service fell upon his ear, when suddenly a wild tumult arose without, and rough voices were heard as if approaching the chapel; the terrified priest paused in the middle of the liturgy, and the whole assembly rushed out, leaving the bridegroom and bride alone upon their knees before the altar. Amid the uproar a female voice was heard shrieking 'murder!' and Balthazar's name passed rapidly from lip to lip in connexion with the woman's dreadful but yet unknown tidings.

It was the young woman of the inn whom Michael had seen the day before, who now rushed into the chapel, exclaiming: "Stop! Finish not the sacred rite! Balthazar, your son has been murdered, and your daughter is about to give her hand to his murderer! Extinguish the sacred tapers! Shut the house of God! They come,—they come with the lifeless corpse whose blood calls for revenge to heaven!"

Michael stood motionless as a statue upon hearing this accusation; his senses reeled; he saw not when all drew back from him as from an accursed thing,—he heard not when the woman repeated all his conversation with her on the preceding day, and added a detail of circumstances which seemed to afford overwhelming evidence against him,—he reflected not on the critical situation in which his own demeanour before so many witnesses placed him,—nor did he perceive the rush which was again made to the door of the



chapel when the bearers approached with the dead body of Paolo. It was a shriek,—a long piercing shriek from Petrona which at last roused him from his stupor, and awoke him to all the dreadful realities of his situation. He rose and followed the rest to the outside of the chapel, where he beheld the body of Paolo laid upon the grass with a deep gunshot wound in the breast. It was thus, they said, the body had been found at the ruin above, by the men who had carried it to the chapel, and whom the young hostess of the inn had met on her way to join the wedding-party. Nobody doubted Michael's guilt; the appearance which he made proclaimed it as convincingly as if his mouth had confessed it. At last he cast his eyes around him, and exclaimed aloud: "I am innocent! These hands are clean of that blood. So help me God and the Holy Virgin."

"Add not perjury to your other crimes!" cried Jacob. "My ears are shocked by your false protestations. Hatred and deadly revenge long since took possession of your bosom; away then! Flee! Turn your steps from the land you have polluted, and may God grant unto you repentance!"

Balthazar now sprung up from the corpse over which he had been kneeling, and called aloud: "Where is the murderer?" while Petrona flung herself into his arms, and sank exhausted upon his breast.

"Father," said Michael, more calmly, "I am no murderer. There is not one of all those people around us more innocent than I am. I have not seen your son since the day he left your house; and God will yet bring the truth to light."

"Away from my sight!" replied Balthazar. "Let me no longer hear that voice which always raised dire forebodings in my bosom! May your unhallowed footsteps never return to pollute this peaceful valley; and wherever you wander, may the images of a bereaved father, a murdered brother, and a dying bride ever haunt you!"

Petrona had sunk to the ground on hearing the first words of her father's imprecation. Michael now kneeled down at

her side, and said : " Petrona, what do *you* think of me ? If you too doubt my innocence, then has earth no longer a resting-place for me !"

" Michael, I will believe you though all the world should condemn you !" replied the faithful girl. " I will be faithful to you even unto death. My prayers shall ascend to heaven for you, wherever you may be driven, and my tears shall atone for the harsh words of my father !"

" Farewell then, my guardian angel !" exclaimed the youth in accents of subdued grief. " I do not deserve your blessings, but they are the last consolation of the forlorn. The Almighty Judge sees and punishes criminal thoughts as well as deeds ; my hand has perpetrated no murder, but my spirit has meditated it, and brought this misery over us all. It is this for which I am banished from your sight : Farewell, Petrona,—farewell for ever !"

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PAOLO'S body was now borne away and deposited in the chapel, and preparations were made to convey Balthazar and Petrona to their cottage. Michael meanwhile disappeared ; he had gone no one knew whither, and the wedding-guests silently and sadly departed to their several homes. A small group only remained around the unfortunate bride whom they were endeavouring to arouse from the swoon into which she had fallen ; and at a little distance, upon an elevated piece of rock, one of the youthful minstrels sat mournfully eyeing the melancholy scene, while the breeze ever and anon bore the sad notes of his harp down into the valley.

"Have I no child more, reverend father?" inquired Balthazar, approaching the humane priest who was now busily engaged in endeavouring to restore the suspended animation of the apparently lifeless girl. "Is she too dead?"

"She opens her eyes," replied the monk. "May God grant her the relief of tears!"

Petrona leaned heavily on the breast of old Jacob; her eyes were fixed on the spot where Michael had knelt when he bade her that solemn farewell; and she seemed for awhile unconscious of all that was passing around her. At last the passing-breeze bore a strain of the minstrel's harp to her ear, and the sounds seemed to restore her to consciousness; she raised her head, looked mildly around her, and took without resistance the cordial which was offered to her lips.

Her friends now conducted her to her home,—alas, her now melancholy home! It is when the sufferer finds himself placed with all his woes in the midst of scenery whose beauties can no longer delight his eyes,—when the pleasures of life pass by him fair and enchanting as formerly, but no longer capable of touching his heart,—when the flowers and sunshine of spring are around him, but the torpor of winter is upon his soul,—it is then that we feel the wounds which fate has inflicted rankle sorest, for we must weep when all around is joy, we must sit in gloom when the rest of nature exults in the gladsome light; we then feel ourselves solitary and out of place,—a dissonant note in the midst of the universal harmony of joy. It was thus Petrona felt at the sight of the happy vale in which she had spent the innocent and sorrowless years of childhood; its peace and beauty breathed not, as they had been wont, serenity over her spirit; the gloom of the wild rocks,—the deep murmur of the mountain-torrent,—the darkening shadows of the narrow ravine, were now more in accordance with her feelings. The youthful heart in its emotions of grief, would fling the same hues of sorrow which itself wears over sun, and stars, and trees, and streams, and flowers, and universal nature; and thus it

was that Petrona felt in the midst of scenes and objects endeared to her by a thousand reminiscences of happier hours. Yet she kept her grief concealed in her own bosom ; for her father she had only gentle smiles and affectionate caresses ; and while the bitterness of grief silently consumed her strength, she only strove to heal the wound of a parent's bosom. Sometimes a faint hope illumined her mournful spirit, that the darkness which still covered Paolo's fate would yet be dispelled, and the innocence of her lover established ; but hitherto all researches into the mysterious transaction had proved ineffectual, and Michael's fate too remained unknown.

A year had thus passed away in melancholy solitude and painful remembrances ; and time began to spread its veil over the grave of withered hopes, like the green turf which now covered Paolo's resting-place with fresher verdure. Petrona could now gaze calmly on the distant mountain without hoping to discover her banished lover retracing his steps towards the well-known cottage, but his memory was not less deeply fixed in her heart, and she preserved towards him that fidelity which she had vowed when he took his last sad farewell of her at the chapel of the Virgin.

Meanwhile the great world which lay on the other side of the mountain-barrier began to be unusually agitated ; there were strange rumours afloat, and Jacob from time to time caught reports which seemed to reanimate his master's feelings, now almost exhausted by grief. King Henry was dead, and Philip of Spain had advanced troops upon the limits of Portugal ; Sebastian's reappearance was no longer expected, but there was yet one chief remaining to head the Portuguese in the approaching struggle with the ambitious Spaniard. The Grand Prior, Antonio de Crato, son of duke Luis de Beja, and nephew of the late king, came incognito to Lisbon, where he remained concealed in the house of a priest, and soon found a powerful party among the people. A civil war was kindled, and in two bloody battles at Alcan-

tara and Prato the fate of Antonio was decided, and the unfortunate prince was compelled to seek his safety in flight and concealment, while a sum of eighty thousand crowns was offered by Philip for his head.

Balthazar, the ancient servant of the duke Luis de Beja, heard these tidings with deep emotion; and his ardent wishes for the safety of the unfortunate prince hurried him again into the affairs of that world from which he had been so long estranged. Again and again he despatched the trusty Jacob to gather information respecting the accession of Don Antonio to the throne, little dreaming that the object of his solicitude,—the last branch of an illustrious stem,—was now a fugitive and a proscribed outlaw in the land of his forefathers.

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It was one evening in the month of July, 1580, when the shadows of night had begun to clothe the valley, that a tall black figure appeared descending the mountain; it paused several times and seemed hesitating to advance, like a person who is exploring his way in an unknown country. Petrona and her father sat at the cottage-door and watched the movements of the stranger with interest. Since Paolo's death and Michael's exile no stranger had approached their retired dwelling; and when the figure seemed to turn its steps towards them, a strange feeling of alarm filled Petrona's bosom. She wished that it might be Michael, and yet she dreaded his appearance; and her father seemed to feel as she did, for rising and advancing a few steps, he exclaimed: "No, heaven be praised it is not he! It is a monk, I now distinctly perceive his black robes."

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The monk drew nearer and surveyed the inhabitants of the cottage with anxious but searching scrutiny. His movements bespoke indecision as to the course he should follow; at last he halted, and addressed Balthazar in these words: "May the blessings of our Lady be with you and reward your hospitality, if you grant me a little refreshment, and allow me to rest myself a moment under your roof. I am weary you may see, and my vow obliges me to rest nowhere save in the hut of the poor man where piety and simplicity dwell."

"Nay then, we are indeed blessed if treasures such as you mention are to be found in our hut, reverend father," answered Balthazar, while his daughter busied herself in preparing for the stranger's reception. "But how have your footsteps been led hither? Our retired valley is not often visited by the wanderer, and no road passes near our habitation."

"It is not the first time I have visited your valley, though many years have passed since last I stood upon this spot," replied the stranger. "This house is familiar to me; and if I mistake not it once belonged to the duke of Beja, one of whose faithful adherents resided here. Balthazar, the favourite of the young prince Antonio, was the last possessor of it."

"I am Balthazar!" exclaimed the old man; "and by St Jago, I should know your features also! They are not altogether strange to me. Your voice awakens the past in my memory, but indistinctly yet as in a dream."

"Balthazar, the only son of that illustrious house of which you were once the faithful servant, would be glad of one night's shelter under your roof. He is now," continued the monk, "wandering without a home,—pursued by cruel enemies, as the game is pursued by the huntsman,—his friends have forsaken him, or sleep the long sleep of death,—a dazzling price is set upon his head, and better might he trust himself to the beast of the desert than to man's untried fidelity."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed Balthazar. "Are all our

fondest hopes then blasted? Is the last hope of Portugal destroyed? And my master,—my dear young master——”

“Can yet repose confidence in his faithful servant,” interrupted the monk. “Thanks to our blessed Lady one heart yet beats true to me! Balthazar, I am Antonio. A fugitive in my father’s land, I come to crave shelter from you; one night,—one single night’s rest will refresh me; I am exhausted and cannot proceed farther, and the Spaniards are already at the entrance of the valley.”

At the first words of the hapless prince, Balthazar had thrown himself upon his knees before him, and Petrona, who now presented herself, gazed with astonishment on the scene.

“Fear nothing!” exclaimed Balthazar with the fire of youth. “Hither your pursuers will not follow you. Here you are safe; the mountains conceal this little tranquil spot, and here you shall sleep in peace while I keep watch for you.”

“Be not too confident,” replied the prince. “The Spaniards were upon my traces the whole day. I have been seen on the mountain, and at one time I was nearly falling into their hands. But I have now found a friend in whom I can confide; though my armies have been defeated, and my partisans scattered, I am not yet without hopes. Could I once plant my foot upon the hospitable shores of England, with Elizabeth’s aid I will again resume the struggle for my throne, and by the holy relics of the martyrs I will mount it!”

The lofty figure of the speaker seemed to expand as he uttered these words; the monk had vanished, and he stood before his devoted adherent with all the conscious grace and dignity of a prince. “Provide me with another dress,” he continued; “and hide this robe which might betray me. I will be your son, or your servant, as you please; and will remain here, God willing, till night again covers the mountains.”

"Not my son, Don Antonio," replied Balthazar, hastily. "Not my son; misfortune and death follow the steps of my sons. But here is the dress of one who sleeps there under the green turf; take it, and call yourself, if you please, the husband of my poor girl, should an enemy surprise us. She, alas! will never call any one by that name; for she became a widow while she was yet a bride."

Night had closed around the valley, and the prince had exchanged his monk's frock for Paolo's garments; he now threw himself upon Balthazar's bed, and worn out by the hardships of so many sleepless days and nights, sleep descended upon his eyelids in spite of the cares which agitated his breast. But Balthazar and his daughter slept not. The days of the past rose up in array, with all their variety of incident and chequered fortune, and ancient fears and hopes seemed again to take possession of that breast which had so long bid adieu to the busy cares of life. Petrona too was deeply affected by what she had heard and witnessed; a mournful chord had been struck in her bosom, and her tears flowed in silence, though not without self-upbraiding, that the fortunes of the illustrious fugitive should not have engrossed her every thought and feeling.

Midnight was nigh when the noise of voices suddenly rose without, and approaching footsteps interrupted the deep silence which Balthazar and Petrona had preserved. The old man seized his daughter's arms as the sound caught his ear, and both listened in breathless suspense. The footsteps approached the door, and Balthazar had scarcely time to alarm the prince before a troop of Spanish soldiers entered the cottage, and a rough voice inquired for Don Antonio, describing the disguise in which he was concealed.

"Have you not seen such a monk hereabouts?" inquired the soldier. "Come, tell the truth; remember I ask it in the name of the king of Spain."

Balthazar concealed his alarm by a strong effort, while he assured the Spaniard that he and his troop were the first



strangers who had visited his solitary cottage for many months; and Petrona, to whom the same query was addressed, gave a similar answer with equal firmness.

"Now then, he must have had eagle's wings!" exclaimed the soldier. "For he was almost in my hands when twilight descended,—there was not a league's space betwixt me and the eighty thousand crowns I need so much; but he must be concealed somewhere here; so do you Ruakdo place sentinels every where,—and in the meantime we shall rest ourselves a little, friend, and taste of your wine,—these mountains of yours fatigue one prodigiously."

Rualdo set about obeying his chief's commands, and Balthazar tremblingly prepared to conduct his visitors into the inner room, which was faintly lighted by a lamp pendant from the roof. Don Antonio was seated here upon his couch agitated by all those feelings which such an awful moment may well excite; but there is something in imminent danger which will occasionally steel the courage of a man, and prompt him to an act of resolution which he might in other circumstances shrink from. It was thus with the prince at this terrible moment; for he advanced to meet the Spaniards, pretending to inquire in a rough voice what was the occasion of the noise in the cottage at so late an hour. The soldiers measured his figure as he stood before them with a glance such as made the blood freeze in Balthazar's veins; but the intrepid fugitive stood immovable and without betraying the slightest symptoms of embarrassment.

"Who may this fellow be, who dares to speak roughly to the king's soldiers?" inquired the leader of the band.

"It is my son-in-law, Sener," answered Balthazar. "The husband of the young woman there. You must excuse his roughness,—we are little accustomed to see strangers here; and you Diego—" here the old man addressed his pretended son-in-law—"give a better welcome to our guests."

"I was half asleep when they awoke me," replied Antonio; "and when one has been working hard all day one is

is not very well pleased to be disturbed in their first sleep."

Petrona having set wine and refreshments before the soldiers, retired into a corner of the room where she pretended to fall asleep, the better to conceal her emotion from the strangers. But, far from slumbering, she ever and anon stole an anxious glance at the group before her, while her fervent prayers rose to heaven for the escape of her prince from danger so imminent. Balthazar sat at a little distance; but Antonio remained near the Spaniards with whom he chatted easily and even familiarly without betraying the slightest emotion of alarm. Near to the Spanish captain sat a handsome young man with his head bound up as if he had been wounded; he had placed both his arms upon the table, and sat leaning his head upon them as if he were asleep; but his officer roused him from time to time and compelled him to drain cup about with him.

"Let us pledge to him amongst us, Rualdo," said the captain, "whom to-morrow's sun shall see rich as Croesus. The fugitive cannot escape us, if he is still roaming in these parts; for Don Juan keeps the north, and Don Roderigo the south, and here are we scouring the country between them. Have you ordered our people to call us if any thing suspicious occurs? And have you sent messengers to Juan de Luna to tell him we are here?"

Rualdo answered these questions in the affirmative, and Petrona trembled to mark the prince grow pale at the name of Don Juan. "Long live the king of Spain and Portugal," continued the soldier; "and may his deadliest enemy be in our hands at sunrise! Drink with us, mine host, and you too Diego shall pledge our toast; he who drinks not now shall never taste one drop more of the grape's juice while breath is in his body. Come forth, young woman, out of your corner there, and drink the health of the king. How now, Diego, won't you drink?"

"Do you not hear something," said Balthazar rising in a

listening attitude. "It seems to me there are steps approaching,—or am I only deceived by the rushing of the night wind?"

The old man's alarm lest Don Antonio might betray himself by refusing to join in the soldier's toast had inspired him with this happy expedient; and it was so far successful, for the Spaniard started up and rushed out of the house followed by Balthazar and Antonio. All was silent, however, without, and the officer having called to his sentinels to be on their guard, sat down upon the bench before the door, humming a warlike song.

The prince embraced the opportunity to whisper to Balthazar: "If Don Juan de Luna come hither, all is lost. I have known that proud Spaniard from my earliest youth, and have hated him from the hour I first beheld him. He is not to be deceived by the mask I now wear. One sight of me, and I am discovered."

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WHILE her father remained without, Petrona was startled by a deep sigh which escaped Rualdo's breast, and saw the young soldier bending his head down upon the table, and pressing it convulsively as if in agony with his hands. The sight moved her, for she believed the youth's wounds to be paining him; and with a gentle and compassionate voice she inquired: "Do your wounds smart; can I do any thing to soothe them?"

"Petrona!" spake the young soldier in a tone of voice which thrilled to her inmost soul. "Petrona, you have broken your oath; you belong to another man. You have inflicted a wound which you cannot heal; what matters it now though death should be my portion?"

"Good Heaven, do I behold Michael," exclaimed Petrona. Her first feelings were those of joy; but they were instantly checked by her sense of the danger in which a single word might place her prince, and her next resolution was that she would not undeceive Michael however painful it might be to both. "Alas, Michael," she continued, "I wept for you when all around had dried their tears,—I hoped for you when hope itself seemed dead,—when the sun rose, when the stars appeared, still, still I looked for your return,—in every sound I thought I heard your voice,—and now, alas, you have returned and I cannot rejoice!"

"Weep not, Petrona," answered Michael, pressing the deeply agitated girl to his bosom. "It is better ordained for you, therefore think no more of me. My best wishes are with you and him to whom you belong. I have marked his noble countenance, and I know that with him you are happy,—with me you never could have been so. Alas, my headstrong passions drove me from an Eden of love, which no repentance will ever restore to me!"

"And how have you been employed, Michael, since you left us?" inquired Petrona. "Alas, were you not fighting against my country? How can you pursue thus to the death a noble but unfortunate prince who never did harm to you?"

"Nay, think not so meanly of me, Petrona," answered Michael. "Do not imagine that I am prompted by the same base thirst for gold which animates Vincent. I do wish most sincerely that Don Antonio may escape us; yet it would be my duty, and I would not shrink from it, to take him prisoner if I met with him. Don Juan de Luna, who knows my past history, ordered me to guide those soldiers through the mountains, and I could not resist the wish I felt to see you once more. But this shall be my last service to the crown of Spain. To-morrow—if it might be—would I leave the army for ever, and seek out a grave in some foreign land. Petrona, when I passed the chapel, before whose altar

I once stood with you as my bride, I will confess to you that the hope arose in my breast that I might yet persuade you to flee with me to some unknown land; but how can I describe my feelings on hearing your father call another man his son-in-law!"

"No propitious planet shone upon our love," said Petrona. "A father's curse stood between us like an eternal barrier. Yet when we last parted, though all condemned you, yet did not I; and will you now refuse to believe in the fidelity of my love, though I am called the wife of another?"

"Then you do not love him. Your father alone has tied your nuptial knot?"

The entrance of Vincent and his two companions here interrupted them. Petrona retired to her former seat, where she remained in silent prayer and tears. Her whole soul seemed to be concentrated in the feelings of this trying night. Michael was still near her,—the fate of her prince was still undecided,—perhaps her present sacrifice might save the royal fugitive's life,—but when the Spaniards had departed, when Don Antonio had left the valley,—how was she to bear the dreadful torments of her remaining uncertainty? Such were the thoughts which passed through her mind while Balthazar and Don Antonio feigned sleep, and Vincent resumed his potations, casting a glance occasionally at his comrade, and shaking his head when he beheld him still mute and downcast.

"Well," began the impatient soldier at last, laying his rough hand on his comrade's shoulder, "in all my life I never met with such a dull fellow as you Rualdo! Shame light on the soldier, say I, who sits dreaming while a full cup is before him! Wine, my good fellow, washes down all sorrow. I never have a sad thought when the bottle is in my hand. The past is then forgotten,—the future uncared for. Mark me, comrade, were I like you not a drop of this good wine would have been mine to-night, though I needed its cheer." Michael remained silent. "Do you remember the

chapel we passed to-day," continued the soldier; "and the black looking ruin above it? Well I will confess to you I felt rather uneasy while we were passing beneath that ruin; for it seemed to look down upon me as if it had an old tale to tell; but we were not twenty yards from it before my pulse beat as slow as before."

"And wherefore did your pulse beat quicker at the sight of the ruin?" inquired Rualdo.

"It was not the first time my eye had seen that ruin," replied Vincent more solemnly, but draining off his cup. It may now be twelve months or a few more since I happened to be roaming about here, feeling not very safe in my skin, I can assure you,—the wherefore you need not ask. One morning, after having wandered the whole preceding night upon the mountain, I beheld that ruin standing before me, and entered it as it seemed to offer me a welcome shelter from the biting blast. But a thought has just struck me, what do you think, Rualdo, may not his runaway kingship be hidden there?"

"I sent two soldiers up to search the ruins," replied Rualdo. "Keep yourself quiet as to that and proceed with your story."

"I was well armed," continued Vincent; "so throwing my mantle on the ground, behind a pillar, I stretched myself out upon it, crossed myself once, and was fast asleep in a twinkling. But all at once I was roused by the sound of voices, and I listened anxiously, feeling myself to be in the power of the men whoever they might be. I could only catch a few words. What would you have been inclined to gather from them? 'Brother,' said a deep voice, 'I have perilled my life to seek you. Even the monks advise you to be quiet, and abstain from farther search.'—'The partisans of Spain are upon your traces.'—'You are lost if you fall into their hands.'—'They say that we have got up an impostor to personate king Sebastian.' Here the speakers lowered their voices so much that I understood nothing more of

their conversation, until one of them—I think it was he who had spoken first—went away. I would have paid little attention to their words, had not a dog belonging to the fellow who remained found me out and betrayed me by his barking. His master thereupon rushed upon and collared me, demanding what I was doing there. My blood too was heated,—my adversary drew a knife, observing coolly that the secret of which I was now possessed was worth more than both our lives,—a pistol was in my hand,—life was the stake of our struggle, and in a moment my enemy lay weltering in his blood. By Saint Anthony it was almost without my will that he fell! I would have assisted him, but life had fled; and his cursed dog tracked my footsteps till I was compelled to send him after his master.”

“Now God be praised!” exclaimed Michael. “God be praised who suffers no crime to remain concealed in darkness. He has now brought the truth to light!”

Balthazar had already risen from his seat to listen to the soldier’s narrative; but Petrona remained with her hands clasped together, scarcely daring to breathe. Rualdo threw himself on his knees before the old man, and exclaimed: “Father, father, I am Michael! Remove the curse which hangs over the innocent; more it is not now in your power to do for me!”

Neither Vincent’s impatient curiosity, nor the interest which the prince showed in the scene, were observed by the three concerned in it. Petrona forgot every restraint in the ardour of her feelings, and threw herself into Michael’s arms, blessing heaven aloud for having cleared up the mysterious transaction, and repeating her assurances that she had never doubted his innocence. When Michael’s eye at this moment met the looks of the prince, whose countenance perhaps betrayed the forebodings which filled his breast, he said; “Pardon your wife, Diego. I feel you must be pained by what you see; but for our hard fate you must bear with and pity us. Your Petrona was once mine; but a false sus-

picion—of which the hand of God now clears me—tore her from me while already at the altar. I have taken my last farewell of her. May you be happy. Once she was all to me,—my future fate you shall never know.”

“No!” said the prince, forgetting himself. “You shall not part thus; you shall not for my sake——”

“By your hopes of eternal salvation, Diego,” exclaimed Petrona, “say no more! Suffer me to fulfil a sacred duty; for whatever you could do would not restore happiness to me.”

At this moment the door of the room was suddenly thrown open, and one of the soldiers announced the arrival of Don Juan de Luna. The first rays of morning light shone upon the cottage, and fell on the features of Don Antonio in the moment of dreadful suspense which elapsed before Don Juan entered. The prince rose to meet his fate, as his foe, a warrior of proud and lofty bearing, entered. Once indeed Antonio paused while a faint hope that he might remain undiscovered shot across his mind; but it was only for a moment,—the instantaneous emotion which revealed itself in Don Juan’s countenance, told the royal fugitive he was discovered.

“Don Juan de Luna,” said he with firmness and dignity, “I yield to the decree of that fate which led you thither.”

“I know you not,” replied Don Juan. “But if you are the person I believe you to be, you shall learn to know me. Be silent,—upon your life and honour not one word more. Say—” here he addressed Balthazar—“who is this man?”

“My son-in-law, senor,” replied Balthazar. “Diego Ricole, my daughter’s husband.”

“Diego,” resumed Don Juan, looking sternly upon the prince, “I am told you are informed of the escape of Don Antonio whom we are in search of. You are our prisoner till your innocence is proved. Be tranquil,” added he addressing the others, “he is in the hands of a Spanish knight who never stained his honour by a mean action; but it is necessary you should part for awhile. Vincent, let my sol-



diers relieve your sentinels; we remain here till evening. As for you, Michael, I have another duty for you to perform."

Here he called Michael aside, and conversed for a few minutes with him in an under tone, while the feigned Diego took leave of his friends.

"Now I was sure there was something lurking hereabouts," said Vincent to the disconsolate group. "I would advise you, my good fellow, to make a clear confession of the matter. Don Juan would know him we are in search of though disguised in woman's clothes. He spoke to him at Alcantara,—before he let him feel the mettle of Spanish swords."

"Follow this man," said Don Juan in a commanding voice to the prince, pointing to Michael. "And you, Rualdo, take as many soldiers with you as you may need! You have been playing a hazardous game, Diego Ricole," added he, "let me caution you not to attempt it again, or by heaven it will cost you dear! Farewell!"

The last words were spoken in a low voice, and accompanied by a significant glance, which checked the reply that was rising to Antonio's lips. Balthazar and Petrona followed Michael to the door, and ere he parted from them he continued to whisper into the maiden's ears the cheering words: "We shall meet again."

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SEVERAL weeks had elapsed since this eventful night, when one evening the old man was again seated with his daughter and the faithful Jacob at the door of his cottage. It was twilight, and their conversation fell upon the interesting in-

cidents of that night when Michael's guilt was cleared away ; Petrona had raised her eyes towards the distant heights when suddenly she discovered a stranger approaching ; her heart beat high as he drew near,—it was Michael, and she flew to meet him.

“ Father ! Petrona ! ” he exclaimed, “ here I am again with clean hands. Would you desire another advocate to assure you of my innocence, here it is, read this ! ”

Balthazar unfolded a billet which Michael put into his hands, and read these words :

“ Your son returns to you, Balthazar, with my blessings.

May God reward him and you for your kindness.

Informed by a generous enemy of our secret, he has conducted me, by paths known only to the herdsman to Setubal, where a Dutch ship awaits me. France and England offer me protection and aid. The fugitive whom you lately saw compelled to remain silent before a few miserable soldiers, and blushing in the presence of a generous enemy, may perhaps ere long triumphantly ascend the throne of Portugal. But never will he forget the protection you afforded him, nor the self-denial of your noble daughter, who, for her prince was ready to sacrifice her earthly happiness and love. I am now a poor exile ; but whenever the crown is placed on my head, be assured my gratitude will equal her generosity.

“ ANTONIO DE CRATO.”

We need scarcely apprise the reader that the hopes expressed in this billet proved as deceitful as they were at first flattering. It is well known that Don Antonio, supported by France and England, ventured to return once more to Portugal ; and that the latter power even made an attempt in his favour upon Lisbon, but without success. Fate had not destined the unfortunate prince ever to wear the crown for

which he strove ; he died in poverty in the capital of France, and Portugal long remained under the iron yoke of Spanish oppression.

More propitious was the fate of Michael and Petrona. Balthazar's cottage was once more adorned for a wedding, and again the merry minstrels and guests assembled before it ; but the procession was directed to another and more distant church, less connected with the sad remembrance of the past than the chapel of the Virgin. Ere many years had elapsed Balthazar's little solitary valley was enlivened by a troop of healthy and beautiful grand-children, who led the cattle to the pasture, and gathered the dates, and figs, and oranges, and listened with delight unmingled with evil feelings to Jacob's tales of foreign towns and wonders ; while their parents kindly sympathised with the two garrulous old men in their frequent lament over the misfortunes of their beloved Portugal.

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## LEGENDS OF

# THE KYFFHAUSER

FROM BUSCHING'S TRADITIONS OF THE HARZ

MANY wonderful traditions are connected with the Kyffhauser. The emperor Frederick is supposed by the peasants of the Harz mountains to be confined by the spell of a magician in the interior of this mountain. His red beard, from which he derived his surname of Barbarossa, or Rothbart, has grown down to his feet; but occasionally he lifts his head and awakes from sleep, though the spell by which he is bound will not be wholly broken until the arrival of a certain gifted personage, who will descend into the mountain and relieve the imprisoned monarch and his attendants by a more potent spell. The *Heldenbuch* also informs us, that Dietrich von Bern, that 'right pious hero,' resides in this mountain, under the keeping of a dwarf. The prophet Jonas is also doing penance in the Kyffhauser for his offences!

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### No. I. THE BALSAM PLANT.

A SHEPHERD from Sittendorf found himself once at the foot of the Kyffhauser. He was an honest man, and had be-

trothed himself to a very poor but very good maiden. But, alas! he had only an empty hut to bring her to,—economy was all his riches. With a heavy heart he thought of this, and began to ascend the mountain without well-knowing for what purpose. But as he ascended, the day became brighter and brighter, and he felt as if his own load of melancholy cares grew lighter at every step. On reaching the summit of the mountain he discovered a beautiful Balsam plant, such as he had never seen before, growing there; so he stooped down and plucked it and placed it in his hat, and took his way down again to his bride.

As he was descending the hill, he perceived a little opening which he had never noticed before, and on going into it, he saw that the ground was all covered with little shining pieces of stone, of which he gathered as many as filled his scrip. But while thus employed, he heard a deep hollow voice exclaim: "Forget the other now!" upon which the poor simple shepherd scrambled out of the hole—he scarcely knew how—and took to his heels in great alarm. He was in such breathless haste as not to notice that he had dropt the branch of Balsam while rushing down, and there suddenly stood before him a little dwarfish figure, who inquired: "What have you done with the branch of Balsam which you gathered up yonder?"—"I have lost it," replied the shepherd timidly.—"It was intended you should," said the dwarf, "for it was worth more than the whole Rotenburg."

With a heavy heart went the shepherd that evening to his bride, and told her the whole story of his adventure with the dwarf, and of the wonderful branch of Balsam. And sad were the hearts of the young couple when they thought of what they had thus lost, and much they mused and pondered over hopes which now seemed more distant than ever. At last the shepherd bethought him of the pretty little shining stones which he had gathered in the opening upon the hill-side, and putting his hand into his scrip, he pulled out a few and threw them into his bride's lap; but, lo, in doing so, he

had covered her apron with gold coins ! So the prospect of a well-furnished cottage and a merry wedding again gladdened the faithful couple, and within a month's space they were man and wife.

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## No. II. THE GOATHERD.

PETER Klaus, a goatherd belonging to Sittendorf, used to pasture his flock upon the Kyffhauser, and every evening he drove them into a little plot of green sward which was surrounded with an old wall, where he counted them over. For several days he had remarked that one of his finest goats uniformly disappeared whenever the flock approached this piece of inclosed ground, and did not present itself again till very late in the evening. He watched the creature attentively, and at last discovered that she was in the practice of forcing her way through a gap in the old wall, into which he one evening followed her. The way which the animal took led him into a kind of natural cave, where he perceived her busily employed in picking up grains of oats which seemed to fall from the roof; but on looking up, and shaking his ears under the husky shower, he could discover nothing farther. At last he fancied he could hear the neighing and stamping of horses above his head, and concluded that the oats must have fallen from their cribs.

The goatherd was totally unable to comprehend how the horses had got there; but a groom having made his appearance and beckoned on him, Peter obeyed the signal and followed his guide up some steps into an open court-yard, at one side of which was a vast cavern, surrounded with lofty

rocks, and over-canopied by a thick net-work of creeping plants and branches, through which a soft and subdued light fell upon the scene below. Peter perceived here twelve knights playing at nine-pins, upon a nice smooth-shaven piece of turf, but without speaking a single word. One of them, however, silently motioned to Peter to attend to the progress of the game, and pick up the pins as they were struck down.

At first Peter was dreadfully alarmed, and his knees shook under him every time he cast a glance at the long beards and strangely fashioned doublets of the twelve ancient knights. But by degrees he assumed more courage, and took a steadier look at every thing around him; nay he even at last ventured to raise a tankard of wine, which attracted his nostrils by its exquisite flavour, to his head, and took a hearty pull at its contents. The generous liquor inspired Peter with new courage. He became as bold as a lion, and picked up the pins as nimbly as his masters could desire, till the exercise and the power of the wine overpowered him, and he fell fast asleep.

When he awoke he found himself on the grass where he used to count his goats. He rubbed his eyes and looked around him, but could see neither dog nor goats; he was astonished, however, at the rankness of the grass on which he lay, and at the number of weeds and shrubs which seemed to have sprung up as quick as mushrooms within the well-known enclosure. Peter shook his head, not knowing what to think, as he went along and observed how greatly every thing was changed around him; where was his flock,—nay, where were the very roads by which he used to drive them,—every hoof and trace had vanished! And yet yonder lay Sittendorf; it, at least, had not run away or sunk into the earth; and thither he bent his steps, not knowing what to think of the business.

As he drew nigh the village, all the people he met were strangers to him; they were quite differently dressed, and

even spoke differently from what his ears had been accustomed to; and when he asked them if they could tell him any thing about his goats, they only stared at him and stroked their chins. At last Peter put his hand to his chin also, and was utterly confounded to find himself provided with a beard at least twelve inches in length. He could only account for all this by supposing that he and all the world besides himself were in a dream; and yet such a supposition could hardly be adopted, for the Kyffhauser was there, and all the houses and gardens which he knew so well were still there, and he heard some boys tell a traveller who questioned them, that the village below was Sittendorf.

With increased surprise the goatherd entered the village, and proceeded straight towards his own house; but he found it altered much for the worse, and before it lay a stranger boy and an old dog which growled at him as he approached. He entered the cottage by an opening in the wall which had once been closed up by a door, but found all within silent and deserted. Overcome by his feelings he rushed towards the door, calling aloud on his wife and children by their names,—but neither wife nor children heard or answered him.

In a short time a number of women and children had gathered around the stranger man with the long beard. "Whom seek you?" inquired some of them. Now to ask for his own wife and children, and him standing on the very threshold of his own door at the moment, seemed to Peter exceedingly ridiculous. So he affected to be seeking one Kurt Steffen. The spectators seemed more and more astonished at this, and only gaped at him with greater wonderment. At last an old woman replied: "Kurt Steffen has been at Sachsenburg these twelve years and more, where I trow thou hast not been to-day."—"Where then is Velten Meier?"—"Heaven rest his soul," answered an old woman who stood leaning upon a crutch; "Velten has been these fifteen years and more in the house he will never leave!"



Peter trembled when he discovered one of his former neighbours, in the old withered figure before him; but he dared not to ask any more questions. At this moment a young woman pushed her way through the crowd; she held an infant of an year old in her arms, and a girl of about fourteen years of age in her hand, and all the three seemed the very picture of his own wife. "What is your name?" he exclaimed with emotion.—"Maria."—"And your father's?" continued he.—"Peter Klaus, God rest his soul! It is now twenty years since we lost him upon the Kyffhauser,—his flock came home without him, and we sought for him day and night without success till we gave up the search in despair: I was then only seven years of age."

The poor goatherd was now overcome. "I am Peter Klaus, yes, I am Peter and no other!" he exclaimed, as he snatched the infant from his daughter's arms and kissed it affectionately. At first all were struck mute with surprise, but on recovering themselves they joined in exclaiming: "Yes, that is Peter Klaus! Welcome, neighbour Klaus,—welcome back again after twenty years wandering!"

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### NO. III. THE KNIGHTS' CELLAR.

A POOR, but honest and cheerfully disposed man, who dwelt in Tilleda, once made a christening-feast in his house. His wife had presented him with an eighth son, and custom prescribed the necessity of entertaining the godfathers on the occasion. The wine flagons were speedily drained, and the company were beginning to talk of a further supply, when the father, with great good humour, but merely as a joke

said aloud to his eldest daughter, a nice young woman of sixteen, "Go and bring us up some better wine from the cellar."—"From what cellar then?"—"The great wine-cellar which the old knights keep in the Kyffhäuser, to be sure," replied the father with a hearty laugh.

The maiden took her way, in her simplicity, with a little pitcher in her hand, towards the mountain; and when she had arrived about the middle of it, she perceived, straight before her, the entrance to a large cellar. At the door sat an antique-looking personage, who might be the stewardess, with a large key hanging at her side. The maiden stared at her betwixt surprise and alarm; but the old woman addressed her in a very friendly tone of voice, in these words: "Would'st thou have a little wine from the knights' cellar?"—"Yes," replied the maiden timidly, "but I have no money."—"Come with me," said the old lady, "and I will fill thy pitcher to thee with such wine as will make thy father smack his lips again."

They entered a half-choked-up passage, and as they went the old dame made many inquiries at the maiden about the people of Tilleda. Much marvelled the simple girl at the interest which the strange old woman, who seemed to have been born a thousand years ago, appeared to take in all that was going on in Tilleda, and her surprise was increased when she proceeded to inform her that she herself had once lived in Tilleda. "Once," she began, "I was as young and as active as thyself, before the knight carried me away by a road under ground, from a house in Tilleda which is next to thy father's."

They were now standing before the door of another cellar which the old woman opened. It was a great wide cellar, with a range of immense casks on both sides. The old woman went to a cask which appeared to be about half full, and taking the little pitcher filled it with wine and handed it to the maiden, saying: "There, carry that to thy father, and as often as there is a feast in his house, thou mayest come

hither for wine. But beware thou tell him not where thou gettest it. And if he wants a little wine to sell, thou mayest freely come hither for it."

The maiden carried home the wine to her father, who relished it greatly, but knew not where she had procured it. And now, as often as there was a feast in the house, Ilsabe went and got her little pitcher filled in the knights' cellar in the Kyffhäuser. Much the neighbours wondered where a man so poor could procure such excellent wine and such store of it; but the father said not a word and allowed Ilsabe to keep her secret.

At last the innkeeper, who had often heard of his neighbour's marvellously fine wine, and had even tasted it and been compelled to pronounce it capital, watched the maiden's motions and followed her to the Kyffhäuser, where he saw her enter the cave which led to the knights' cellar and reappear shortly afterwards with her pitcher filled with wine. So the next evening he went alone to the mountain, with a cart, in which he placed one of the largest wine-tuns which he could procure, and which he meant to fill with wine from the cellar, and carry home, and bring back again, till he should have emptied all the casks in the Kyffhäuser.

But when he came to the spot where he had seen the maiden go down into the cave the day before, he could perceive nothing but a small hollow. The wind began to howl around him, and a tempest arose, in which the miserable man, with his cart and wine-tun, was dashed about from rock to rock, and driven farther and farther down the hill, till at last he fell more dead than alive into a hole resembling a grave.

While he lay here, he saw his wife and neighbours, arrayed in deep mourning pass in procession before him, bearing a black coffin which he knew to be his, and at this appalling sight he sunk into a deep swoon. On recovering he found himself in a place which he knew to be in the neighbourhood of the church-yard of his village. But there came to

him a monk, who dragged him up a long flight of stairs, at the top of which he opened a door, and having taken a piece of gold from the apartment to which it seemed to lead, he thrust it into the wretched man's hand, and then led him to the foot of the hill. It was a cold dark night when the wretch crawled home without either wine or cask. He went immediately to his bed, and in three days was in his grave. The gold which the monk had given him paid the expenses of his funeral.

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## HANS IN LUCK

BY MM. GRIMM.

HANS had served his master seven years, and now said to him: "Master, my time is up, I will go home and see my mother; give me my wages." And his master said: "Thou hast been a true and faithful servant to me, so thou shalt have thy wages." So he gave him a piece of gold that was as large as his head, which Hans wrapt up in his handkerchief, and throwing it over his shoulder, jogged away homewards quite contentedly.

But as he went along, not over hastily, a rider came up to him, mounted on a beautiful active horse. "Ah," said Hans to himself, "what a nice thing it would be to have a horse! There my gentleman sits, just as if he were on a chair; there is no breaking toes against stones with him; no wearing of shoes; and yet on he goes and gets to his journey's end in a twinkling without knowing how!" The horseman heard this, and called aloud: "Well then, Hans, why do you suffer yourself to trudge on foot?"—"Ah, don't you see what a load I have here to carry; it is all gold to be sure, but I can hardly hold up my head under the burden, and it is peeling the skin off my shoulder."—"Then what say you to an exchange, my friend; I will give you my horse, if you will give me your load."—"With all my heart," said Hans. "But I'll tell you, friend, you'll have a heavy burden of it,—that's all."—The horseman leaped out of his saddle, took the

gold, gave Hans a foot up, and put the bridle into his hands, saying: "When you want to travel fast, you have only to smack your lips and call out '*hopp, hopp*!'"

Hans was quite delighted to find himself so nicely seated on his fine horse, and rode gaily and briskly along. At last he thought he would like to go a little faster, so he smacked his lips, and called out *hopp, hopp!* as the horseman had directed him. At the well-known sound the mettlesome steed bolted forth like an arrow; and before Hans knew what he was about, he found himself lying in a ditch in sad plight. The horse would have continued his course, had not a peasant, who happened to be passing with a cow to market, caught it by the bridle and stopt it. When Hans had got upon his feet again, he was sadly vexed, and said to the peasant: "It is no joke this riding-business; such a beast as this thinks nothing of sending a man over its head and breaking his neck; but I am off now and catch me getting on again! I like that cow of yours much better than this tricky sort of animal; one can walk leisurely behind her, and get milk and butter and cheese every day from her. What would I not give for such a nice creature?"—"Now then," said the peasant, "since you like my cow so well, I will give her to you for your horse, if you choose." Hans accepted the bargain with a thousand thanks, and the peasant leapt up on his horse, and rode off.

Hans drove on his cow in high spirits, thinking he had made a most excellent bargain. "Now," said he to himself, "if I only have a piece of bread—and that I can surely get at any time—I shall always have butter and cheese to eat to it; and then when I am thirsty I have only to milk my cow; what more would you wish to have, Hans?" So when he came to an inn, he halted, ate up all his bread and gave away his last piece of money for half-a-pint of beer, after which he proceeded with his cow towards the village where his mother dwelt. But as he went along the heat of the day increased; and at noon Hans found himself alone on a wide

moor where there was no shelter from the overpowering rays of the sun. He was now parched with thirst; but, thought Hans, "I can help this presently; I will milk my cow, and soon get the better of my thirst." So he tied her to the stump of a decayed tree, and tried to milk her into his leathern cap; but could not obtain a single drop of milk. Long he toiled to no purpose; and at last the restive animal gave him a hearty kick which upset him into a ditch. It chanced, however, that a butcher came past that way, with a pig in a barrow. "What has laid you there?" said the butcher to Hans, as he gave him a hand out of the ditch. Hans told him all that had befallen him, whereupon the butcher handed him his bottle, and exhorted him to take a good pull at it, for as to getting milk from his cow it was ridiculous to attempt it; the beast was old and fit only for the slaughter-house."—"Aye, aye," said Hans in a tone of despair, "I never thought of that. But what could I make of her though I were to kill her? I hate cow flesh; had it been a nice little porker, like that you have got there, one might have made something of it."—"Well, Hans," replied the butcher, "if you wish it, you can have my pig for your cow."—"Heaven reward your kindness!" exclaimed Hans, giving the butcher his cow, and driving off the barrow and pig.

Hans was once more at ease, and jogged on right contentedly. But ere he had gone much farther he met a fellow carrying a fine white goose under his arm. Hans stopped and talked with him, and told him all his adventures; and in return was told that the goose was intended for a christening feast. "Only feel how heavy it is," said the man; "and yet it is not above eight weeks old; he who has the carving of her may cut and come again, I trow."—"Yes," said Hans, weighing the goose in his hand, "it is a fine bird; but my pig is no small matter either." To this the man replied with a very knowing shake of his head. "Hark ye, my friend," said he, you had better take care lest your pig bring you into a scrape. I just heard in the last village I passed through,

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that a pig had been stolen, and the people were making a great noise about it. I fear—I fear you have got the stolen pig there; and if so it will go hard with you down in the village yonder; a ducking in the loch is the least you can expect.”—The simple Hans was dreadfully alarmed at this piece of intelligence. “For the love of heaven, do help me out of this scrape!” he exclaimed. “You know the country hereabouts better than I do,—take my pig and give me your goose.”—“I ought to have some thing into the bargain to make all fair,” said the fellow: “but I will not be too hard upon you, seeing you are in a sort of scrape.”—With these words he took the pig and gave Hans the goose, with which he marched off right glad of the exchange. “I have not got the worst of the bargain, methinks,” said Hans to himself, as he hastened onward with his white goose under his arm. First, there will be such a roast; then, it is so fat, I shall have seasoning for my broth a full half-year; and the nice white feathers will make me such a soft comfortable pillow that I shall sleep as comfortably as a prince. My mother will be a happy woman when she sees us all!”

When Hans had reached the last village which lay on his road home, he perceived a scissar-grinder with his wheel and barrow, working and singing very blithely. Hans stood still awhile and gaped at his work; at last he said: “That must be a nice trade of yours, master Grinder!”—“Yes,” replied the scissar-grinder, my handywork is a mine of gold to me. Your true scissar-grinder is a gentleman. As often as he puts his hand into his pocket he finds gold there. But that is a nice bird of yours; where did you buy it?”—“I did not buy it,” answered Hans, “I only gave my pig for it.”—“And how got you the pig?”—“Oh, I only gave my cow for it.”—“And the cow?”—“Why, I gave my horse for it.”—“And the horse?”—“I bought him for a piece of gold as large as my head.”—“And the gold?”—“Aye, that was my wages for seven good years of service!”—“You have been a lucky fellow hitherto, I perceive,” said the grinder; “but



if you could find gold in your pocket as easily as I do, your luck would be complete.”—“And how shall I contrive to do that?” inquired Hans.—“You must become a scissar-grinder like me; and all that you want for that is a grindstone, the rest will come of itself. Here is one,—a little the worse of the wear to be sure, but it will serve your purpose, and as a friend I will let you have it for little more, perhaps, than the matter of your goose; will you have it?”—“Have it!” answered Hans, “how can you ask me that; to be sure I should like to have it; and if you will give it to me I will be the luckiest man in the world. What more could I wish than to find gold in my pocket as often as I put my hand into it!” So Hans gave the grinder his goose. “Now,” said the other, giving him an old worn-out stone which lay at his side, “here is a most capital stone for you, only manage it well and you may make an old nail cut with it. Take it, and begin your gold-winning.”

Hans took the stone and marched off with it in great triumph. “Surely I must have been born in a lucky hour,” said he to himself, “every thing goes so well with me!” Meanwhile Hans began to feel himself very hungry; but he could get nothing to eat for he had given away his last penny for joy when he got the cow. At last he got so tired that he could not walk a step farther; so he sat down at the side of a little pool with his great burden of a stone, and was stooping to take a drink, when the stone plumped into the well and sank to the bottom. Hans was overjoyed at thus getting rid of his only plague, the great heavy stone, and leaped briskly up to his feet, exclaiming: “How lucky am I! Sure there never was such a lucky mortal under the sun!” And with a light and merry heart he walked on till he came to his mother’s house.

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# RUMPELSTILZCHEN

BY MM. GRIMM.

THERE was once a miller, who was a very poor man, but he had a beautiful daughter. So vain was this poor miller of his beautiful daughter that he went one day to the king and told him: "I have a daughter who can spin gold out of straw." Now the king loved gold much and was very rich, and when the miller had told him this, he ordered him to bring his daughter to the court. So he brought her, and the king led her to a room which was full of straw, and putting a hasple into her hand, said: "If you do not spin all this into gold before morning you will be starved to death." And with these words the king locked the door, and went away.

The poor miller's daughter knew not what to do, for she could not spin gold out of straw, and she sat down and wept bitterly. But as she thus sat wringing her hands and in despair, the door of the room opened, and a little man came briskly up to her, and said: "Good evening, my young maid of the mill, what is the cause of your grief?"—"Ah," answered the maiden, "I must spin all this straw into gold, and I know not how to do it,"—"What will you give me," replied the little man, "to spin it for you?"—"My necklace," said the poor maiden. The mannikin took the necklace, and seized the hasple, and *schnurr, schnurr, schnurr*

went the work till a rope of pure gold was spun in a few minutes. Then he joined another rope, and *schnurr, schnurr, schnurr* went the hasple again; and when morning dawned there lay all the straw converted into ropes of pure gold! So when the king came and saw all the gold he was very glad; but his covetous heart desired more, and he took the miller's daughter to a larger room, which was filled with straw, and bade her, as she valued her life, spin all that was there also into gold. The maiden wist not what to do, and was beginning again to weep bitterly, when the door opened, and the little man came hopping in, and said: "What will you give me to spin all this straw into gold for you?"—"The ring which is upon my finger," replied the poor maiden. So the mannikin took the ring, and set himself briskly to work, and behold in the morning there lay all the straw converted into ropes of pure gold! When the king entered the room in the morning he could scarcely conceal his joy at the sight of such a quantity of gold; but he led the miller's daughter to a third room, which was much larger than the last, and bade her spin all the straw it contained into gold before morning, and said he would make her his queen if she did so. As soon as the maiden was left alone, the little man came hopping in, and said: "What will you give me to spin all this into gold for you once more?"—"I have nothing more to give you," said the maiden.—"Will you give me your first little child when you become queen?" inquired the dwarf.—"That I will never be," thought the maiden to herself, "so I may safely promise." Then she promised the dwarf her first child after she should be queen, and the little man thereupon set to work and soon spun the whole straw into glittering gold. When the king came in the morning, and found all the straw spun into gold, he married the wonderful maiden; and so the miller's daughter found herself really a queen.

After a year had past the queen presented her husband with a beautiful little son; but she quite forgot the promise

which she had made to the dwarf, till one day he presented himself before her, and reminded her of it. Then the queen was greatly alarmed, and offered the dwarf all the riches of the land, if he would allow her to keep her dear little son; but the dwarf said: "No, your child is worth more to me than all the riches in the world." The queen was now dreadfully agitated and wept much; whereupon the dwarf said: "I will give you three days to guess my name, and if at the end of that time you tell me what I am called, you may keep your child."

The queen lay awake the whole night thinking upon all the names that she had ever heard, and sent a person to gather new names for her; and when the dwarf presented himself next day, she began with Caspar, Melchior, Balzer, and all the names she had gathered, but to each of them the mannikin answered: "That is not my name."—The second day she began with Rippenbiest, and Hammelswade, and Schnürbein, and all the odd names she could think of; but to each of them, the mannikin answered: "That is not my name."—The third day the messenger whom the queen had sent to gather names in the country, came back and said: "I can find no more new names, but yesterday I came to a high hill in the forest, when the fox and the hare were bidding each other good night, and there I saw a little hut, and in the hut there was a nice fire blazing, and round the fire there was a little odd-looking man hopping on one leg, and screaming:

‘Little wots my lady queen  
That Rumpelstilzchen is my name!’”

When the queen heard this, she leaped for joy; and when the dwarf came again to her, and said: "Now, lady queen, what is my name?" she replied: "Is it Cunz?"—"No."—"Is it Heinz?"—"No."—"Then can it be Rumpelstilzchen?"

"Who told you that? What witch told you that?" screamed the dwarf, striking his right foot at the same time so deep into the earth, that he could scarcely pull it out again with both his hands.

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## ANECDOTE OF TO-DAY

BY M. DE ROUGEMONT.

**Les hommes d'affaires sont-ils plus dangereux qu'utiles? Qui croirait qu'une pareille question a été résolue affirmativement par ceux memes qui ne peuvent s'en passer?**

It is now about twenty-five or twenty-six years ago, since M. de Rosanges found himself compelled to quit France, and take up his residence in a foreign country. To have lingered longer than he did in his native land would have exposed him to extreme danger; although this estimable man—like many others similarly situated—was unwilling to regard his expatriation in any other light than that of a brief but necessary exile. Of course the preparations for his departure were made with the most profound secrecy. No person suspected the designs of M. de Rosanges, and it was by the merest accident in the world that, at the moment of his stepping into the post-chaise, Jacques and Clement Bidant presented themselves before him.

These two brothers were tenants of M. de Rosanges. For several years they had farmed the greater part of his estate; a bad harvest had thrown them behind in their payments, and they now came to discharge two years' arrears of rent at once. A few hours earlier, and the money would have been most acceptable; but time now pressed,—M. de Rosanges' peril became every moment more imminent,—and a single

minute's delay might annihilate his hopes of escape; aware then of the impossibility of settling accounts with the honest tenants at this critical juncture, he dismissed them with these words :

"I go; my absence will not be long; but if, contrary to my expectation, it should be prolonged beyond the period which I have reckoned upon, I will write to you. In the meantime keep this money as a deposit which I intrust to your probity, and which may one day be of greater use to me than it can be at present. Continue to take charge of my farms; conceal my departure from the world; the least indiscretion on your part may prove fatal to me, and I know you would not wish to ruin a master whom you love."

"Ah, dear sir," exclaimed both the brothers at once, "we would sooner die ourselves than occasion you the least unhappiness. We will carefully preserve this sum of seventeen thousand francs which we had meant to have paid to you just now, had you not directed us to keep it; it will be always at your disposal, for we will not allow it to pass out of our hands without instructions from you; this we solemnly swear."

The two brothers raised their hands towards heaven as they spoke, and remained mechanically in that attitude till the chaise which conveyed their beloved master drove out of sight.

The haste with which M. de Rosanges had been compelled to abandon his country and his family had left him little time to arrange his affairs. The secrecy which he had determined should be over the place of his retreat, rendered it impossible for him to adopt any measures by which he could control them during his absence; his enemies, however, deceived by his apparent tranquillity, were not apprised of his flight till it was too late to prevent it. But their malevolence was not satisfied by his exile; the name of M. de Rosanges swelled the *liste de proscription*,—his effects were sequestered and sold,—his family cruelly driven from their home.

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—and his debtors commanded, on pain of being dealt with as disaffected persons, to account to the public authorities for what sums they owed him. Thus was M. de Rosanges stript in one day of his birthright as a Frenchman, and his rank as a landed gentleman.

Many of his friends, although filled with indignation at the relentless conduct of his persecutors, hastened to pay over to government the sums of money which they were owing to M. de Rosanges; others of a more timid disposition shrunk from acknowledging their ever having had any transactions with the proscribed man, although they secretly determined not to lose sight of their own interests should fortune again smile upon him. I know not how it happened, whether from private information or the activity of its own agents, but so it was that government soon got notice of the transaction with the brothers Bidant; and an order was instantly issued for Clément's arrestment. Cross-questioned, cajoled, and threatened by turns, the poor Clément continued firmly to conceal his knowledge of the alleged transaction, and, for his obstinacy, was thrown into one of the thousand prisons which formed the peculiar ornament of the French capital at this epoch. He was given to understand, indeed, that the instant he made a full disclosure he would be set at liberty; but, satisfied that he had done his duty, Clément remained true to his oath, and cheerfully resigned himself to his fate.

Jacques endeavoured by every means in his power to soften the hardship of his brother's situation; he supplied him with every little comfort or necessary which he could command; but for all the gold in the world he would not, even in this emergency, have touched a single franc of the sum which had been intrusted to his keeping. Meanwhile he sought by every imaginable *ruse* to learn something of M. de Rosanges' situation, whose return could no longer be calculated upon; but all his endeavours for this purpose were ineffectual. M. de Rosanges himself had calculated on his being able to



return to his native country in the course of the following year; he was therefore not a little embarrassed by the situation in which his enemies had placed him; he could not address a letter to any of his friends without compromising their safety, and this generous motive imposed absolute silence upon him, however great the interests he had at stake. Jacques in the meanwhile spared no pains to discover the place of retreat which his beloved master had chosen; but M. de Rosanges had become unfortunate, and no one knew or cared to tell that he knew aught about him.

The firmness of Clément at last triumphed over the virulence of his persecutors; unable to extort the desired confession from his lips, they at last gave him his liberty; but this victim of fidelity had caught a mortal disease in the place of his confinement, and in a short time sealed his devotion to M. de Rosanges with his own life; worn out by the fatigue and privations which he had endured, he breathed his last in the arms of his brother, after having adjured him to maintain his secret inviolable.

Such charge was indeed unnecessary. Jacques, the son of a poor farmer in the neighbourhood of Lagny, had received little or no education; but nature had bestowed upon him a quick sense of right and wrong, and a character of decided shrewdness and honesty; a virtuous action was to him a natural one; from his infancy he had been trained to uprightness of conduct, and the thought had never entered into his head that he could by any means shake himself free of an obligation once undertaken; although he clearly saw that every day rendered the return of M. de Rosanges more difficult, and although many persons argued that it was no longer to be looked for, and that the exile should be considered as having succumbed to his misfortunes, Jacques was never once tempted to appropriate to his own use the money which had already cost him so much to protect.

With the produce of his industry and his share of his father's succession, Jacques had bought a small farm nigh to

Roissy, upon which he lived in a degree of comfort, to which his economy gave the appearance of competence. His heart, which hitherto had resisted the soft impressions of love, now became alive to the tender sentiment. Rose Delaunay, the daughter of a wealthy neighbour, was the first to inspire him with a real passion, and she herself did not long remain insensible to his attachment. The two lovers seemed fortunate in their attachment, and every thing favoured their approaching union, when an unfortunate event threatened the destruction of their fairest hopes. Delaunay's steading took fire, and a frightful conflagration reduced him in a few hours from a state of affluence to poverty. Jacques would have gladly come to his succour; but his means were altogether insufficient for his generous purposes; and at this critical moment a neighbouring farmer, who had been rejected in his former addresses, formally demanded Rose's hand from her father, and offered to rebuild, at his own expense, Delaunay's steading, and advance two thousand crowns to enable him to repair his losses, provided he would favour his suit. To a man in Delaunay's circumstances such an offer was too tempting to be resisted, and he soon gave Jacques to understand how decidedly he now preferred the wealthier Durand for his son-in-law. A sigh was the only answer from poor Jacques. With less virtue, he might still have possessed the object of his love. No person knew of the existence of M. de Rosanges' fifteen thousand francs. The silence of the proprietor authorised him, so to speak, to dispose of it for his own purposes. But Jacques remained true to what honesty dictated; and courageously, though not without regret, he sacrificed his happiness to his integrity.

The father of Rose had given his formal consent to neighbour Durand's propositions. The wedding-day was fixed, and all the village sympathised with poor Rose, whose distress was too evident to be concealed. A secret presentiment led her steps one day towards Jacques' abode; she perceived him, sad and thoughtful, seated upon a stone bench at the

entrance of his garden ;—she approached ;—he spoke ;—she listened ;—she became his confident, and burst from him with a cry of surprise ! Filled with admiration for a man who could thus sacrifice every thing that he held dearest upon earth to preserve his integrity unsullied, she threw herself at the feet of her father,—recounted to him with tearful eyes all that Jacques had told her,—extolled his heroic sacrifice with all the eloquence which love and admiration could inspire,—and ended by declaring that she would never consent to be separated from him. The earnestness of her entreaties, the fervour of her words, that force which ever accompanies the language of truth, shook the resolution of Delaunay. He raised his daughter from her knees ; embraced her ; comforted her with soothing words ; and constrained by the influence of a noble example, consented to receive Jacques for his son-in-law. Virtue is not always accompanied by misfortune.

The integrity of Jacques was yet to endure fresh trial. Twice during the calamities attendant upon foreign invasion did he behold his little dwelling sacked and plundered, and his fields laid waste ; and twice did he abandon his own property the better to protect the sacred deposit intrusted to his keeping ; the only thing which he preserved from danger was that which he had least interest in protecting.

The father-in-law, who while he admired Jacques' fidelity did not altogether approve of that excess of probity which dictated such sacrifices for the sake of another, at last became desirous to know at what point of time a sum of money, already twenty-five years deposited with another, might cease to be regarded in the strict light of a deposit, and might be appropriated to the private purposes of the holder. With this view he consulted a man of business who was in the habit of looking to his own interests while managing those of others. This personage quickly proved to him, both by argument and precedent, that a deposit, if remaining unclaimed at the end of twenty-five years, had become invested with

all the negative qualities of a lost sum as far as regarded the pledger, and, of right, became the absolute property of him in whose hands it had been originally placed. Well-pleased at the result of this consultation—for which our man of business received a fee proportionate to the agreeableness of his advice, Delaunay hastened to impart the information he had gained to his son-in-law, who, in the meantime, had made a discovery of another kind.

In glancing over the newspapers, Jacques had met with the name of Rosanges. He uttered an exclamation of mingled surprise and joy at the discovery; and having hastily arrayed himself in his holiday suit, directed his steps towards the house mentioned in the advertisement. With some difficulty he obtained an interview with the master of the establishment. He appeared a young man of about twenty-six years of age. Jacques trembled to ask him whether he was related to M. de Rosanges, whom he had known, for he remembered that his old master had no children. "True," replied the young de Rosanges, with much suavity of manners, to the inquiry of the honest countryman; "I am only his nephew."

"And how is he himself, the worthy gentleman?"

"He is dead!"

"Dead," repeated Jacques with a heavy sigh.

"I am the last member of his family; I inherit his name, and the small remains of that property which he once possessed in this country."

"God be thanked!" exclaimed Jacques. "I come to add a little to your succession."

"You!"

"Yes, I myself. Your uncle, my master, left a sum of seventeen thousand francs in my hands, which I will now account for to you."

"What! Account for a sum of money placed in your hands twenty-six years ago?"

"It is entire. I have never touched it,"

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"Honest fellow," exclaimed Rosanges, holding out his right hand to him, and wiping away with the other a tear which trembled in his eye, "an action so noble and so free surprises me,—it is quite touching! And yet, judging from your dress, I should presume you dwell in the country?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you must have met with many losses, and often been placed in trying circumstances, and yet this money?"

"And do you suppose, sir, that to repair my losses, I would have been justified in putting my hand into my neighbour's pocket?"

"But——"

"It makes no difference with me,—a deposit is a thing which does not belong to me. I would sooner perish of hunger than touch it; my coat does not bespeak a rich man, but it covers an honest heart."

M. de Rosanges felt that he could not sufficiently admire the integrity of the honest rustic; he wrote down his address, and promised that he would call upon him one of these mornings; whereupon Jacques made his obeisance and took his way home to his cottage, whistling as he went.

"What good fortune has befallen you to-day, Jacques?" inquired his father-in-law, as he entered with a blithe countenance.

"I have found M. de Rosanges," answered Jacques, while his wife threw herself into his arms.

Jacques had scarcely quitted M. de Rosanges' hotel, when the man of business entered. It was the same person whom Delaunay had consulted, and the young Rosanges quickly informed him of his good fortune.

"What! Seventeen thousand francs!" exclaimed our man of quirks. "Above twenty-six years! Quite inconceivable! We live in an age of wonders!" A sudden thought, however, seemed to strike him, his forehead smoothed up, and a diabolical grin distorted his saturnine features as he proceeded

with his devilish insinuations: "This fellow, I presume, has imagined that you were in possession of the titles?"

"I hold none."

"That your uncle had left you this sum?"

"I do not know."

"There is no doubt of it; but with regard to the point of restitution, he has forgot one thing."

"What is that?"

"He has said nothing of interest; and the principal sum must have doubled itself by interest in twenty-six years. Do you mark me? The dear man, you may depend upon it, has not kept this sum lying inactive in his hands all this while."

"He swore to me he had."

"And do you credit him?"

"This action is a sufficient evidence of his honesty."—

"Of his address; hear me then; you are yet a young man,—you know little about business-matters. Every sum of money, when placed in any one's hands, ought to bear interest. Now, the money——"

"It was a deposit."

"With your leave we will come to that by and bye. I would take security for it; we will give him time. You must be sensible that I would not willingly distress the man, but your interests are mine, and I ought to look after them. You will thank me some day for the interest which I have taken on your behalf." With these words the man of business took his leave.

The following morning M. de Rosanges directed his steps towards Jacques' abode. He entered,—but what were his feelings when a whole family threw themselves at his feet in tears! With indignation he perused a letter which Jacques had just received from his man of business, calling upon him to pay up the whole interest on the twenty-six years' deposit, and threatening him with a prosecution in case of refusal! His indignation was, if possible, increased on its being

ascertained, that the creature who now, in his name, demanded payment of interest as well as principal from the faithful custodiers of his uncle's property, was the very man who had advised Delaunay to consider a twenty-five years' deposit as having in effect become his own property. He hastened to relieve the poor but virtuous family from their alarms; and though he did not offend them by pressing upon their acceptance the whole sum which had proved to them the object of so many misfortunes and so much solicitude, yet he begged that they would henceforward regard him as their protector, and offered Jacques, on the spot, the office of keeper of his chateau de Saint ——. The same day, Delaunay received intimation that M. de Rosanges no longer needed his services.

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# DER FREISCHUTZ

FROM LAUN'S GESPENSTERBUCH.

"HARK ye, dame," said Bertram, the old forester of Lindenhayn, to his helpmate, "you know there are few things which I would deny you, but, for this notion, I wish you would be done with it, and help me to drive it out of the girl's head. Let her know the worst at once, and be done with it; I know no good that can come out of this sort of dangling drivelling work!"

"But, husband," replied the good woman, "cannot our Kate live just as happily with the young clerk as with the hunter? You do not know William yet,—what a fine fellow he is,—how kind-hearted——"

"But no hunter for all that," interrupted the forester. "Now dame, mark me, I say; it is better than two hundred years since my ancestors got this place, and during all that time it has been handed down from father to son without a break. Hadst thou brought me a son instead of a daughter, then it might have been all very well,—he would have become forest-ranger after me, and as for the girl she might have married whom she fancied. But matters don't stand thus with us. I have my own fears and suspicions that the duke will speedily clear the ground of any son-in-law of mine who is not a good shot; and shall I throw my daughter away thus? No, dame Anne! As for Robert, I am not just bound to him; if he is not exactly to your liking, let the girl by all



means, seek out some other sprightly young huntsman, who can succeed me in my office, and then we will both be permitted to rest ourselves quietly, in our old age, at our own fireside;—let her have whom she will, only my son-in-law must be a hunter.”

The old dame would fain have lent in another good word for her favourite; but the forester—who knew too well the seducing effects of woman’s eloquence—was resolved to avoid farther parley; and taking down his rifle from the wall walked out into the forest.

Scarcely had the old man turned the corner of the house, when Kate, a blooming fair-haired maiden opened the door. “Have you succeeded, mother? Do say yes!” exclaimed the girl, as she sprang into the room, and flung herself into her mother’s arms.

“Alas, Katherine, you have much to fear,” replied the old woman. “Your father is a good man, a good-hearted man, but he will give you to no other than a hunter; that is his resolution, and I know that he will abide by it.”

Katherine wept bitterly, and said she would die sooner than lose her William. The mother soothed and scolded her daughter by turns, and at last wept along with her. She promised to make one more attempt to move her father; but while the promise was yet upon her lips, a tap was heard at the door, and in stepped William.

“Ah, William,” exclaimed Katherine with streaming eyes, “we must part! Me thou mayest never have; nor I thee. My father is determined to give me to Robert, because he is a hunter; and my mother cannot move him. But though we should be torn from each other, none other shall ever possess my love. I will remain faithful to thee unto the grave!”

The mother here interposed, and explained to William that her husband’s objections to receiving him as a son-in-law were merely on account of his supposed inability to succeed him in the office of forester.

“Is that all!” exclaimed William joyfully, and pressed his

beloved maiden to his breast. "Cheer up, Kate; we will do yet, mother! I am not quite unskilled in hunting; for I was first apprenticed to my uncle, Finsterbusch, the upper-forester; and it was only to please the Amtmann,\* who stood my god-father, that I left the gun and the merry green-wood for the writing-chamber. But what care I for succeeding my god-father, unless I could make my Kate lady Amtmannin! If you are content, Kate, to look no higher than your mother did before you, and William the forester is as dear to you as William the Amtmann, then cheer up my heart; love under the greenwood-tree will be as sweet as love in the city!"

"Ah, dear, sweet William," exclaimed Katherine, while the clouds of care which had collected on her fair brow disappeared and her bright eyes glistened with joy through her tears, "wilt thou indeed do this for me; then haste thee and speak to my father before he give Robert his word!"

"Stop, Kate," said William, "I will give him a little surprise in the forest. He is gone in quest of the venison which is to be delivered to-morrow at our office. Give me a gun and a bag,—I'll meet him hunter-like, and with a hunter's salutation; and, perhaps, I'll offer him my services as his hunting-boy."

The mother and daughter both embraced him as he stood there suddenly transformed into a fine active looking Jäger; and both followed him with their anxious prayers when he disappeared in the thick forest.

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\* The Bailiff.

"A LIKELY-ENOUGH fellow, indeed!" thought the old forester to himself, when he had returned home from the chase. "Who could have expected to find such a dexterous shot in a quill-driver? Well, to-morrow I will speak to the Amtmann myself; for it would be a pity that he should not become a Jäger. The fellow may prove a second Kuno yet! You know who Kuno was, I suppose?" said the old man turning to William.

William replied he did not.

"Now do you not know who Kuno was!" exclaimed the forester in great surprise. "Why, Kuno was my great-grandfather's father; and was the very first forester in this place! He was once a poor stable-boy, and served the young knight of Wippach, who took a great fancy for him, and made him attend him at all feasts and tournaments and hunting-parties. Well, it happened once that young Wippach was present at a magnificent hunt which the duke held here with a great number of knights and nobles. Now the dogs roused a stag, to the back of which a poor wretch had been fastened, and who appeared wringing his hands and crying most piteously for help. You see there was once a tyrannical and barbarous law amongst our hunting nobles, that if a poor man committed any trespass against the forest-laws he should be bound to a stag, and left thus to be gored to death or to perish by hunger and thirst. So when the duke beheld this spectacle he became exceeding wroth, and commanded them to stop the hunt, and endeavour to rescue the man, for he wished to know from his own mouth what had been the nature of his offence. And he promised a great reward to any man who would bring down the stag; but declared that he who should hit the man in the attempt should be put to death. Not a man amongst all the nobles would undertake the dangerous task, however willing to please the duke. At last who should step forward but Kuno himself, my great-

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grandfather's father,—the very man whom thou seest painted in that picture there, who thus addressed the duke: 'My gracious liege, if it is your pleasure, by God's grace I will try my luck; my life is at your mercy, for I have neither money nor goods, but I much pity the poor man, and would have risked my life for him had I seen him in the hands of his enemies or robbers.' This speech pleased the duke, and he bade Kuno try his luck, promising him also the reward, if he proved successful, though he did not mention the punishment, in case he failed. Then Kuno took his gun, levelled it in God's name, and commending the ball to the guidance of the holy angels, fired right into the thicket, and in the twinkling of an eye out rushed the stag mortally wounded, but the poor peasant had received only a few slight scratches on his face and hands. The duke kept his word, and bestowed the forest-keepership on Kuno and his heirs for ever. But good luck never wanted envious neighbours; and Kuno soon felt this. There were many who would gladly have filled Kuno's place; and what did they, think you, but persuaded the duke that he had succeeded by the devil's favour only in hitting the stag, for, said they, it was a free shot, and must have been directed by the devil. And the duke listened to these malicious representations so far as to cause it to be ordained that in all time coming the descendants of Kuno should give proof of their skill before succeeding to their father's office. I myself had to shoot the ring out of the popinjay's mouth; so you see that my successor, whoever he may be, must at all events be a good shot."

William had listened to the old forester's narrative with intense interest. He now rose, pressed his hand warmly, and promised to make himself, in a short time, such a huntsman as great-grandfather Kuno would not blush to own for a friend.

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Nor fourteen days had William spent in his new capacity as a huntsman, before father Bertram gave his consent to his daughter's betrothal with the youth, who gained upon his esteem and affections every day. However it was expressly stipulated that nothing should be said about this transaction till William's probation as a huntsman, according to the aforesaid law of the forest, should be over; meanwhile the happy youth, secure in the possession of his bride, found himself suddenly transported from the gloom of despondency to the sunshine of hope and happiness, and in the height of his transport became so forgetful of the ordinary duties of each day, that father Bertram began to chide him for his giddiness and want of manly self-restraint.

William had in fact from that very day on which he had obtained the old forester's consent to his union with Katherine, experienced a most extraordinary run of bad luck. Sometimes his gun missed fire; at other times he lodged his bullet in a tree instead of a deer. When he returned home in the evening, and displayed the contents of his hunting-bag it was often found to contain only a few worthless daws and crows, and perhaps a dead wood-cat instead of a hare. These proofs of William's carelessness drew down severe reproaches upon his head from the old forester, and Katherine herself began to get alarmed at William's conduct.

William stimulated at once by love and the dread of disgrace redoubled his efforts; but the nearer the day of probation approached, the less steady became his aim. Almost every shot missed its mark with him; and at last he dreaded to pull a trigger lest he should do some unintentional mischief: having already wounded a cow on its pasture, and nearly shot the herdsman.

"I am quite sure," said the huntsman Rudolf one evening, "that some one has bewitched William; the thing cannot na-

turally be accounted for, and he must undo the spell before he can hope to be successful."

"Talk not so foolishly," answered the old forester; "to believe such a thing would be quite superstitious, and a brave huntsman, you know, should be above such fears."

"Take my word for it, William," rejoined Rudolf, "it is just as I have told you. Go some Friday at midnight to a cross-road, and draw a circle around you with the ramrod of your gun, or with a bloody sword; then bless it thrice, as the priest does, but in the name of Samiel——"

"Hush!" interrupted the forester angrily. "Knowest thou what name thou wert now using? That is one of the devil's chief spirits. God shield thee and every other Christian from him!"

William crossed himself fervently, and would hear no more, but Rudolf adhered to his opinion. All that night he kept cleaning at his gun, and examined every spring and screw; and when morning dawned he went forth once more to try his luck.

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BUT still William's efforts were fruitless, though the deer came crowding around him as if to dare his skill. At ten paces he levelled at a roebuck, twice his gun flashed in the pan,—the third time the buck plunged uninjured into the neighbouring copse. The unlucky hunter threw himself in despair upon the sward, and began to bemoan his unhappy fate, when an old soldier with a wooden leg suddenly stepped out from among the bushes, and hailed him with a "Good morning, comrade! Why so gloomy? Art love-sick, my

boy? Come give us a bit of tobacco, and let's have a little chat!"

William threw him a piece of tobacco, and the old fellow stretched himself out upon the grass by his side with all imaginable composure. After one subject and another had been gone over, the conversation turned upon hunting, and William informed the stranger of his bad luck. The old campaigner requested permission to examine his gun; and after handling it awhile, assured him that it was under a charm, and that till the charm were broken, he never would have any luck either with it or any other gun.

William trembled at the idea of sorcery, and urged many objections to the possibility of his gun being under a charm, but the old soldier offered to prove his assertion. "We old soldiers," said he, "see nothing at all surprising in the matter, and I could tell you stories till night-fall far more wonderful than this. Why, heard you never of a gun being made to kill objects almost out of one's sight? Here, for instance, is a bullet with which no man could miss though he were willing. Take and try it,—it will not fail you, I swear to it."

William loaded his gun, putting in the bullet which the old soldier gave him, and then began to look round him for something to aim at. A great bird was hovering above the forest, at such a height as to appear a mere speck in the air. "Shoot that fellow up yonder," said the soldier. William laughed at so ridiculous a proposal. "Yes, shoot him, I say," continued the soldier. "I stake my wooden leg, he falls, if you try him." William raised his piece and fired, and presently the black speck appeared rapidly descending, and a great vulture fell bleeding to the ground.

"Oh that is nothing at all," said the stranger, observing the speechless astonishment of the young hunter. "You will think nothing of that when you have tried a few more of these balls, and you may soon learn to cast them for yourself,—a little skill and a stout heart is all that is necessary, for

the thing must be done in the night-time, you see. I will tell you all about it when we next meet, but in the meantime I must go for it strikes seven."

The old soldier gave William a few braces of balls before limping off and disappearing from his sight in the forest. The young man tried another shot and hit at a wonderful distance with one of his new balls, but uniformly missed with those of his own casting. He now hastened after the old soldier to learn his mode of casting bullets, but he was gone and nowhere to be seen.

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THERE was great gladness in the old forester's house when William came home with such a load of venison as once more satisfied father Bertram that the youth of his daughter's choice would yet prove himself worthy of his house. He should have embraced the opportunity now afforded him for explaining the whole matter, and have taken his friends' advice upon it; but instead of this he carefully concealed his interview with the old soldier, and said nothing about the wonderful bullets. He alleged, however, that he had discovered the cause of his late bad luck in a flaw in his gun which he had not noticed before.

"Now, dame," quoth the forester gaily to his wife, "who is wrong now? The witchcraft lay in the gun itself, it appears, and I shrewdly suspect the little devil that you thought knocked down father Kuno's picture this morning might yet be detected in a rust-eaten nail."

"What do you say about a devil?" inquired William.

"Nothing," replied the old man. "That picture there fell



down of itself this morning, just as the clock was chiming seven."

"At seven!" exclaimed William, remembering that the old soldier had taken leave of him exactly at that hour.

"To be sure, and a right time truly for spirits to play their pranks!" replied the old forester, patting his dame gaily upon the cheek as he spake. But the latter only shook her head and expressed her hope with a sigh that all might yet be right.

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In a few days William had so accustomed himself to the use of the enchanted bullets that he no longer felt any misgiving of heart in using them. He daily expected to meet the old soldier again in the forest; and there was need he should for his stock of bullets was now reduced to a single brace, and the day of trial was at hand. One day, therefore,—the duke's head Jäger being expected next day,—William positively refused to accompany the old forester to the wood, in order to save his two enchanted bullets for the trial-shot, and any other opportunity which might offer of displaying his skill before the head Jäger. But in the evening, in place of the Jäger himself, came an order for the delivery of a quantity of game at the duke's palace, and an intimation that the preparations for his own reception might be put off for seven days.

William almost sunk to the earth at this intelligence, but the good people attributed his emotion to the disappointment he felt in the delay thus interposed to his marriage. He was now, however, obliged to sacrifice one of his balls in hunting; the other he wore to keep for the trial shot before the head Jäger.

It grieved the old forester much when William returned with a single buck, the produce of the whole day's hunting; still more astonished and vexed was he the following day when William presented himself with an empty bag, and Rudolf appeared loaded with game. The old man now began to doubt the sincerity of William's profession of attachment to his daughter, and declared that unless he brought home two roebucks next day, he would dismiss him from his service altogether, and revoke the consent to his marriage with his daughter. Katherine was in the greatest distress at William's unaccountable behaviour, and conjured him, if he really loved her, to obey her father's commands, and prove himself a man.

William took his way into the forest next morning with a heavy heart. He now looked upon Katherine as lost to him, and his only doubt was whether to peril his last hopes on the result of that day's hunting or upon the trial shot before the duke's Jäger.

These were alternatives between which he felt himself unable to decide; but as he was leaning, in gloomy thought against an ancient tree, a herd of deer came up to him, and he placed his hand mechanically upon his last remaining ball,—it seemed to weigh a hundred weight as he slowly raised it to the mouth of his rifle, and he was about to return it, when he caught a sudden sight of the old tree-legged soldier, apparently advancing towards him in the distance,—there was no longer reason to hesitate,—the ball was driven into the gun, and the next moment two roebucks dropt to the ground. The young hunter left his game lying upon the sward, and hastened to meet the mysterious soldier; but the latter had disappeared, and the youth sought for him many hours in vain.

THE old forester received William with pleasure that day; but the youth felt a heavy weight at his heart, which even Katherine's caresses could not remove.

Evening came, but William still remained gloomy and abstracted, and took no share in the lively conversation which the hearty old forester kept up with Rudolf.

"What, William, I say, William," shouted the old man into his ear, "do you sit quietly by and hear all this ill of our forefather Kuno, without offering to interpose a word in his favour! We know from the Old Testament that the good angels often assist the pious man who places his trust in God and a good conscience, and so they did for Kuno; but as for any compact with the devil, I will maintain my worthy ancestor to have been wholly free of that sin. He died quietly in his bed surrounded by his children and children's children; but the man that has dealings with Satan never comes to a good end.—That I know from what I saw myself at Prague in Bohemia."

"O, what was that? Pray tell us!" exclaimed Rudolf and the others in one breath.

"'Twas a sad tale," replied the old forester; "I still tremble when I think of it. You see there lived a young man at that time in Prague, called George Schmid. He was a wild fellow, but active and resolute enough, and a good hunter he might have proved, had he managed matters rightly. Well, you see, he was so hasty in his manner, that he as often flung away his shots as did any good with them; and we were one day joking him about this, when he got angry and his pride mounted so high that he was rash enough to challenge us all to shoot against him. Neither running nor flying game, he swore, should escape him. His boast was an empty one, poor fellow,—for just two days afterwards a strange looking hunter came out upon us from the forest,

and told us, that a little way off there was a man lying dead or dying, and without help. So we lads hastened up to the spot, and there to be sure did we find poor George lying bleeding and torn in every limb as if he had fallen among wild cats; he could not speak to us, but we carried him to a house in Prague, and there he told us, before he died, how he had met with an old mountain-hunter, and at his instigation had set about casting Free bullets—which you know are devil's bullets and never miss—and how the devil had torn him to pieces as soon as he failed to do something or other which he had promised in his compact."

"What had he neglected to do?" inquired William with considerable eagerness. "Did he tell it?"

"Tell it! Yes! It is a sad thing to forego one's natural art and to seek to devilry and witchcraft! Why, you see, he confessed it all, and told us how he had accompanied the old mountain-hunter to a cross road about midnight; and how he had there drawn a bloody circle with a sword, and then had placed a skull and two thigh-bones crossways within this circle. And how the old hunter left him there, after telling him what he was to do. Precisely as the clock should strike eleven, he was to begin casting his balls, which should be neither more nor less than sixty-three in number,—one above or below this number and he was a lost man as soon as twelve o'clock should strike, and besides, during all the time he was casting the bullets, he was not to speak a word or stir beyond the magic circle. The old hunter also promised that sixty of his balls would hit their mark, and only three fail. Schmid began to cast the balls, but as he proceeded, such fearful and threatening spectres began to crowd around the magic circle, that he screamed aloud in his terror and sprang out of the circle, and never again recovered his senses till he found himself lying at Prague as I told you."

"Now God defend all Christian people from such snares of Satan!" said the forester's wife, crossing herself devoutly.

"I suppose," said Rudolf, "George had made a real compact with Satan?"

"That I dare not just say; but certainly all was not right on his part. George must have known the dangerous ground he stood upon; he rushed into the snare with his eyes open."

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THE forester and his auditors retired to rest, leaving William in a state of mental agitation, more easily imagined than described. In vain he too strove to compose himself to rest: sleep refused to visit his eyelids. But the old wooden-legged soldier, and George, and Katherine, and the duke's commissioner, presented themselves in various groups to his heated imagination. At one time the unfortunate hunter of Prague seemed to hold up his bloody hand to him in a warning manner; the next moment the features of the wan spectre changed into the lovely, but mournful features of Katherine, who seemed to hang over her lover as if she sought to guard him from some impending evil, while near her stood the old tree-legged fiend, with an expression of hellish mockery in his face; again he seemed to stand before the commissioner, and to level his gun for the trial-shot,—the next moment he had missed, and Katherine had sunk to the ground in a faint, while her father renounced him for ever as his son-in-law, and the fiend again presented him with fresh balls, but not till his fate was decided.

So passed the night. At the earliest dawn he rose, and not without design, took his way towards that quarter of the forest where he had first met with the old soldier. The fresh sharp breeze of morning soon chased away the fever of the

preceding night, and with it all the hideous visions which had haunted his pillow. "Fool," exclaimed William to himself, "because the mysterious surpasses thy mortal comprehension, art thou therefore to ascribe it to infernal agency? And is what I seek so very much beyond the ordinary course of nature that I must needs crave the assistance of supernatural agents? Man's master-power controls the brute, may it not also command the obedience of a piece of inert matter? Yes, nature teems with a thousand operations the least of which contains mystery enough to baffle man's penetration, and shall I now sacrifice my last hope and joy to a foolish reverence of what I cannot comprehend? I will not invoke supernatural agents, but nature and her occult processes I will employ without questioning! Yes, I will go in quest of the old soldier again; and should I not find him, I know what to do; courage, my heart; George of Prague was led on to do what he did by pride, I am impelled by the nobler principles of love and honour!"

Thus did William reason with himself as he roamed through the forest in quest of the old soldier; but his search was fruitless,—he found him not, nor did he meet with any one who had seen him.

The following day was spent in equally fruitless inquiries and vain search.

"Be it so then," said William internally, "the time is measured to me! This very night will I go to the cross road in the forest. It is a lonely spot; no eye shall witness my deeds, and I will have firmness not to quit the circle till the work is over."

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THE evening came, and William had provided himself with lead, and moulds, and coals, and every other requisite, and held himself in readiness to leave the house as soon as he possibly could. He was just about to slip out when the old forester took him by the hand, and with an air of mingled sadness and earnestness said :

“ William, I know not what oppresses my spirits, but there is a dread hanging over me of something,—I cannot tell what. Do remain with me to-night ; nay do not look so cast down, it is only to guard against possibilities.”

Katherine followed up her father's request with much intreaty, and conjured him not to leave the cottage that evening. “ It is weak, perhaps,” said the old man, “ yet I shall be happier if William will consent to remain with us this evening.”

William hesitated much, but Katherine's endearing looks prevailed, and he at last consented to stay, secretly resolving to carry his plan into execution next night. But his intentions were again frustrated by the arrival of a friend from whom he could not disengage himself. At last the third evening came, and with it the necessity of determining to act in one way or another, for the next day was the day of trial. Katherine and her mother were employed the whole of the forenoon making preparations for the reception of so distinguished a guest as the duke's commissioner, and at night-fall every thing stood arrayed in the neatest order. The mother warmly saluted William on his return from the forest in the evening, and for the first time hailed him with the endearing appellation of son, while the eyes of her daughter sparkled with all the emotions of a youthful and loving bride. “ To-night,” said the father, “ we will hold our feast, —to-morrow we shall not be alone, let us then be happy to-night as a family.” So saying he heartily embraced all,

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while his wife hinted with a smile that the happiness of the young people would be yet greater the succeeding night.

"Yes, yes," said the forester, "I understand you perfectly mother. Hark ye, children, we have invited the priest to visit us to-morrow, and as soon as William has passed his trial——"

At this moment a heavy noise and a scream from Katherine startled the others. It was Kuno's portrait which had again fallen from the wall, and the edge of the frame had wounded Katherine in the forehead. The nail appeared to have been too loosely fixed into the wall, for it came away with the picture, carrying part of the plaister along with it.

"What can this mean?" exclaimed Bertram, with some agitation. "This is the second time that picture has alarmed us all. Are you hurt, Katherine?"

"Only scratched," replied the girl with a smile, as she wiped away the blood, which began to trickle over her forehead, with her hand; "I am not much hurt."

William was greatly agitated when he beheld Katherine's pale countenance and bleeding forehead. It was thus that she had appeared to his fancy in his dream; and with the recollection of her visioned form, all the other phantoms of that fearful night crowded upon his memory. The accident greatly damped his spirits, and he would have shrunk from the dreadful task before him, had he not stimulated his sinking courage by the large draughts of wine which he swallowed, till at last, wrought up to a pitch of frantic hardihood, he beheld nothing in the daring enterprise before him, but the noble spectacle of honourable love and manly courage contending with danger in its most threatening and appalling forms.

The clock struck nine. William's heart beat violently: he sought for a pretext to withdraw,—but what pretext could a young man offer for deserting the company of his bride at such a moment? Still inexorable time hastened



on, and William endured pangs great as those of martyrdom itself, in the very arms of love. The tenth hour had struck, and now or never must his resolution be formed. Without intimating his intention, he rose and had reached the outside of the cottage before the mother could follow him. "Whither wouldst thou to-night, William?" said the good woman. "I shot a deer to-day, but forgot it in the forest," was the hasty answer she received. In vain she called after him, and in vain Katherine's voice entreated him to return; he was gone to dare his fate with all the determination of a man who feels that he must either do or perish.

The moon was in the wane, and her dusky red orb rested on the horizon. Dark gloomy clouds flitted heavily across the sky. The birch-trees and aspens stood like ghosts in the forest, and the silver-poplars seemed to William like so many sheeted spectres beckoning him to retire. He trembled, and the unexpected manner in which his scheme had been interrupted on the two preceding nights, conjoined with the fall of the picture, now seemed to him as so many warnings designed by his tutelary angel to drive him from his desperate purpose.

Once more William's heart misgave him, and he was on the point of returning, when a voice seemed to whisper into his ear—"Fool! hast thou not already accepted of the assistance thou wouldst now shun when thou needest it most?" He stood still for a moment, and at the same instant, the moon emerging from behind a dark cloud, threw her cheerful light on Bertram's hut in the distance. William could mark Katherine's window glancing under the silvery rays, and he stretched out his arms towards it, as if he wished to clasp his fair one to his bosom, but a passing breeze bore the sound of the half-hour to his ear, and he tore himself away from the spot, exclaiming inwardly: "Fool, away! away to business! It is worse than childish weakness thus to hesitate;—shall I sacrifice the main advantage, having already perilled all—perhaps my salvation? No! away! I will dare the worst!"

He hastened forward with long strides, the wind again drove the dark clouds across the moon, and William plunged into the thickest gloom of the forest.

At length he found himself at the crossway. The magic circle was drawn, and the skulls and bones placed around. The moon buried herself deeper in the clouds, and no light was shed upon the scene but that which the flickering blaze of a few faggots threw, and which waxed and waned by fits as the wind rose and fell. The distant clock struck the third-quarter, and William placed the ladle upon the fire, threw in the lead, and along with it three bullets which had hit the mark,—for he had heard when a boy that such was the practice among those who cast Fatal or Free Bullets. A sound as of a heavy shower of rain was now heard, and a multitude of owls and bats, and other light-shunning creatures, came flitting around, and stationed themselves upon the enchanted circle, where by their low croaking they seemed to be holding converse with the bones and skulls in some unknown language. Their numbers rapidly increased, and indistinct misty-forms, some with human, others with brute countenances, seemed to mingle themselves with them. Their vapoury lineaments seemed to wave to and fro in the wind; but there stood one form near the circle, which remained immoveable, and fixed its melancholy gleaming eyes upon William. Sometimes it seemed to ring its hands in agony, and ever when it raised them in the attitude of entreaty, the fire burned more sullenly; but a great owl would then fan it up with its wings, and thus rekindle the sinking embers. William averted his looks from this spectre with unutterable dismay and anguish of soul, for its features bore a likeness to his own mother, and it seemed to mourn bitterly on his account.

At last the clock struck eleven, and the friendly spectre vanished with a heavy and stifled sigh. The owls and the night-ravens now came croaking and screaming around him, and the skulls and bones rattled under the heavy flap of

their wings. William kneeled down, and, with the last stroke of the clock, the first ball dropt from the mould.

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THE night-birds now ceased to croak, and the dead men's bones to rattle; but there came an old wrinkled hag along the road, whose tottering steps were suddenly interrupted as with an iron barrier by the enchanted circle, beyond which she could not pass. The beldame appeared with a number of wooden spoons and ladles hung around her person, which rung against each other as she moved her withered limbs; and the owls hooted low at her approach and spread out their broad wings in token of welcome. The hag made a low obeisance to the bones and skulls, but the coals threw out long flames of fire towards her and compelled her to withdraw her sinewy hands which she had spread out before the fire. She then paced round and round the circle, and invited William to buy her wares: "Give me the bones," said she in a low croaking voice, "and I will give you a nice little spoon;—give me that skull,—what use have you for such matters? Come, come, thy fate is sealed; let us be merry together, crony mine!"

William trembled, but remained within the circle and pursued his work. He knew the old hag well, for he had often seen her begging in the neighbourhood in the same fantastic attire which she now wore,—he then supposed her to be a poor wretch who had become deranged in intellect, and was told that she had been at last lodged in a mad-house. But he now knew not whether the object before him was an illusion or not. At last the beldame flung away her trumpery

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with a discontented air, and tottered off into the wood muttering words of fearful import.

Next came a loud rattling noise of wheels and cracking of whips, which proceeded from a carriage drawn by six horses with outriders. "Who bars the way?" shouted the foremost rider. "Room there!" William looked up and saw sparks of fire darting from the horses' hoofs, and a circle of fire playing upon each wheel; so he knew it to be a trick of the fiend and continued his work. "Heigh! Heigh! Push on, drive over him!" called one of the postillions, and the whole equipage seemed about to rush over William, who crouched down below the very dash of the leaders fore-legs, as he thought, but at the same instant the horses and whole equipage rose into the air, and after wheeling over the circle in a spiral line vanished from sight.

On recovering his composure William resumed his work; but ere he had cast a few more bullets, a distant clock began to strike the hour. At first the sound of any thing connected with human life and the common world gladdened his heart,—but another thought, and he began to shudder at the rapid flight of time. Twice, thrice, yea a fourth time it struck; the mould dropt from his trembling hands, and he listened in agony to the remaining chimes, till the twelfth had vibrated upon his ear, and died away in the distance. "And this too,—is this a delusion?" groaned the wretched man. "Do the spirits of darkness sport with time also? No, it cannot be!" He drew his watch from his pocket and perceived with unspeakable gladness that it still wanted half-an-hour of midnight.

All around was silent, and William again resumed his work, till a sound, familiar to hunter's ears, arose in the neighbouring bushes, and a huge boar came rushing up to the circle. "Nay, this is not a deception!" exclaimed William, hastily levelling his gun at the bristly monster as it stood grinding its white tusks at him. The flint gave no fire, and William drew his hanger, but the phantom vanished as

the former had done, and William again knew the work of the fiend.

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EVERY second of time was now precious, and William pursued his fearful work with the energy of despair. Sixty bullets were already cast; he raised his eyes for a moment towards the heavens, and beheld the clouds once more giving way, and the moon pouring her beautiful light through the vapoury chasm: but at the same instant he heard his name called in well-known accents from a little distance: "William! William!" The voice was his own Katherine's, and her form suddenly emerged from a neighbouring copse, and seemed about to spring forward to avoid the clutches of the miserable hag, who had already tormented William with her fiendish appearance, and who now seemed endeavouring to lay her long, shrivelled, fleshless arms on the beautiful girl who fled abhorrent from her clutches. Katherine seemed to be gathering her last strength for a final effort to escape her fiendish pursuer, when the old tree-legged soldier suddenly crossed her path, and interrupted her flight. "William! William! Oh save me, William!" she again screamed, as the old hag flung her withered arms around her, and appeared to be dragging her backwards. This sight was too much for William to bear; he threw away the mould with the last bullet in it, and was about to spring out of the circle, but just at that moment the clock struck twelve, and the whole implements of magical incantation, with the attendant phantoms, vanished from his sight, and he sunk exhausted to the ground.

A horseman now rode up to the circle on a black steed

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and addressed William in these words: "Thou hast stood thy trial well, what wouldst thou wish me to do for thee?"

"I wish nothing from thee," answered William. "What I wanted I have prepared for myself."

"With my help," rejoined the stranger. "Therefore part is mine."

"Thou hast no share in it. I called thee not," replied William."

The horseman laughed scornfully. "Thou art bolder than many I have known. Take the bullets which thou hast cast. Sixty are thine, three are mine. Those will go straight,—these askew. There will be joy when we meet again!"

William turned away from the mysterious figure with a look of inexpressible horror, and exclaimed,—“Never, never will I meet thee! Away!”

"Why dost thou turn from me?" said the horseman with a diabolical grin. "Dost know me?"

"No, no!" shouted William in a voice of horror, "I will not know thee! I do not wish to know thee! Whoever thou art, I adjure thee to leave me!"

The dark horseman turned his steed, but ere he rode off he said with thrilling solemnity: "Weak mortal! Every hair on thy head attests that thou *dost* know me! I am he whom at this moment thou namest, though with horror in thy heart."

With these words he vanished, and the branches under which he had stood fell with a heavy crash to the ground.

"MERCIFUL God, William, what has befallen you!" exclaimed Katherine and her mother at once, when William entered the cottage after midnight. "You look like one newly risen from the grave."

"Only the effect of the night-air," answered William. "And in truth I feel a little feverish."

"William," said the old forester, who had not yet retired to rest, "You have met with something in the forest. Why would you not be prevailed upon to remain at home? Something evil has met you, I swear."

William was struck by the earnestness of the old man's manner. "Well now," he began to reply—"I confess something has happened—but give me nine days, at the end of that period you shall know all that has befallen me."

"Gladly, gladly will I give you nine days, son William!" said the old man. "And God's name be praised that it is something which can wait nine days. Let him alone now dame; and you Kate, bid your lover good night. I feel quite at rest now. 'Night, says the proverb, is no man's friend,' but an honest man has nothing to fear at any time."

It required all the dissimulation William was master of to conceal from Bertram how truly his worst suspicions were beneath the mark in case; and the very frankness and cordiality of the old man touched his heart to the quick,—conscious as he was of guilt. He hastily withdrew to conceal his emotion, and entered his room with the determination to destroy the accursed bullets. "One only—a single bullet only will I keep!"—he cried, and raised his hands to Heaven in the attitude of earnest supplication—"O let the purpose atone for the means used! With a thousand acts of penitence will I atone for this offence;—but can I,—can I now go back, and in retracing my steps forfeit all of happiness that earth holds for me?"

After having thus vowed, William sunk exhausted in body, but somewhat tranquillized in mind, into the arms of sleep.

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THE duke's commissioner presented himself at the cottage next morning, and proposed, before the trial-shot, to make a small hunting-party with the young forester. "It is quite right," he remarked, "that the old solemnity should be kept up; but a Jäger's ball is best proved within the broad forest itself."

William turned pale at this proposal, and begged that he might at least be allowed his trial-shot first. But old Bertram shook his head significantly, and William yielding to his fate, withdrew instantly, and in a few minutes appeared ready accoutred for the chase.

The old forester tried to suppress his rising misgivings of heart, but in vain,—they overmastered all his strength; and Katherine caught her father's sadness, and moved about the house performing her work listlessly and almost unconsciously like a person in a dream. "Might not the trial be put off?" asked the maiden inquiringly at her father. "I have thought of that too," replied the latter, "but—" here he checked himself and remained silent.

The priest now entered the cottage, and reminded the bride of her bridal-garland: the mother had locked it up in a drawer, and hastily attempting to open it injured the lock, so that it could not be got at. A child was therefore sent to a neighbouring village to purchase another garland for the bride. "Be sure to bring the finest they have," called the bride's mother after the child, who in obedience to this direction, in its simplicity, pitched upon a funeral garland of



myrtle and rosemary intertwined with silver, which seemed to it the finest in the shop. When the ominous wreath was presented, both mother and daughter shrunk with horror from the sight, but instantly recovering themselves, tried to laugh at the child's simplicity, though the accident cast a weight over their spirits from which they could not with all their efforts disengage themselves. The stubborn lock was again applied to, and yielding this time with almost no resistance, the proper wreath was placed upon the maiden's beautiful ringlets, and the inauspicious one deposited in the drawer.

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THE hunters returned, and the commissioner was inexhaustible in praise of William's skill. "After what I have seen," said he, "it is almost ridiculous to call for other proof; but old customs must be kept up. To despatch the form, however, as briefly as possible,—yonder is a dove sitting on the top of the pillar, bring her down."

"For God's sake, William," screamed Katherine, "not the dove! Last night I dreamt that I was a white dove, and that my mother had put a ring around my neck, and then you came, and my mother was covered with blood."

William raised the gun which he had already levelled, but the commissioner, when he marked his suspense, laughed aloud. "What! So timorous! Nay, such silly fears become not a forester's wife! Courage, girl, courage! Or stay,—perhaps the dove is a pet of your own?"

"No," answered the girl, "mine it is not."

"Well then," cried the commissioner,—“courage, my lad—steady—fire!”

The trigger was pulled, but at the same instant the young bride herself uttered a piercing shriek, and fell to the ground.

"Incomprehensible girl!" exclaimed the commissioner, supposing that she had only been overcome by her feelings, and stepping forward to raise her up,—but a stream of blood flowed down her face, her forehead was shattered, and the deadly bullet lay in the wound.

"What has happened?" exclaimed William when the cry resounded behind him. He turned round and beheld Katherine lying in her blood in the agonies of death; and nigh to her, he saw the old fiendish-looking soldier, who stood eyeing the whole scene with an expression of hellish mockery in his features, muttering between his teeth:

"Sixty go true,  
Three go askew."

William, in the agony and madness of mingled horror and despair, drew his hunting-knife, and made a thrust at the hideous figure, exclaiming: "Accursed! Is it thus thou hast deluded me?" More he could not utter, but sunk exhausted to the ground.

The commissioner and the priest vainly sought to comfort the bereaved parents. Scarcely had the mother laid the ill-omened funeral wreath on her daughter's corpse, than her stricken heart ceased to beat. The father soon followed his wife and daughter to the land of spirits; and William breathed his last in a mad-house.

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THE  
PIPER OF NEISSE

BY A. APEL.

IN the Silesian town of Neisse, which you know is built upon a river of the same name, there once lived—if we ought to put any faith in an old chronicle—a very old Musician, who for many years practised that most harmonious of all wind-instruments, the bagpipe. He lived a very quiet decent sort of life, and at first touched his pipes merely for his own amusement; but the neighbours soon discovered his merits, and in calm nights would gather in crowds under the window of his dwelling to hear his music. On these occasions he played with so much skill and taste, that old and young were charmed with his performances; and their piper never wanted a well-stored flagon and trencher. The beau of Neisse applied to him for new scores from which to serenade their mistresses in the soft twilight,—the graver citizens invited him to their feasts and festivals,—and not a bride within the limits of the township would have thought her marriage-ceremony properly performed, unless Master Wilibald had been present and played his bridal-dance on the occasion. For this very purpose he had composed a most original melody, in which the grave and gay, the mournful and brilliant, were exquisitely mingled, so as strongly to suggest the varied aspect of matrimonial life itself. A feeble idea of this wonderful composition may be gathered from the fine old German air, called ‘the Grand-

father's Dance' which, till within these few years, was always played at our weddings. Whenever Master Wilibald struck up this tune, the proudest spinsters in Neisse would have blushed to have sat still,—old stiff-jointed matrons footed it as deftly as their grand-daughters,—and silver-haired grandfathers leapt up and whirled about with the youngest of their descendants. It was these rejuvenescent properties of this marvellous melody which obtained for it the name of 'the Grandfather's Dance.'

A young man lived with Master Wilibald, who, though a painter by profession, was generally thought to be the son or foster-son of the old bagpiper. But the musician's art all at once lost its effect upon this youth, who remained thoughtful and melancholy even when Wilibald was playing his most lively and mirth-inspiring tunes in the same room with him. It soon became evident that there was a sound cause for this. The youth was in love. Emma, the mayor's daughter, had captivated his heart; and the poor youth was so desperately over head and ears in this his first passion, that he could think of nothing else but his fair one. And she, to say the truth, loved him as heartily as ever bashful maid loved handsome youth; but then her father was in the way; he was a proud, consequential, overbearing man,—ever alive to the dignities of his municipal office, and as vain of his pretty daughter as a father could be.

Piper Wilibald saw and marked all this, and from time to time promised to assist the love-sick youth in his distress. But he found great difficulty in setting about the affair. At one time he thought of exhibiting to the good citizens of Neisse a new Oberon and Pappageno in the persons of himself and the mayor, and to make the consent of the latter to his daughter's marriage with Wido the condition of his release from the musical spell which he designed to cast over him. At another, like a second Orpheus, he proposed to draw away the bride by the enchanting force of his melody from her father's home. But Wido constantly objected to these very

rational schemes, as well as every other which the good-natured musician could think of, for the silly youth could not endure the thought of creating a moment's uneasiness to one so nearly related to his Emma, and vainly thought to win her father's consent by dint of importunity and good conduct. "You are a fool," said Wilibald, "if you think to make any impression on such a Nabal by honourable and open dealing on your part! When you have secured your bride, you may find him beginning to soften; but till then his heart will be as unmoved as old Pharaoh's, and only the plagues of Egypt will drive him to yield. I have the wish to do you good; but really I take blame to myself for having foolishly pledged myself to do nothing in this matter but with your consent. However, death clears all scores, and, once in my grave, I will help you nolens volens in my own way."

Poor Wido was not the only hapless wight whose path had been strewn with thorns and briars by the mayor of Neisse. The whole Burgherschaft entertained very little affection towards their chief, and took every opportunity to thwart or annoy him; for his demeanour was so tyrannical that he had irritated them to the very last pitch of endurance, and above all did they bear him hearty grudge on account of the exorbitant fines which he was in the habit of levying upon any one who chanced to indulge in a little gaiety or extraordinary expense. No sooner was the yearly wine fair over—which was always held in the month of January—than the poor citizens were called upon to pay their heavy mulcts for last year's transgressions into the mayor's treasury. At last the town rose in a body, and, breaking the last tie of obedience, assailed the house of the mayor, and threatened to set fire to it and consume its proprietor with all his ill-gotten wealth at once. At this critical juncture, Wido hastened to Master Wilibald and entreated him to use his soul-subduing music for the purpose of softening the irritated feelings of the mob, and thus saving the life of Emma's father. "Doubtless," added the youth, "he will in his gratitude offer

you any reward you can name, and you will for my sake demand his daughter's hand for me." The piper laughed at the youth's words, and only remarked, "we must humour a child's follies to prevent him from crying." So he took his pipes under his arm, and sauntered slowly down the market-place, where the mob, armed with pikes and hatchets, and torches and pickaxes, were commencing a furious attack upon the mayor's mansion-house.

Here Master Wilibald coolly planted himself with his back against a pillar, and began to play 'the Grandfather's Dance,' whereupon countenances which but a moment before were distorted with fury brightened up,—brows which had been knit together in wrath became smooth,—axes and torches dropt from upraised hands,—and the whole multitude stood transformed in the twinkling of an eye from an infuriated mob to a gay dancing party. The piper then took his way through the streets of the city, followed by old and young; and each burgher went dancing and skipping into his own house, with feelings as different from those which animated him, when he left it in the morning, as can well be conceived.

There was no end to the mayor's thanks. In the excess of his gratitude he even offered to share his property with Master Wilibald. But the piper assured him with a smile that he coveted nothing of the kind, and would feel quite rewarded if his lordship would just grant a friend of his one favour, which he could easily comply with,—it was his daughter's hand which he was solicitous to obtain for his own dear Wido.

But the suggestion displeased the mayor exceedingly. After making a number of excuses, from all of which he was successively driven by the pertinacious piper, who would not listen to any other proposal than that now advanced, his lordship at last became quite incensed, and ordered Master Wilibald to be clapt into prison as a disturber of the public peace, a line of conduct which we occasionally see higher

authorities than the mayor of Neisse pursuing, under similar circumstances, in our own days. Nay, so far did he carry his resentment, that he caused Master Wilibald to be indicted for practising arts of sorcery, and finally averred that he was the identical piper of Hameln who had already done so much mischief in that ill-starred town.

Great was the commotion produced in Neisse by the approaching trial; with their natural dread of necromancy, and the fate of the young Hamellians before their eyes, the justiciary officers were at work day and night; already the chamberlain calculated the expense of the faggots,—the bell toller craved a new rope,—the carpenter erected scaffolds for the spectators,—and the gentlemen of the law began to rehearse their various parts in the approaching judicial drama; but Master Wilibald was as active as any of them; at first he laughed outright at all the bustle and preparation which he understood was going forward, and now in the most spiteful manner, after all was nearly ready for his high and solemn trial, what did he do but stretched himself out upon his straw pallet and most unhandsomely gave up the ghost!

However a short time before he fairly quitted the world, he sent for his dear Wido, and thus addressed him: "Young man, you now see that according to your way of going about things I can give you no assistance. Indeed I am quite tired of your stupid mode of thinking and acting. You have now learnt—or at least ought to have done so—that the goodness of human nature, which some people talk so much about, is a very deceitful thing, and not at all to be trusted to in any matter of the slightest moment. Indeed, for my own part, I could not rely one moment on *your* fulfilment of the last request I am about to make you, were I not aware that your own interest is so much mixed up with the matter that self-love will induce you to attend to it. When I am dead, be careful to see that my old bagpipe is buried with me. To keep it would do you no service; to bury it with me may be the means of doing you infinite pleasure." Wido promised to

obey the last injunction of his friend, who shortly afterwards closed his eyes in death.

The report of Master Wilibald's death brought out old and young to ascertain whether it were true. Among others came the mayor, who was in secret very well pleased with the turn which affairs had taken, for he had always some lurking suspicion about him that the old fellow would yet laugh at them all. He now ordered the body of the old piper to be buried as quickly and quietly as possible in a piece of unconsecrated ground; and when his directions were asked as to the disposal of the bagpipe, with a shrewdness which did the first magistrate of Neisse infinite honour, and saved poor heart-broken Wido some trouble, he directed it to be buried with its wicked master. So they placed the pipes in the coffin beside poor old Wilibald's body, and buried the whole, late in the evening, in a neglected corner of the churchyard.

But in the course of the following night very strange things happened. There was a tower in the neighbourhood of the church, upon the top of which a party of watchmen were always stationed at night, for the purpose of raising the alarm in case of a fire taking place in the neighbourhood. No fire happened that night, but something which gave the watchmen infinitely more alarm; for about midnight they beheld, by the light of the moon, Master Wilibald rising out of his grave, which was near the churchyard wall. He held his bagpipe in his arm, and as soon as he had got himself fairly up out of the earth, they saw him plant himself with the utmost steadiness against a tall tomb-stone which shone in the moon's rays, and begin to finger his pipes just as he used to do when alive in the town of Neisse. While the watchmen were gaping alternately at so strange a sight and at one another, a great many other graves in the churchyard opened, and the anatomies within them peeped out with their white fleshless skulls and eyeless sockets turned toward the spot where the piper stood—who was now blow-



ing away as if nothing had happened to him—and after nodding a while to the gay measure, sprung fairly out of their coffins, and began to shake their rattling fleshless limbs in some sort of measure to the tune. The whole inhabitants of the churchyard soon appeared in motion, and even the grated windows of the vaults beneath the church were quickly filled with grinning skulls, which seemed to crowd upon each other till the bolts and bars were wrenched away by their skeleton hands, and the whole fearful assemblage burst out of their places of confinement and rushed towards the dance which was already begun around the piper. But what a scene now took place when the bleached anatomies began to tilt and caper about over the graves and among the tombstones, with an energy of action which perhaps they never possessed while in the body! Here a party whirled about in the light waltz, till the eyes of the watchmen grew blind in looking upon them,—there a couple of large-boned skeletons revelled apart from all the rest,—on one side a multitudinous assemblage of shroud-infolded forms stood gazing with apparent impatience on a dance which some of their number were performing,—on another sheetless skeletons, and forms whose limbs were yet infolded in their grave-clothes, old and young, tall and short, were blended together in one undistinguishable mass, beating time to the music with their arms and feet. At last the clock tolled twelve, and all hastened at the sound to their respective tombs. The piper also put his pipes under his arm, and slipped quietly into his grave in the corner of the churchyard.

The watchmen made their fearful report of the occurrences of the night to the mayor long before day-break; and the prudent magistrate, after extracting all the information he could obtain from them, enjoined the strictest secrecy upon them, and promised to keep watch with them the following night himself. But the news were far too wonderful to be kept locked up in the heart of any one who was aware of them; and accordingly, long before night-fall, the whole

town was in commotion, and every window and roof in the neighbourhood of the churchyard thronged with grave-looking citizens, who spent the interval in keen discussion regarding the possibility or impossibility of the things alleged in the watchmen's report.

The bagpiper was true to his time, for at the first stroke of the eleventh hour his grave was seen to open, and its inmate instantly made his appearance with his pipes below his arm, and proceeded deliberately to his former station, where he began his tune. The ball-guests seemed to have been waiting the signal, for at the very first notes they came trooping forth from their graves and vaults, leaping and bounding over every thing which stood in their way with an agility many of them surely never possessed while denizens of the upper world. There were corpses and skeletons, shrouded and bare, great and small, leaping and skipping, wheeling and whirling around the piper, in time to the tunes he played, till midnight tolled, when the whole assembly instantly retired to rest. Of course, after such demonstration, the stoutest sceptic in Neisse could not gainsay the marvellous account of Master Wilibald's freaks after death; but the mayor had no sooner quitted his station on the watch-tower, than he issued his warrant for the apprehension of the young painter, from whose examination he hoped to learn something which might enable him to put down the new and unheard-of nuisance.

Wido reminded the mayor of his breach of promise to Wilibald, and maintained with much spirit that it was solely in consequence of this conduct on his part, and his subsequent harsh treatment of the poor piper, that the latter now refused to remain quietly in his grave. This speech made a deep impression upon the assembled civic-dignities, who ordered the body of Master Wilibald to be instantly and respectfully removed to a decent part of the churchyard. But the sexton, to show his penetration on the occasion, took the bagpipe out of the coffin before he again deposited it in

the earth, and carried it to his own house, where he hung it over his bed. For the sexton reasoned briefly but naturally thus : whether the musician be the enchanter, or is enchanted himself, while thus following his profession even after death, it is evident that he cannot play to others without his instrument, so that to remove the latter will be the certain means of securing decent repose to the unwilling dead, and preventing the repetition of such unseemly gambols as the two preceding nights have witnessed. The sexton went to rest that evening with something like the satisfaction one feels at having done his duty under trying circumstances. But just as the clock struck eleven, a rap was heard at the door, and on opening it he beheld the remorseless bagpiper once more making night hideous with his unearthly presence. "My bagpipes !" said the dead man with the greatest coolness ; and whilst the poor sexton was hesitating what answer to return to this demand, the piper stepped into the room himself and took down the pipes, with which he proceeded to his old station in the churchyard, and began to blow a merry strain as if nothing at all had happened. However on this occasion Master Wilibald adopted new measures, for he led the whole troop of ghosts through the gate of the churchyard into the town, and paraded at their head through the streets till midnight, when the spectral train returned again to their dreary abodes.

Considerable alarm was now expressed by the astonished burghers of Neisse, that such unusual proceedings should at last terminate in a general assault upon the living inhabitants of the town by Master Wilibald's fearful troop. There was an assurance of manner and boldness about the latter which indicated something very impertinent, if not alarming ; and to avoid all risks of unpleasant collision with such personages, the more pacific citizens earnestly entreated their mayor to put a stop to these midnight frolics of the dead, by fulfilling his promise to their piper. But the mayor was deaf to all entreaty, and even threatened to burn the young painter as

art and part in his friend the musician's cantrips. But the following night the churchyard troop behaved much worse than ever they had done; for though the piper's music was not heard, yet they were seen dancing in the streets more furiously than ever, and, horrible to relate, the figures of all the young ladies of Neisse who were known to be betrothed at that time, were seen dancing along with them! Next morning Neisse was filled with lamentation and weeping, when it was discovered that all the maidens whose forms had been seen dancing with the spectres the preceding night, had been found lying dead in their beds. The citizens were now driven to despair, and resolved to encounter the wrath of their mayor rather than that of Master Wilibald. So they went in a body to their great man and told him in as plain terms as their language allowed, that he must fulfil the promise which he had made to the piper. The mayor still hesitated, but the citizens were imperious; and an unwilling consent having been drawn from the father's lips to the marriage of his daughter to the young painter, the wedding was celebrated that very evening.

The marriage-guests had been assembled around the supper table for a considerable time, when the first stroke of eleven sounded in their ears, and immediately afterwards the distant notes of Wilibald's bagpipe were heard approaching. With mingled fear and curiosity, in which however the latter feeling greatly predominated, they hastened to the windows and beheld the piper approaching followed by a long train of figures all arrayed in white shrouds. The fearful train drew nigh, and horrible to think, actually entered the bridal-hall, with their piper at their head, and mingled with the guests. A scene of fearful confusion ensued, for the living and dead tumbled over each other, in the alarm of the one and the confusion of the other; and many were preparing to leap from the windows in order to escape the dreadful society of sheeted ghosts, when a shout of joy resounded through the hall, and many of both parties were seen rushing into each

others' arms, while the tear of affection rolled down their cheeks: for who did the spectres prove to be but the very maidens who had been so lately cut off in the full bloom of youth and beauty, and whom the good piper had now given back in all the brightness and glow of health to their enraptured friends. Never was there such a night of happiness in Neisse! even the stern mayor danced for joy at the turn which affairs had taken; and the wonderful old bagpiper, after having played a gay farewell, disappeared and was never again heard or seen in the town of Neisse.

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# HANS HEILING'S ROCKS

## A BOHEMIAN LEGEND.

MANY years ago there lived a rich farmer in a small village on the Eger. Tradition has not preserved to us the name of the village,—but it is generally believed to have been situated on the left bank of the Eger, opposite the little town of Alch so well known to all the invalids at Carlsbad. Veit, our farmer, had a very pretty and amiable daughter, the hope and pride of all who knew her. Elizabeth was indeed very handsome; and then she was so good-natured, and had been so well-trained to every maidenly duty, that it would not have been easy to have produced her equal in all the surrounding country.

The young Arnold, whose father had recently been removed by death, resided in a little cottage at no great distance from Veit's house. He had learned the trade of a mason, and had just come home, after a long absence in a distant part of the country, when his aged parent was seized with his mortal sickness, and, after a few days' illness, left his only son without a relative and almost a stranger in the village of his forefathers. With the exception of the naked little cottage which had sheltered his infancy, young Arnold inherited no other patrimony; but he in reality enjoyed a more valuable inheritance than wealth or titles, in that high sense of honour and integrity, united to an exquisite perception of the beautiful in both the physical and spiritual worlds,

which had honourably distinguished his ancestors in their own little sphere of action, and which had descended unimpaired to their last representative.

Arnold dropped tears of unfeigned grief upon his father's grave, and in the first hours of his orphan solitude forgot that the world might yet contain a heart which loved him. It was not strange that sorrow should have veiled to him all the bright unstained faces of childhood, which he had often seen lighted-up with the sympathy of joy, but never dimmed by that of grief; but why did he forget the kind-hearted little maiden, who had grown up by his side, and whose form and voice were mingled in his earliest reminiscences, and who had wept so bitterly when her companion took leave of her to go to his apprenticeship in Prague? He was now a fine-looking tall youth himself, and he had often thought of Elizabeth when he remarked his own progress; and at such moments his fancy was sure to picture her growing up like himself into the full bloom and stature of youth. She had once wept for him when his own heart was little touched,—surely she would have wept again had she known how sad her Arnold was? Perhaps Arnold felt his grief too sacred a thing to allow of Elizabeth's image mingling with his thoughts; for in the sadness of bereavement we feel as if we were insulting the memory of the departed when we admit our recollections of the living, however lovely and beloved, to illumine the gloom of our thoughts.

The third evening after his father's death, Arnold was seated lost in sorrowful musings, near the new-made grave, when he heard a light step gently approaching, and on looking up perceived a beautiful girl advancing with a basket of flowers upon her arm towards his father's resting-place. An alder-bush concealed him from the girl's observation, but one glance at her lovely features awoke the remembrances of other days, and told him that it was the little girl whom he once knew and loved so well, who now stood before him in all the ripening charms and tender graces of eighteen, and

who had come to place a wreath on his father's grave,—the tribute of youthful respect and love to venerable and revered age.

She kneeled in the full light of the setting sun, and her raven-tresses floated in unconfined ringlets over her cheeks and shoulders, as she leaned her head upon her hand and murmured in a low silvery voice: "Rest thee,—rest in peace, virtuous man! May the earth be light which covers thee, and the joys which thou knewest not in this vale of tears be thine in the realms of light! Rest thee,—rest in peace! Though no flowers strewed thy path in life, they shall at least adorn thy lowly grave."

Arnold could no longer remain concealed; he sprang forward, and with one bound clasped the terrified maiden to his bosom. "Elizabeth, my own Elizabeth," he exclaimed, "do you not know me?"

"Ah, Arnold, is it you?" she replied, gently striving to extricate herself from his ardent embrace. "It is long,—very long since we last saw each other."

"And you are still so good and so beautiful, and you loved my father, Elizabeth? Dear delightful girl!"

"Yes Arnold, I loved the old man much, and often did we converse together about you; the only solace left to him in life was his son."

"Was I really a source of joy to my revered, my beloved parent! Now do I thank thee, God, who hast preserved me from the snares which beset my path. But Elizabeth, things have strangely altered with us since the days when we played around my father's knees before his cottage door, and we were both so fond of each other! The good old man slumbers beneath that turf, and we have both grown up,—and our hearts perhaps are altered with our persons,—and yet I feel as if mine had changed not towards you."—

"Neither has mine," added Elizabeth as she tenderly gazed upon her restored companion.

"Elizabeth," began Arnold in a voice through whose



solemnity intense passion revealed itself, "we loved one another in our infant years,—in childhood we still loved each other,—circumstances which I could not control tore me for a season from you; but here, where I have again met you,—here, above the sacred ashes of the dead,—here, where we both came to muse and meditate in silence over the solemn themes of death and immortality,—do I feel as if I had never for one moment been separated from you! Elizabeth, her whom I once loved with a child's affection, do I still love with the passion of man! Here, on this sacred spot, do I solemnly declare I love you! And you!"—

Elizabeth hid her glowing face in her hands while Arnold repeated his last words in a melancholy and imploring tone.

At last the beautiful girl raised her tearful features towards the anxious youth, and said with deep earnestness:—"Arnold, I am yours,—I have ever loved you!"

The youth pressed the maiden once more to his beating heart, and sealed with a passionate embrace the confession of love.

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NEXT morning, while Elizabeth was preparing her father's breakfast, the old man began to talk about Arnold. "I feel a sort of pity for the poor lad," said he. "You must remember him, I think, Elizabeth, for many a day you have played together when you were young?"

"Remember Arnold,"—stammered Elizabeth, blushing deeply, "why should I not?"

"You might have reason to be ashamed were it otherwise," resumed Veit; "for though his father continued

poor while we got rich, he was always an honest man, and I hear that his son treads in his steps."

"Really, father," interrupted Elizabeth somewhat hastily, "I believe Arnold is a very deserving young man."

"And pray where have you learned that with so much certainty?" inquired the father.

"They say so in the village," faltered Elizabeth.

"I am glad to hear it," replied old Veit. "If I can assist the lad in any way, I shall be happy to do it."

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BEFORE the shadows of the dial told that mid-day was come, Arnold and Elizabeth met each other by appointment in the garden behind Veit's house. With joy Elizabeth recounted the conversation which she had had with her father in the morning, and the two lovers agreed in putting that construction upon the old man's words which they were most anxious they should bear. "Yes!" exclaimed the transported youth, who now beheld himself on the point of realizing his most ardent wishes—"Yes! I will go to your father this very evening; I will tell him all, and demand his consent. And then I will take my departure with a light heart; and having amassed a competence for my beloved Elizabeth in the exercise of my art in richer countries, I will return and claim her promised hand."

In the evening Arnold, equipped in his best attire, knocked with a beating heart at neighbour Veit's door, and was ushered into the presence of her father by Elizabeth herself. In a few words the youth explained his intentions, and concluded by demanding the old man's promise, that if at the end of three years he should return home with a little pro-

perty, sufficient at least to provide comfortably for Elizabeth, he should be received as his son-in-law, and that in the meantime Elizabeth should be regarded as his affianced bride. But what words can express the poor youth's disappointment when, after commending his discretion and honourable intentions, old Veit coolly told him that the idea of obtaining his consent to his daughter's betrothal under present circumstances, was utterly wild and impracticable! "You may return if you choose," added the old man, "at the expiry of the period you mention; and if Elizabeth is still unmarried and disengaged, and if your fortune should be reasonably proportioned to hers, then I will not oppose your union; but I shall certainly never be so much wanting in my duty to my child as to refuse any reasonable proposals merely because there is a possibility of your return."

"And is this your final resolve?" inquired Arnold with a look of unspeakable earnestness.

"It is," rejoined the other calmly.

"Then God help me!" exclaimed the youth, rushing out of the house in phrenzied despair.

Elizabeth had overheard the conversation betwixt her father and Arnold, and with him had felt the fairest hopes of life blasted in one brief hour. She now stepped gently out of the house and followed her lover, who directed his steps towards the church-yard, with the design of once more watering the cold turf which covered his father's remains with his tears before he set out on a long and uncertain pilgrimage.

The youth was bending over the grave when Elizabeth approached. "Arnold! Arnold!" she exclaimed, flinging her arms around his neck; "Oh it must not, cannot be, my Arnold! We part not thus!"

"Elizabeth, I must! Forbear! You break my heart—but I must go!"

"And will my Arnold never return again?"

"Elizabeth, I will do all that man can do in my circum-

stances. Every moment of my time will I devote to that purpose for which alone I now live. Within three years will I return, if the grave has not closed over me ere they elapse. Will you continue true to me?"

"True till death!" replied Elizabeth firmly.

"Even though your father should strive to compel you?"

"Even though they should drag me to the altar!"

"Then part we now in hope! Elizabeth, at the end of three years thou art mine! Till then, farewell!"

Arnold stooped and imprinted a kiss on the weeping maiden's forehead; then tore himself from her arms, and plunged into the darkness of the night.

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EARLY every morning Elizabeth visited the spot where she had last parted with Arnold, and her father chided her not for so doing, because he reckoned it only a girlish fancy which would soon be lost sight of when a new object presented itself to her imagination. A year had passed away in this manner, and greatly to Elizabeth's satisfaction, no new suitor had yet announced himself. But towards the end of the second year, a person who had left the village in extreme indigence in early life, returned in very opulent circumstances. Hans Heiling, as he was called, had travelled, or affirmed that he had done so, through a great many countries; and in addition to his apparently limitless wealth, he possessed an inexhaustible store of anecdotes and marvellous narratives, which so endeared him to old Veit, that every evening seemed to him unsupportably tedious if Hans did not spend some hours of it by his fireside. The neighbours indeed shook their heads at many of Hans's relations;

and there was also something unaccountably mysterious in his disappearance every Friday; but Veit was upon the whole so well satisfied with his new neighbour, that when he made formal proposals to him for his daughter's hand, he intimated that if he could make himself agreeable to the girl herself, he had no objections to the match. As for Elizabeth, she, as may well be supposed, hated the very sound of his name; and at his approach her blood seemed to herself to freeze within her veins. Hans Heiling was the only one of God's creatures whom she detested,—the only human being in whose presence she felt unhappy.

Elizabeth was seated at her spinning-wheel before the door of the house, one fine summer-evening, when Hans suddenly presented himself before her. The girl trembled as she stood up to inform him that her father was not within the house; and shrunk with horror from him when he sat down beside her, and seized her by the hand.

"It is not becoming, sir, that I should remain alone with you," said the girl, rising up to retire, while the hateful monster pressed his gallantries upon her, and affected to whisper some pieces of soft sentimentality into her unwilling ears; but Hans followed her into the house, and had imprinted one kiss upon her burning cheek, which she vainly struggled to avoid, when his eye fell upon a little golden cross which the maiden wore around her neck as a remembrance of her deceased mother, and suddenly, as if struck to the heart by an arrow, he reeled back, and rushed forth from the house, leaving the maiden overjoyed at her miraculous deliverance.

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THE third year of Arnold's absence was drawing to a close, and Elizabeth, who had discovered a means of avoiding any renewed importunities from Hans, or even a single word or look from him, by wearing the little golden cross fully displayed upon her breast, now crossed the Eger every day, and ascended a height which looked over the country towards Prague, silently hoping she would one day discover her true love on his way back to claim her.

About this time, she one morning missed her little golden cross; she felt assured it must have been taken from her neck while she slept by one of her own maids, whom she had overheard the preceding evening whispering with Hans Heiling behind the house. With tears she communicated her suspicions to her father; but he only laughed at what he considered a piece of childish distress, and began to tell her in plain terms that she must now consent to marry Hans, for the three years were passed, and Arnold had certainly forgotten her. In vain did Elizabeth remonstrate with her inflexible father,—in vain she represented how impossible it was for her ever to love a man whom from the bottom of her heart she loathed;—old Veit had long since pronounced love to be the dream of fools; marriage was a comfortable thing in itself, but love was a shadow,—a phantom having no real existence,—only the tinsel which adorned the state matrimonial, not the substance of its comforts. Elizabeth felt how untrue her father spoke; but she dared not to disobey his stern commands, or dispute his parental authority, even in a matter so nearly related to her own happiness. A last brief respite of three days was all that her most urgent entreaties enforced with tears could extort from her parent; yet hope still lingered in her bosom, and she clung to the little brief space thus left her

with all the anxiety of the criminal who hourly expects the arrival of the reprieve which is to snatch him from ignominy and death. It happened during this important crisis, that Veit and his intended son-in-law, in walking together through the village, encountered the host on its way to a person at the point of death. All bowed before the sacred image; Veit in particular prostrated himself in humble heart-felt homage; but Hans raised his head with an expression of indescribable horror, and sprang into the nearest house. His companion looked after him with wonder, but too plainly saw that all was not as it should be with him, and returned to his house, resolving that the mysterious Hans should receive no further countenance from him in prosecuting his pretensions to Elizabeth's hand.

Elizabeth meanwhile sat in the light of the declining sun upon the top of the little mount which looked towards Prague, weeping and praying in silence for the arrival of Arnold, when on a sudden the clatter of horses' hoofs sounded in her ears, and a gay cavalcade, headed by a handsome youth and a grave-looking old man, galloped up towards her. Abashed at the presence of so many men, the maiden cast down her modest eyes, but raised them with astonishment the next moment when she beheld the handsome cavalier kneeling before her: "Elizabeth, my dear Elizabeth!" exclaimed the gallant stranger. "Arnold, my Arnold!" faltered the enraptured maiden, as she sunk into his arms overcome by her mingled emotions.

Never did departing sun shine upon a happier group than stood that evening on the top of the height above Alch, and never was man more astonished than Veit when he beheld his daughter advancing towards his house, leaning on the arm of a gay cavalier, and followed by a train of splendidly arrayed horsemen. At first some vague suspicions excited by Heiling's mysterious conduct arose in his mind, and assumed a kind of definite form—the pageant which greeted his eyes might be the work of enchantment, a wicked de-

lusion of the arch-fiend to whom the accursed man had sold himself. But when Arnold with his venerable companion entered and addressed him in the language of respect and love as the father of his Elizabeth, and explained by what successive pieces of good fortune he had risen to eminence and wealth, the old man could no longer hesitate to resist the evidence of his senses, and taking his daughter's hand, he placed it in that of Arnold's, saying: "The girl is your's; and may Heaven's blessing attend you both!"

"Friend Veit," began the old man, after a long pause of delicious silence, "Friend Veit, I have one request to make, which I am sure you will not deny me. Arnold, your son-in-law, is also my adopted son; under my direction those talents were expanded which have raised him in so brief a space to the highest eminence in his profession. Let the two lovers be united to-morrow, as the day after I must return to Prague, where important business demands my presence."

"Well, well, my dear friends and children, be it so," replied the overjoyed father. "To-morrow shall the priest attend you yonder at my farm on the Egerberg."

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THERE was joy in every house in the village on the morrow, which was the feast of St Laurence; and all the youths and maidens were arrayed in holiday suits, for old Veit was very rich, and was resolved to do honour to his daughter's nuptials. Hans Heiling's door alone was shut, for it was Friday, and it will be recollected that he never came abroad upon that day. Veit had chosen an open place under a large linden-tree in the middle of the village for the celebra-



tion of the festival, and thither the joyful train proceeded when the rites of the church were over. After some hours of mirth and festivity here, the young folks proceeded from the linden-tree to Veit's house on the Egerberg, which was beautifully situated among the trees which adorn with a leafy coronal the rocky precipice that rises out of the valley, and where a splendid supper was spread out under a canopy of fruit-trees.

Twilight had already begun to draw her mantle over the valley, but her approach was unnoticed by the festive party. At length the stars rose one by one into the darkling heavens, and midnight drew nigh. Veit was recounting the adventures of his own youthful years, and marked not the lapse of time; at last his eye met the impatient Arnold's, and he rose to escort his children to the door of their chamber. At this moment the village clock struck twelve, a fearful hurricane arose in the valley beneath,—and Hans Heiling suddenly stood, with features hideously convulsed, in the midst of the terrified assembly.

"Satan," cried he, "I now release thee from thy thralldom to my power, but first annihilate these!"

"On that condition thou art mine!" answered a fearful voice.

"Thine I am, though hell await me; but annihilate these," replied the wretch.

A sort of fiery vapour now enveloped the hill, and Arnold and his Elizabeth, and all the guests, were in an instant transformed into rocks in the attitude in which they stood or kneeled around the table.

"Hans Heiling, thy vengeance has been satisfied upon them; but they are happy, and thou art mine for ever!" thundered a fearful voice through the thick smoke, as the wretched man flung himself down from the top of the rock into the foaming Eger, whose waters hissed as they received him.

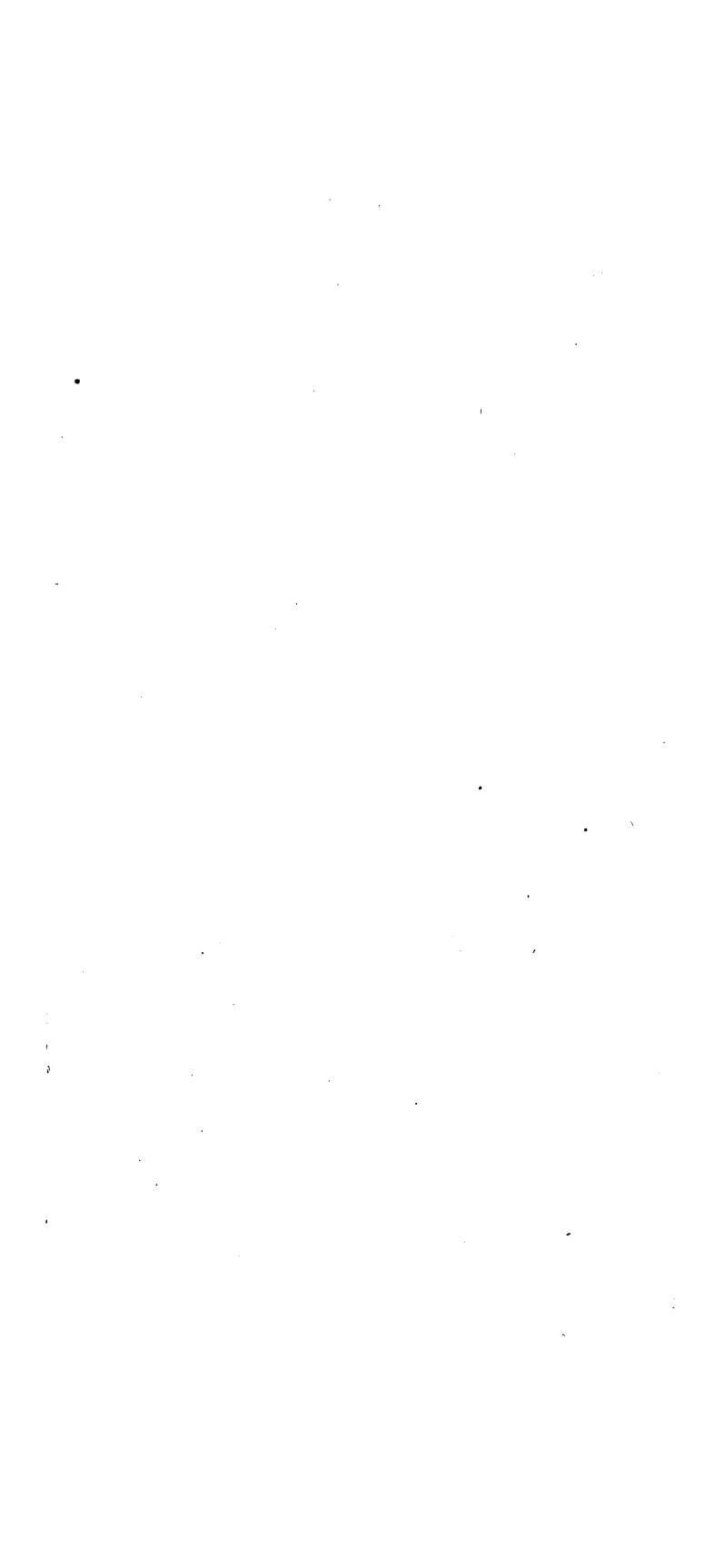
Since that day many an enamoured pair have performed a

pilgrimage to Hans Heiling's rocks, and invoked the blessing and protection of the souls in bliss. The pilgrimage is dying away, but the tradition still lives in the hearts of the peasantry, and to this day the guide who conducts strangers up the gloomy valley of the Eger to Hans Heiling's rocks points out the stony forms into which the faithful lovers and their bridal-guests were metamorphosed.















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